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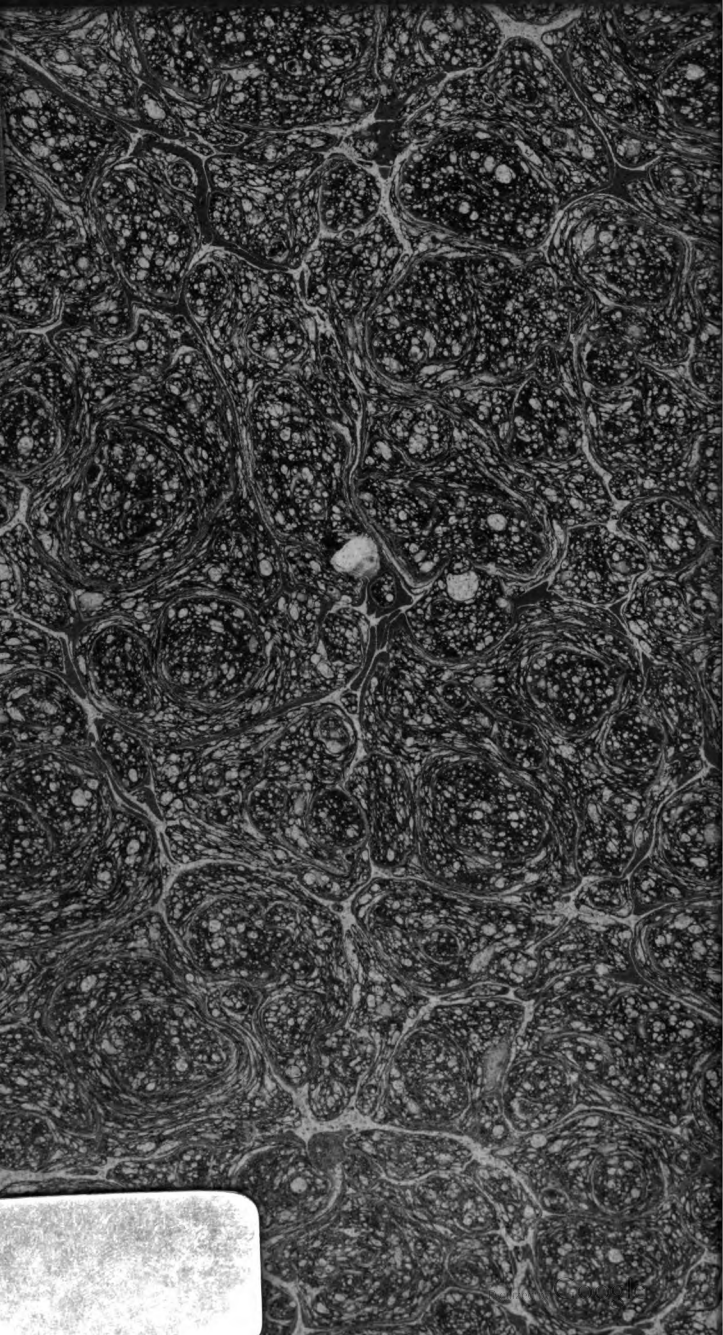
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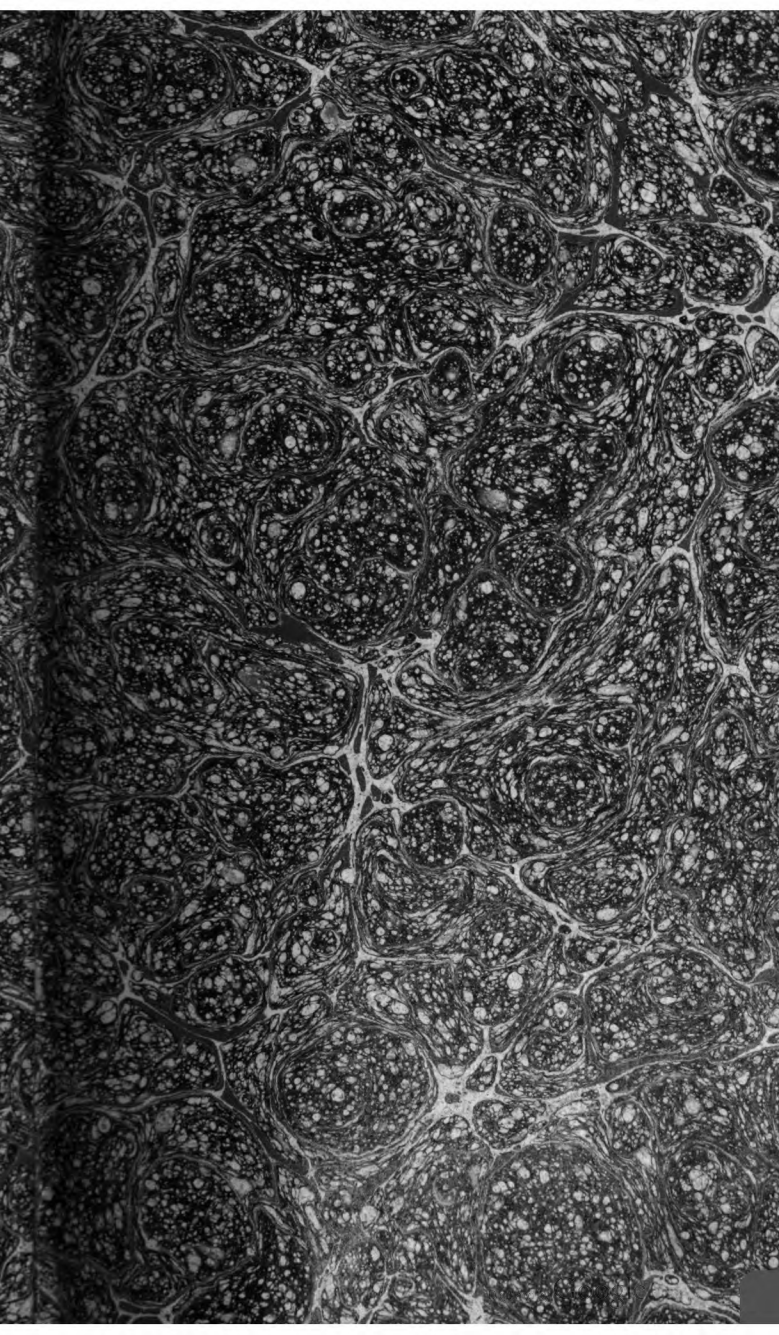
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Kent 8 140

J

The Gift of Mrs. Wood
To D. Watson
1829

1051

KENTISH POETS.

A SERIES OF WRITERS

IN

ENGLISH POETRY,

NATIVES OF OR RESIDENTS IN THE

COUNTY OF KENT;

WITH

SPECIMENS OF THEIR COMPOSITIONS,

AND SOME ACCOUNT OF

Their Lives and Writings.

BY R. FREEMAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



VOL. II.

*"In Kent and Christendom
Among the Muses."*

(SIR THOS. WYATT.)

CANTERBURY :

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1821.

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80. 140.*

LEONARD DIGGES.

BORN ABOUT 1590.—DIED 1635.

All we know of Leonard Digges is, that he was the younger son of Thomas Digges, the mathematician, and brother of the more celebrated Sir Dudley Digges. Of the family, which has been long settled in Kent, and formerly possessed very large property in that county, some account may be found by turning over the pages of Hasted's history.

It does not appear that Leonard Digges ever published any original composition,—the only work that bears his name which we have been able to procure, is a Translation from the Spanish, with the following title :—

“Gerardo the unfortunate Spaniard, or a Pattern for Lascivious Lovers. Containing several strange miseries of loose affection. Written by an ingenious Spanish Gentleman, Don Goncalo de Cespidcs, and Meneces, in the time of his five years imprisonment. Originally in Spanish, and made English by L. D.— London : Printed for Ed. Blount. 1622.”

The Dedication to the Noble Brothers, William Earl of Pembroke, and, Philip Earl of Montgomery, nephews to Sir Philip Sidney, follows :

Right Noble: My Lords—

“Translations, as says a witty Spaniard, are, in respect of their originals, like the knotty wrong-sides of arras-hangings: but by his wit’s leave, as the fair outside could ill be seen, without help of the knots within; no more can the fame of a well-deserving author be far spread, without the labour of a translation. This made me, for the present Spanish author’s sake, venture to make him speak English, and to do a public good by publishing the moral examples contained in the present tragical discourses. Now, that I presume to offer my weak endeavours to the view and protection of your Lordships, I shall no way despair of a pardon; since the world, that takes notice of your noble goodness, the first and best of your honoured titles, gives me assurance, that, though a stranger rather than an intruder, I shall be esteemed.

To your Honors both,

A devoted Servant,

LEONARD DIGGES.”

*“ To the Reader.**“ Gentle Reader—*

“ I present to thy view six exemplary discourses of Gerardo, the unfortunate Spaniard, written originally by Don Goncalo de Cespides, a Spanish Gentleman, who in the time of five years of his imprisonment, under the borrowed name of Gerardo, personates himself in his own misfortunes: and so partly with truth, partly with fiction, makes up a first and second part. Something there may be in the weaving and contexture of the work that may give thee delight: sure I

am, thou shalt find profit in it, especially, if thou be such as hath in any way been subject to wanton lust and loose affection. The best is, if the work fall short of expectation, let the author's credit look to it; for a Translator hath no commission to better, suffice he come near, his original. Some of the verses in the Spanish copy, I have purposely left out, as being, in my judgment, unworthy to be ranked with the prose; others I have altered to make them more suitable to an English reader. One bye-discourse I have left out, as superstitiously smelling of papistical miracles, in which I have no belief. To forestall thee no longer, begin and read; and though I undergo thy hard censure, I will not be so uncharitable as not to bid thee Farewell."

"The Tragick Poeme to the Reader.

Thou that art taken with a female smile;
 Thou whom a look, a sigh, or tears beguile
 Of wind-like woman: Thou, that at first-sight
 Part'st from thy thoughts, and giv'st thy maiden-right
 To irreligious man, whose smooth-tongued art
 Made up of oaths, steals on thy foolish heart:
 Both you, and all intralld lovers, read,
 Whether my tears may just acceptance plead."

The adventures of Gerardo, who may well enough pass for the original of Don Juan, occupy a small quarto volume of nearly 500 pages, and consist of a series of love intrigues, ending for the most part tragically. Many episodes are inserted in the "weaving and contexture" of the work, in accordance with the fashion of that age and country, so well known to all readers of Ceryantes. The whole fabric is not devoid

of interest; some of the adventures are well conceived and, as far as may be judged from a translation, not ill described. We cannot however afford room for an intire story, and must content ourselves with offering as a specimen of the prose, a short extract from the commencement of the narrative.

“ My name, worthy friend, is Gerardo : the great and famous village of Madrid, most worthy mansion of our Catholic monarchs, my loved country, the common general mother of different people and remote nations. Near her high-rear’d walls, by whose ruins her ancient strength is yet seen, is the house of my ancestors, ennobled as well by their births as its own antiquity; there was I born, there first bred. It were needless to enlarge my discourse, by recounting the tender exercises of my infancy, therefore I will begin from my years of fifteen; which accomplished, I was forced to obey my father, by accompanying him to one of the best places of government in Castile, which his majesty had then newly bestowed upon him. My elder brother, Leoncio, went also with us, a valiant youth of towardly hopes. All of us were most jocund, with our father’s new fortunes; our journey was short, for in four days we arrived, where, according to custom, we were solemnly welcomed. My father took possession of the government, and to the general satisfaction went on in his Triennium.

“ This was the famous city of Talbora, one of the best and most populous in the kingdom of Toledo; whose situation is fructified with the silver streams of the gold-bearing Tagus, and makes it one of the most pleasant and delightful upon all its banks: the inhabi-

tants are loving, courteous and affable ; particularly the gentry, of the best qualified houses in Spain, most worthy pillars of so ancient a foundation.

“ Here, methought, I was ever at home with friends of mine own age and rank. Our exercises for the most part were riding, running at bulls, at the ring, masks, barriers, and the like, with which, delighting the multitude, we made ourselves cunning practitioners. In the field, hawking and hunting were our sports, for both which that country is plentifully provided.— These and others, that took up our whole time, were my chief delights, to a heart yet untouched with love’s flames ; which made me as contented, as free ; as satisfied in myself, as by others envied. Yet not long could I so boast, not long was I so joyful ; how soon from a freeman, became I a bond-slave ; from merry to melancholy ; from tractable to the contrary ; from happy to unfortunate ! Sooner than I could wish, dear Leriano, shall you hear the change. Amongst many other shews and triumphs we usually had, one drew near, appointed by our city in honour and commemoration of the blessed Virgin Mary’s happy nuptials. When an infinite number of common people, and a great concourse of gentry resort thither, as well from the court and the city of Ovila, as the imperial Toledo, and other parts of the kingdom. The wished day came on, being the six and twentieth of April, duskish and cloudy, a season natural to that climate ; or belike Phœbus knew his beams might be well spared, where so many, and so beauteous lights would appear. We were two and thirty gentlemen, that in several colours entered the market-place : myself performed the office of stickler between my father and my brother Leoncio.

The sport began, the bulls were let loose and chased, the whole solemnity, to the general good liking and applause of the spectators, ended in a well ordered skirmish of canes, there having happened no disaster or mischance at all, save mine, which, considering the state it hath now brought me to, was the greatest that could arrive.

“At my first passing over the place on horseback, my careless eyes chanced to glance at a bay-window, where certain gentlewomen strangers were placed, and paused a little as being attracted, no less by the novelty, than the goodly presence. Back I went with some other friends and gentlemen, that I might re-enjoy a fuller sight of those beauties, and fair and softly, as prancingly as our horses could pace, we drew near, passing to and fro, with more turnings and windings than doth a poor prisoner in a loathsome dungeon. Neither had we, think I, 'till this time quitted the place, had not the gentlewomen seeing all ended, raised themselves up to go down to their coaches that attended them beneath. Here my foundation failed, and from this instant began the ruin of my fired Troy.

“One there was amongst those ladies, that 'till the present still masked, discovered so rare a beauty in so young a body, that we were all suddenly astonished. Methought unaccustomed to such brunts, the fair creature even tore and parted my heart, to make it part of her tender own.”*

* * * * *

* Pp. 12, 13, 14, 15.

The poetry dispersed throughout this work, the translator assures us has occasionally been "altered to make it more suitable to an English reader," and may consequently be considered in some measure as original composition. It has considerable merit, as the following specimens will prove.

SONNET

Used in a Serenade from a Lover to his Mistress.

Whether, or fixed or wandering, lights of heaven !
 Though lesser tapers to the moon you be,—
 Bright scutcheons of the Gods, and planets seven,
 Whose cheerful influence doth best agree
 With amorous minds :—a breast most pure and even
 Invokes your fair aspects, look down on me,
 And as your powers, me power to love have given,
 Light her I love that she my thoughts may see.
 And oh ! thou cold and more than sober night !
 That in dull calmness sleep'st untill clear day,
 In absence of thy sun's most glorious light ;
 Wert thou like me, sad night, to go thy way
 By absence grieved to lose so rich a sight ;
 Tears, sorrow's tribute, and not sleep, thoul'dst pay.

SONNET.

A brazen heart, an adamant mind,
 Doubtless had he, whose restless working brain
 First launched our moving houses to the main,
 And slippery hinges gave to waves and wind.
 Fanatic fury, zeal aspiring blind,
 Had he who rashly sought to fly, in vain :—
 But rasher he that heaven's bright car, so fain,

Downheadlong drew, against his father's mind :—
 A daring act, a pretty enterprise,
 'Twas to descend and conquer Erebus,
 To bind the triple-porter in a chain :—
 But to presume to venture on her eyes,
 Without more note or merit court them thus,
 As greater madness, so a greater gain.

SONNET.

If, of a wretched state and all forlorn,
 That be the wretched'st, not at all to be :—
 Since in condemned prisoners we may see,
 Though they must die, they'd not, not have been born.—
 Than by oblivion to be slowly torn,
 Or vexed with absence in extremity,
 Or plagued with rage of restless jealousy,—
 These nothing are to not being loved,—a scorn :—
 He that's forgotten, yet a being had,—
 He that is absent may return again,—
 He that is jealous may find constancy :—
 But still to follow shadows,—love in vain,—
 Still to be hopeless,—worse than to be mad,—
 That never was, is, or shall happy be.

SONNET

To a Lady singing, unseen.

Sweet voice ! I hear thy pleasing harmony,
 Though air resist it and rebellious wind :
 O that the glorious angel I could see,
 That thus enchants mine ear, suspends my mind !
 Love sure is no bare voice, no fancy blind,
 Nor faint intention, but reality,

A substance and engendered deity,
 Twixt Mars and Venus in adulterate kind.
 Then if not wholly voice, since body too,
 Or yet if echo, hark! So may thy fair
 Narcissus soft relent and learn to woo!
 But why concealed thus dost thou declare
 Thyself like him self-loving? if not so,
 Why art thou nought but voice wrapt up in air?

SONG.

When young April once a year
 Doth with emerald face appear;
 Then gives he to each river he can see,
 By winter's frost imprisoned, liberty.
 White and yellow flowers are seen;
 Trees and fields are clad in green;
 The wild beast leaves his den,
 And snakes grow young again:
 Then the mournful nightingale
 Sings, or sweetly seems to rail,
 On him that basely in a brother's shape,
 Transformed her by his well-revenged rape.
 Thus beasts, and birds, and every thing,
 Joys upon the approaching spring:
 But I, the more relief
 I seek, the more's my grief!

SONNET,

On seeing a Lady Bathing in the River Betis.

Betis! whilst pretty philomel doth sing,
 And to thy silver noise her treble raise:
 Whilst gentle zephyrus his wings displays,

'Mongst well-tun'd leaves with gentle murmuring;—
Comb smooth thy sedge, thy red sands freely fling
On the green bank that thy o'erflowing stays ;
Cast them in golden knots through all the ways
My Nisa treads : when she doth nearer bring
Her, clearer than thy christal, limbs, chastise
Thy swifter course, and may no mutinous air
Then blow, but let the stream glide gently by.
But draw that ivory curtain from mine eyes,
Unveil thy aabaster, goddess fair !
Though I Actæan, thou Diana be !

SONG.

At the foot of a mountain white
Clad all in snow,
That doth melt with the sun-beams bright,
Celio as in a dream,
Beholdeth how the stream,
Drives to and fro.
Little pebbles, white, red, and blue,
Then doth he see,
And presented are to his view,
Sands like Arabian gold,
Near which he may behold
Apollo's tree.
Instead of fishes, Naiades
In christal veils,
Lift up their heads from those fresh seas,
With different garlands crown'd ;
Sad Cygnus swimming round,
His loss bewails.
Young Hyacinthus groweth near ;
Adonis too ;

Acanthus the boy doth appear ;
 In a flower of his name,
 Narcissus lost his fame,
 That scorned to woo.
 The Thracian minstrel riseth then,
 His harp he brings,
 That attracts birds, beasts, fishes, men :—
 With the sweet sound he cheers,
 The listening shepherd's ears,
 And thus he sings—
 Fenissa the fair is come,
 Swain weep no more !
 With little foot of snow,
 She trips it to and fro,
 On grassy shore.
 Come then, Fenissa, fair Fenissa come,
 Come to the shade,
 By cool leaves made.
 Sing Celio ; valley, make Fenissa room,
 And let echo ring,
 She's the valley's spring !
 Fenissa come !

SONNET

Introductory to a fresh discourse.

As a poor bark distress by waves and wind,
 When this grows angry and the seas go high,
 No ease nor safety, rudely toss'd can find,
 By compass steer she ne'er so cunningly ;
 But needs must suffer in a double kind ;
 By air, if she the help of sails apply,
 By raking seas, if up those helps she bind :

So an unheedy vessel do I live,
 Restless, near shipwreck, since I ne'er was well,
 'Till I afresh had launched into the main,
 Where, whatsoe'er resistance my bark give,
 From the white froth I mount, then fall again;
 Then rise, then tumble down as low as hell.

SONNET.

A Serenade.

The sun is set, gone down to the cool shade;—
 The misted brightness of his piercing eye,
 Covered with black clouds in th' eastern sky,—
 My cruel fair to restfull sleep hath laid:
 Now murderers walk, and such as are afraid
 Of day's clear light: now chaunteth mournfully
 The turtle chaste;—complaints to multiply
 'Gins she whom crafty Tereus once betray'd.
 O night, thou image of sad absence! tell
 My Lisis, her two suns are set from me
 For ever; if it chance that she do sleep,
 May Morpheus wake her with a dream from hell,
 Tell her of her disdain, my jealousy;
 That though I present am, I, absent weep!

ELEGY

*On a Lady killed by a fall in attempting to elope with
 her Lover.*

Pure spirit! that leav'st thy body to our moan,
 From whence now disembodied thou art gone
 To thy more happy region; where each field
 Eternal April of pure flow'rs doth yield.

Look, if the soul can downward look, and see
 A soul once thine all tears for want of thee !
 When I was doubly prisoner by thine eyes,
 How little dreamt I of,—*here Lisis lies !*
 Or when a smile could her Gerardo bless,
 Little, that earth thus early should possess
 So fair a casket. Little thought indeed
 Base worms on sixteen years sweet flesh should feed.
 So fruits are in their blossoms nipt by frost :—
 So a tall ship that oft the sea hath crost,
 At last when gladsome port she leaves behind,
 How the smooth waters court her and false wind,
 Till when a sudden gust and storm doth rise,
 Rock-dashed she becomes the ocean's prize,
 Live yet my Lisis, on thy marble tomb,
 While time bears date free from oblivion's doom !
 That when the world's last passenger draws near,
 In uncorrupted letters may appear :—

Here Lisis lies, that leapt from vital breath,
 To meet a lover in embrace of death.

SONG.

When thou in native thoughts didst imitate
 The simple turtle dove,
 And constant wert, I still did consecrate
 To thy true faith, firm love :
 That rural bird doth never range,
 Fixt to her mate, affects no change.
 But since thy former plainness to disguise,
 With art thou dost contrive,
 And first affection less dost equalise,
 Why do I longer strive?
 For love that doth excuses frame,
 Fither is none, or not the same.

SIR THOMAS HAWKINS.

BORN ABOUT 1590.—DIED 1640.

*Romanas tenuit Romanus Horatius aures,
Nunc Anglas Anglus non tenet ille minus.
Nam quod dulce sonat Romanis Appula Musa,
Hoc resonas Anglis, Cantia Musa, tuis.*

(CHAPPERLINUS.)

*Whilst to thy tune the Lyric poet sings,
And takes new graces from thy tuned strings;
Behold whole quires of Muses ready stand,
To beg like favour at thy curious hand:
Who would not join with them and move the same,
That sets this one so happy in thy name?
We, whom the Romans held for dull and weak,
Now teach their best of poets how to speak.
They need not lay to thee the want of skill
Of music, or of muses,—he that will,
May hear them both expressed by thee in veins
Equal, if not beyond the Roman strains.*

(G. FORTESCUE.)

“Sir Thomas Hawkins, knight,” says the Oxford historian, “was an ingenious man; as excellent in the faculty of music* as in poetry.” For an account of the ancient and respectable family of which he was a distinguished ornament, and their pleasantly situated mansion

* Of his skill in music, some notice is taken in the annexed motto, from a copy of verses prefixed to his Horace. In another friendly specimen of the same kind, signed Hugh Holland, his musical talents are also noticed:—

I knew before thy dainty touch
Upon the lordly viol:
But of thy lyre who knew so much
Before this happy trial?

of Nash Court, near the village of Boughton, we must refer to the historian of Kent. Of Sir Thomas's personal history, we regret to say we know nothing, but believe we are correct in giving him the merit of being the first who made known to the mere English reader, the prince of lyric poets.

The copy of his translation, now lying before the writer, is a small pocket volume with the following title :—
 “ Odes of Horace, the best of Lyric Poets. Containing much morality and sweetness. The third edition. Selected, translated, reviewed, and enlarged with many more, by Sir T. H. London : Printed by John Haviland, for William Lee, and are to be sold at his shop, at the sign of the Turk's Head in Fleet Street. 1635.”

Of his work the translator himself affords us the following neat, correct, and modest account.

“ To the Reader.

“ Friendly and generous reader, I present not Horace to thee in his native lustre nor language. Take these rather, if so thou please, for a reflection from that brighter body of his living odes. Behold in them morality touched and virtue heightened, with clearness of spirit and accurateness of judgment. These have I selected amongst many; not with desire to prescribe the same choice to others, as a rule; nor yet with any diffidence in mine own election. *Abundat quisque suo sensu.* When in a garden we gather a coronet of flowers, we intend not the total beauty of that fair piece of prospective, but particular ornament, and

intermingled delight. These supply both. But many no doubt will say, Horace is by me forsaken, his lyric softness and emphatic muse maimed : that in all there is a general defection from his genuine harmony. Those I must tell, I have in this translation, rather sought his spirit, than numbers ; yet the music of verse not neglected neither, since the English ear better heareth the distich, and findeth that sweetness, which the Latin affected, and questionless attained, in Saphic or Iambic measures. Some will urge again, why were not these wreaths of moral and serious odes, for more variety and general entertainment of most, mixed with his wanton and looser strains of poesy ? These I answer, and with it conclude. The translator of these had rather shew virtue to the modest, than discover vice to the dissolute. The streams of Helicon are clear and chrystalline. Drink thou goodness from these purer fountains, whilst such take unhappy draughts, from the troubled and muddy waters of sensuality."

To the veracity of this statement we entirely subscribe. Sir Thomas Hawkins displayed the correctness of his taste in the odes he selected for translation, and of his ear in the kind of verse he adopted. Of his poetry it is sufficient to say that it will bear a comparison with any of that age, produced under similar circumstances. The extreme difficulty of rendering such a poet as Horace into a modern language, has been allowed at all times ; to preserve the spirit of the original, together with the literal meaning, constitutes a task which has never been satisfactorily accomplished in English literature, though it has been frequently

attempted, and by several of our most eminent and accomplished writers. A conviction of this difficulty has given rise to the numerous attempts at paraphrase and imitation, which have at different times appeared as substitutes, and perhaps it may be added with better success than close rendering. That the version of our Kentish Knight is occasionally laboured and prosaic and deficient in spirit and vivacity, must be allowed, and may be accounted for partly by the rule he had imposed upon himself of giving a genuine transcript of the poet's meaning, and partly by the odes he selected, which are those only of a moral and serious kind. One merit we may boldly claim for Sir Thomas Hawkins; he has uniformly given with fidelity the literal meaning of the original, and has with much care avoided the too common practice of subsequent translators of adopting superfluous embellishments and epithets not warranted by the text, for the purpose of ornament, and to exhibit not the author, but themselves to advantage. Impressed with the truth of this assertion, we have annexed to the specimens selected for the present compilation the original latin, in order that our readers may judge of their correctness.

Liber I.—Carmen XXXI.—Ad Apollinem.

*Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de patera novum
Fundens liquorem? non opimæ
Sardiniae segetes feraces;
Non æstuosa grata Calabria
Armenta; non aurum, aut ebur Indicum;
Non rura, quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.
Premant Calena falce, quibus dedit
Fortuna vitem: dives et aureis
Mercator exsiccet culullis
Vina Syra reparata merce,
Dis carus ipsis; quippe ter et quater
Anno revisens æquor Atlanticum
Impune, me pascunt olivæ,
Me cichores, levesque malvæ.
Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latæ, dones, et, precor, integra
Cum mente; nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem.*

Book 1,—Ode 31.—To Apollo.

What doth thy poet ask, Phœbus divine,
 What craves he when he pours thee bowls of wine?
 Not the rich corn of fat Sardinia,
 Nor fruitful flocks of burnt Calabria,
 Nor gold, nor Indian ivory; * nor the grounds,
 Which silent Liris with soft stream arrounds.
 Let those whom fortune so much store assigns,
 Prune with Calenian hook their fertile vines:
 Let the rich merchant to the Gods so dear,—
 For so I term him right who every year
 Three or four times visits the Atlantic seas
 From shipwreck free:—Let him his palate please,
 And in gilt bowls drink wine of highest price,
 Bought with the sale of Syrian merchandise.
 Loose mallows, succory, and olive-plant
 Serve me for food,—O great Apollo grant
 To me in health, and free from life's annoy,
 Things native and soon gotten to enjoy!
 And with a mind composed old age attain,
 Not loathsome, not depriv'd of lyric strain!

* This will afford us an instance of the correctness of our translator, and the diffusiveness of another. *Non aurum aut ebur Indicum*,—is rendered by Francis

“Nor ivory of spotless shine,
 Nor gold forth flaming from the mine.”

Liber II.—Carmen III.—Ad Quintum Delium.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia, moriture Deli ;
Seu mæstus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni:
Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbra[m] hospitalem co[n]sociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo ;
Huc vina, et unguenta, et nimium breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ :
Dum res, et ætas, et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.
Cedes coemtis saltibus, et domo,
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes ; et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.
Divesne priseco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper, et infuna
De gente, sub dio moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.
Omnes eodem cogimur : omnium
Versatur urna serius ocius
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exilium impositura cymbæ,

Book 2,—Ode 3.—To Delius.

In adverse chance an equal mind retain,
As in best fortune tempered,—free from vein
Of mirth profuse: For Delius thou must die,
Though with sad thoughts opprest thou silent lie;
Or on feast days retir'd to grassy shade,
Thou with choice Falern wine art happy made:
Where the white poplar and the lofty pine,
In friendly shade their mutual branches twine;
And rivers swiftly gliding strive apace
'Bout crooked banks their trembling streams to chase.
Bring hither wine and od'rous unguents!—Bring
The dainty rose, a fair but fading thing!
While fortune, age, and wealth, yield season fit,
And the three sisters' sable looms permit.
Thou from thy house must part and purchas'd woods
From village lav'd by yellow Tiber's floods;
And thy vast hoarded heaps of wealth's excess,
An heir, perhaps ungrateful, shall possess.
No matter 'tis whether thou rich art born
Of Argive kings, or low, expos'd to scorn,
Sprung from poor parents liv'st in open fields;
Thou art death's sacrifice, who never yields.
We all are thither brought; 'tis he that turns
And guides our mortal life's uncertain urns.
Sooner or later each man hath his lot,
And hence exil'd, embarks in Charon's boat.

Liber II.—Carmen X.—Ad Licinium.

*Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo ; neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Latus iniquum.*

*Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.*

*Sæpius ventis agitur ingens
Pinus ; et celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres ; feriuntque summos
Fulmina montes.*

*Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene præparatum
Pectus : informes hiemes reducit
Jupiter ; idem*

*Summovet : non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit : quondam cithara tacentem
Suscitât Musam, neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.*

*Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare : sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela.*

Book 2.—Ode 10.—To Licinius.

Licinius know your safer way,
Is not still on the main to stray ;
Nor whilst you wisely storms abhor,
Too much to seek the shelvy shore.

He who affects the golden mean,
Lives safe from cottages unclean :
And sober, doth as much despise,
In envy-breeding courts to rise.*

The blustering winds more often far
'Gainst lofty pines do threaten war :
Brave towers with greater ruin fall,
And thunders highest hills enthrall.

Each fortune suits with minds prepar'd,
They fear in good, and hope in hard.
Jove brings in horrid winter's rage,
And suddenly doth it assuage.

If with thee now it be but ill,
Resolve, it cannot be so still.
Sometimes Apollo's silent muse
Speaks in his harp, nor doth he use

Always to bend his angry bow :
In crosses, strength and courage shew :
And wisely strike sails when you find
Them filled with too prosperous wind.

* The man within the golden mean,
Who can his boldest wish contain ;
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where sordid want and sorrow dwell ;
And in himself securely great,
Declines an envied room of state.—(FRANCIS.)

Liber IV,—Carmen VII.—Ad Torquatam.

*Diffugere nives : redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ :*

*Mutat terra vices ; et decrescentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt :*

*Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.*

*Immortalia ne speres, monet annus, et alium
Quæ rapit hora diem.*

*Frigora mitescunt Zephyris ; ver proterit æstas,
Interitura simul*

*Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit : et mox
Bruma recurret iners.*

*Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ :
Nos ubi decidimus*

*Quo pius Æneas, quo Tullus, dives et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.*

*Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina sumæ
Tempora di superi ?*

*Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.*

*Cum semel occideris, et de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria ;*

*Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas.*

*Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum :*

*Nec Lethæa valet Theseus abrumpere oaro
Vincula Pirithoo.*

Book 4.—Ode 7.—To Lucius Manlius Torquatus.

Now snows are quite dissolv'd, fresh grass we see
 To fields returned, and leaves to every tree.
 Earth changeth hue; the swelling waters sink,
 And with soft current glide within their brink.
 Aglaia naked, dares upon the ground
 With nymphs and her two sisters dance around.
 Hope not in mortal things!—so years do say,
 So warn the hours, which circumsolve the day.
 Soft western winds on winter, mildness bring,
 Soon with'ring summer weareth out the spring,
 Then mellow autumn pours his fruit amain,
 And instantly dull winter 'turns again.
 Yet speedy moons these heavenly charms restore;
 But when we hence depart, where gone before
 Rich Tullus, good Æneas, Ancus stay,
 We are but dust and shadows pass'd away!*
 Who knoweth whether the celestial powers
 Will add to this day's sum, to morrow's hours,
 Your greedy heir in nothing shall have part
 Of what your living gave with bounteous heart,
 But when you once are dead, and powers divine,
 To you an equal sentence shall assign;
 Nor blood, Torquatus then, nor fluent vein,
 Nor piety, can life restore again!
 For neither chaste Hippolitus, was free
 By Dian sent, from hell's obscurity;
 Nor for his dear Pyrrhous, the pains
 Of Theseus could dissolve Lethæan chains.

* The moon renews her orb with growing light,
 But when we sink into the depths of night,
 Where all the good, the rich, the brave are laid,
 Our best remains are ashes and a shade. —(FRANCIS.)
 To convey the beauty of the original is impossible, but
 Francis departs entirely from the literal meaning.

Liber IV.—Carmen XII.—Ad Virgilium.

*Jam veris comites, quæ mare temperant,
Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ:*

Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii strepunt

Hiberna nive turgidi:

Nidum ponit, Ityn flebitur gemens,

Infelix avis, et Cecropiæ domus

Æternum opprobrium; quod male barbaras

Regum est ulta libidines:

Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium

Custodes ovium carmina fistula;

Delectantque Deum, cui pecus et nigri

Colles Arcadiæ placent.

Adduxere sitim tempora, Virgili:

Sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum

Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens,

Nardo vina merebere:

Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,

Qui nunc Sulpitiis accubat horreis,

Spes donare novas largus, amaraque

Curarum eluere efficax.

Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tua

Velox merce veni: non ego te meis

Immunem meditor tingere poculis,

Plena dives ut in domo.

Verum pone moras et studium lucri;

Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium,

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem:

Dulce est desipere in loco.

Book 4.—Ode 12.—To Virgilius.

South winds the spring attending still,
Now becalm and sails do fill :
Now frosts make not the meadows hoar,
Nor winter's snow-swoln rivers roar.
The luckless bird her nest doth frame,
Bewailing Itys, and the shame
Of Cecrop's house, and that so ill,
On king's rude lust she wrought her will.
The shepherds of rich flocks rehearse,
And to their pipes chaunt rural verse :
Seeking his god-head to appease,
Whom flocks and hills Arcadian please.
These times do thirsty seasons send ;
But if thou Virgil, Cæsar's friend,
Calenian wines desir'st to try,
To me with fragrant unguents hie,
And purchase with a little box,
Wine which Sulpitius safely locks,
New hopes most powerful to create,
And bitter cares to dissipate :
To which content if thou agree,
Stay not, but quickly come to me :
I'll not free cost my cups carouse,
As rich men in a plenteous house.
Then leave delays and gain's desire,
And mindful of black funeral fire,
Short folly mix with councils best,
'Tis sweet sometimes to be in jest.

SIR JOHN MENNES.

BORN 1598.—DIED 1670.

"Sir John Suckling, SIR JOHN MENNES, and Prior, are all of one school."

(POPE, as reported by Spence.)

SANDWICH in Kent, one of the most distinguished of the five ancient maritime towns, has been in all ages a nursery of those brave men, who, by their enterprize, have extended the bounds of knowledge, and increased the sum of national wealth;—by their skill, united with undaunted courage, have conquered and preserved to their country the absolute dominion of the ocean, and elevated her to the highest rank in the scale of nations; and, what is of far greater importance to their fellow citizens, have by repelling hostile invasion, preserved them from war and its horrors which have in succession visited every other community of people on the surface of the globe. If for ages the sound of cannon in the hands of foreign enemies has not been heard within the vallies of Britain, the sole and efficient cause has been the conduct of her seamen;—and if there be any one class of men superior to all others, to which the meed of British praise and the debt of British gratitude, are pre-eminently due, it is that of her naval heroes.

Sir John Mennes was the third son of Andrew Mennes, Esq. of Sandwich, in Kent, by his second wife, Jane Blechenden, and born at that town May the 11th, 1598. His father being in good circumstances, he received a liberal education, and in due time was removed to Oxford, and placed at Corpus Christi College. He devoted himself to the sea service, and during a long life rendered himself conspicuous for his enterprise and knowledge of maritime affairs, his loyalty and his wit, and general literary attainments.

He held a place in the navy-office during the reign of James the First, and in that of his successor was appointed Comptroller of the Navy. During the grand rebellion as it is called, he took an active part both naval and military in favour of the crown, and was honoured with the dignity of knighthood at Dover in 1641, being at that time a Vice-Admiral. In the following year he commanded a ship called the "Rainbow" but was soon afterwards displaced from command by the authorities then in power, on account of his attachment to the unfortunate King. His name occurs in the account of the Kentish insurrection in favor of the King which took place in 1648, but how far he was actually engaged does not appear.

At the restoration he was reinstated in his office of Chief Comptroller of the Navy, and Charnock asserts,* but probably erroneously, made Governor of Dover Castle. In 1661, he was appointed to command a ship named the "Henry," and received a commission to act as Vice-Admiral and Commander in Chief of

* Biograph. Nav, 1. 61.

the fleet employed in the North Seas. In the following year he was selected to bring back the Queen-Mother to England, and during his absence had the misfortune to lose his wife, who died at Fredville, the seat of John Boys, Esq. and was buried in the parish church of Nonington, where a monument was erected to her memory. This lady's name was Jane Liddell, of the family of Ravensworth Castle in the county of Durham.

Sir John Mennes himself survived until 1670, when he died February the 18th, leaving behind him the character of an honest, stout, generous, and religious man, whose company had always been delightful to the ingenious and witty.* He was buried in the Church of St. Olave, Hart Street, London; where a monument exists to his memory.

Sir John Mennes is reported to have been the author of a Poem called "Epsom Wells," and several other fugitive pieces. In one instance only he published a collection of his poems, in conjunction with his friend Dr. James Smith, and their compositions are blended without any marked distinction. The volume containing the joint productions of these friends is exceedingly scarce, and not within our reach. It is a small Duodecimo of 101 pages, with the following title:

"Musarum Deliciæ: or the Muses Recreation. Containing several pieces of poetic wit. The second edition. By Sir I. M. and Ia. S. London. Printed by I. G. for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at his shop, at the sign of the Anchor in the New Exchange. 1656."

We regret that it is not in our power to lay before the reader more than one specimen of the wit and talent

* Wood's Athen. Oxon. 11. 482.

of this honest seaman. The following, which is generally assigned to him, is of its kind unrivalled for excellence.

*Upon Sir John Suckling's most warlike preparations for
the Scottish War.*

Sir John got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side a.

No errant knight went ever to fight
With half so gay a bravado ;
Had you seen his look, you'd have sworn on a book,
He'd have conquered a whole Armado.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight a,
And as he pass'd by, they began for to cry,
Sir John, why will you go fight a.

But he, like a cruel knight spurred on,
His heart did not relent a,
For, till he came there he shewed no fear ;
Till then why should he repent a ?

The king God bless him, had singular hope
Of him and all his troop a ;
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollow and whoop a.

None liked him so well as his own colonel,
Who took him for John de Weart a ;
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so peart a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all men prepared to fight a,
He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
He swore he must needs go s—— a.

The colonel sent for him back again,
To quarter him in the van a ;
But Sir John did swear, he came not there
To be killed the very first man a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the rear ,
Some ten miles back and more a,
Where he did play at Tre trip for hay,
And ne'er saw the enemy more a.

But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase
His money which lately he spent a,
But his lost honour must, still lie in the dust,
At Barwick away it went a.

Sir John Suckling's troop certainly behaved badly, but the cutting remarks upon his own want of spirit in this lampoon, are probably more severe than just.—The following account of Sir John Suckling's death, is given by Spence, upon the authority of Pope, and is sufficient to warrant an opinion that regard to personal safety was not a main ingredient in his character.

“Sir John was a man of great vivacity and spirit. He died about the beginning of the civil war, and his death was occasioned by a very uncommon accident. He entered warmly into the king's interest, and was sent over by him into France, with some letters of great consequence to the Queen. He arrived late at Calais, and in the night his servant ran away with his portmantau, in which were his money and papers. When he was told of this in the morning, he immediately enquired which way his servant had taken ; and in pulling on his boots, found one of them extremely uneasy to him, but as his horses were at the door, he leaped into

his saddle, and forgot his pain. He pursued his servant so eagerly, that he overtook him two or three posts off,—recovered his portmanteau, and soon after complained of a vast pain in one of his feet, and fainted away with it. When they came to pull off his boots, to fling him into bed, they found one of them full of blood. It seems, his servant, who knew his master's temper well, and was sure he would pursue him as soon as his villainy should be discovered, had driven a nail up into one of his boots in hopes of disabling him from pursuing him. Sir John's impetuosity made him regard the pain only just at first, and his pursuit hurried him from the thoughts of it for some time after: however, the wound was so bad, and so much inflamed, that it flung him into a violent fever, which ended his life in a few days. This incident, strange as it may seem, might be proved from some original letters in Lord Oxford's collection.



JOHN BOYS.

LIVING IN 1612 AND IN 1672.

Virgil's divine.—let him alone for me!

* * * * *
*He's hard to imitate in any sort,
He shoots well that comes nigh.—though always short.
I am confirmed, as Selden says of Ben,
Virgil is to be known, I know not when.*

* * * * *
*But all that's nothing; thine, and every book,
Is now, or good or bad, as it hath luck;
None can confront the world.*

(CHARLES FOTHERBY.)

Such were the sensible hints given to this Kentish Worthy by his cousin, in a long copy of verses, which notwithstanding he chose to prefix to a translation of the sixth Æneid of Virgil.

The family of Boys is one of the most ancient, respectable, and widely extended in the county of Kent. John Boys, of whose works we have to speak, was the son of Thomas Boys, of Hode Court, in the parish of Blean, near Canterbury, and great nephew to Sir John Boys, of the same place, who was Member of Parliament for Sandwich, Recorder of Canterbury, and founder of Jesus's, or Boy's Hospital, in that city, and died in 1612. Sir John Boys bequeathed his mansion house of Hode Court, to his nephew above named, from whom it passed to

our poet, and continued in his descendants until the death of Colonel John Boys in 1748, whose daughters and heiresses carried it into other families.

John Boys, appears to have been educated at Cambridge, was a learned and pious man, a loyal subject in trying times, and an indifferent rhymer. Of his printed works, which are scarce from having passed through single editions, and consequently of high price, we have been able to obtain only one, a small quarto, and the following is its title:—

“Æneas his Descent into Hell: as it is inimitably described by the prince of poets, in the sixth of his *Æneis*. Made English by John Boys, of Hode Court, Esq. Together with an ample and learned comment upon the same, wherein all passages critical, mythological, philosophical, and historical, are fully and clearly explained. To which are added certain pieces relating to the public, written by the author. *In via virtuti nulla est via*.—London: printed by R. Hodgkinson, living in Thames Street, over against Barnard Castle, 1661.”

A dedication follows in the ordinary style of flattery, to Edward Lord Hyde, High Chancellor, and occupies three pages.

The preface to the reader occupies six pages, and contains the following modest acknowledgment:—

“The truth is, I am a very great admirer of this author, and therefore my affection may haply prompt me to attempt what the mediocrity of my parts was not able to make good.”

Two long copies of commendatory verses succeed, from one of which we have made some extracts, and it will be but fair to select a short specimen of the

other, which bears the name of Thomas Phillipot, who addresses his friend in the following style of bombast.

But, sir, your lines become the thread of life
 Unto your fame, and will decline the knife
 The fatal sisters manage, and e'en be
 Spun out in length to an eternity :
 For you have built a trophy to your name
 Shall dull the teeth of time, and from that flame
 Which burnt in Virgil, you have rais'd a light
 Both to yourself and memory, so bright,
 And so enamel'd o'er with beams, that we
 May those dark notions ey'n now naked see
 Stript of their Roman dress, that slept so long
 Behind the traverse of a foreign tongue.

* * * * *

The translation itself occupies thirty-three pages. The following is our translator's making English of the sublime passage, beginning

" Principio coelum, ac terras, camposque liquentes."

The heavens, the earth, the watry plains, the bright
 And round-fac'd moon, the sun's unborrowed light
 A soul within sustains ; whose virtues pass
 Through every part, and mix with the whole mass.
 Hence men, beasts, birds, take their original ;
 Those monsters hence, which in the sea do dwell :
 But, those souls there, of fiery vigour share,
 The principles of them celestial are,
 Unless they from the body clogged be,
 And ill-contrived organs do deny
 To them their operations, hence grief, joy,
 Fear, hope, and all wild passions us annoy :

Nor do they their original regard,
 Whilst shut up in the body's darksome ward :
 Nor, though they disembodied be, are they
 Freed from those stains, which, whilst in hous'd in clay,
 They did collect ; having so long convers'd
 They with much filth from thence must be aspers'd
 Hence to their crimes their pains proportion'd are :
 Some are expos'd to the all-searching air,
 Some are in waters plung'd, in fire some tried :
 Our purgatory thus we all abide :
 Then through the vast Elysium we are sent ;
 But few those joyfal champains do frequent :
 Until the fate-prefixed time have ta'en
 And purg'd away whate'er contracted stain :
 Leaving of spots* that heavenly being, clear
 Of fire a compound, and unmixed air.
 A thousand years, the destined period,
 Fulfilled, the God † calls them to Lethe's flood :
 That all things past forgot, they may review
 The upper world, and bodies re-endue.

*The following is his rendering of the famous passage
 relating to Marcellus.*

And here Æneas,—for before him there
 A goodly youth did in bright arms appear ;
 But sad his look, dejected was his face,—
 What is he, father, who with equal pace
 The other doth accompany,—his son ?
 Or some of our descendants ?—how they run

* The soul.

† Mercury, who was said with his Caduceus, or rod, both to drive souls to hell, and to bring them from thence.

And round him flock ?—how graceful is his mien ?
 But gloomy night doth with a cloudy screen
 His head involve. Tears flowing from his eyes,
 The good Anchises thus to him replies.
 The griefs of thine, desire not son to know,
 Him to the world the fates shall only shew ;
 The Roman name, O Gods, too powerful had
 Appear'd, had you such blessings lasting made :
 With what laments shall great Rome's burial place
 Resound ?—what funeral pomps as thou dost pass
 By his new grave, sad Tiber, shalt thou see !
 None ever of the Trojan stem shall be
 Of equal hopes with him : Rome's joyful coast
 Of a more worthy birth shall never boast :
 His piety and antique singleness,
 Or who his matchless valour shall express ?
 Whether on foot or his brave courser arm'd,
 None ever had encountered him unharm'd :
 Deplored youth !—if this sad doom by thee
 Can be eschewed,—thou shalt Marcellus be !
 Bring lillies ; I will purple flowers strew,
 At least let me return this tribute, due
 To the deceased,—an empty monument
 Let me erect :—thus they together went.

* * * * *



The annotations commence at page 34, and extend
 to page 215. They display an ample share of classi-
 cal learning. Then commence the "certain pieces re-
 lating to the public, penned by the author," which are
 four in number, but of little value or importance. The

first is a declaration of certain Inhabitants of Kent, offered to the Mayor of Canterbury, January 24, 1659, containing a statement of their grievances, and expressing a desire on the part of the subscribers for a free Parliament: there are however no subscribers names annexed. The declaration seems to have met with the opposition that might have been expected in that unsettled time, and some of the parties attending to present it, were apprehended and detained in prison, under a charge of insurrection. Our poet absconded, and issued the 2nd of the "pieces relating to the public," which contains a vindication of himself and his associates. The third, is a letter of thanks to Monk, for his public services, "penned by the author," and presented by him and Sir John Boys, in the names of those who intended to subscribe the declaration, and is, when the character of this apostate is considered, sufficiently disgusting. The fourth is a speech, "penned by the author," and intended to have been spoken by him in addressing Charles II. upon his landing at Dover, May 25th, 1660; but the King did not make any stay in the town, and disappointed the orator, who unwilling to lose entirely this effusion of his loyalty, took this method of preserving his intended speech.—Then follows a Latin Epigram to the same King, by Johannes De Bosco, viz.

*Si dives, Rex magne, esset mihi vena Maronis,
Si felix vatum principis ingenium,
Ipse fores meus Æneas, tituli sique superbis
Te ornarem, Heroi quos dedit ille suos!*

Vain wish!—We arrive now at a better, indeed the very best specimen we have seen of our author's talent.

*To his worthily esteemed Friend and learned Antiquary,
Mr. William Somner, upon his treasury of the Saxon
tongue, entituled Dictionarium Saxonico—Latino—
Anglicum.*

A SATIRE.

What mean'st thou man? think'st thou thy learned page,
And worthy pains, will relish with this age?
Think'st that thy treasury of Saxon words
Will be deem'd such amidst unletter'd swords?
Boots it to know how our fore-fathers spoke
E're Danish, Norman, or this present yoke
Did gall our patient necks?—or matters it
What Hengist utter'd, or how Horsa writ?
Last, think'st that we, who have destroyed what'er
Our grandsires did, will with their language bear?
That we, who have all famous monuments
Razed, and defeated thus all good intents
Of former piety, will honour give
To antique characters?—shall paper live,
And ink, when brass and marble can't withstand
This iron age's violating hand?
Or that this title, Dictionarium
Saxonico—Latino—Anglicum,
Will sell thy book?—think'st that the reader's itch
Of knowing much the author will enrich?
Thy barbarous Saxon, with the heathen Greek,
And profane Latin, buyers may go seek:
Together with the Hebrew, and the rest
Which are the language of that Romish beast:
Our mother-tongue well nos'd with a wry face,
And eyes inverted, now hath chiefest grace.
'Tis strange, but true; our modern rhetorick
Best heals a brother, and makes other sick.

So that thy trade is out of fashion, friend.
Lo! 'gainst antiquities we now contend :
Our quarrel is against the former age ;
'Gainst our dead fathers we dire wars do wage.
Had'st thou some Bible-Dictionary made,
A Concordance, or dealt in such a trade ;
Had'st thou some Gospel-Truths, some common place
Presented to this fighting-preaching race ;
Or to our sword-divines assistance lent
By paraphrase, expounding, or comment,
The brethren would have been thy readers ; now
The saints will not thy learned pains allow.

Yet be not thou discourag'd, worthy friend,
Thy oil and pains in vain thou dost not spend :
All are not fighters, not all preachers are ;
All are not saints, nor for the cause declare ;
All are not godly, nor reformers all ;
Nor build up Christ by letting churches fall ;
There yet are left some pious, sober, wise,
Learned, discreet, who will thy labours prize :
Some masters yet of truth, some who adore
The ages past, and present do deplore ;
Some who dare honest lie, who learning love ;
Fear not ; such will thine industry approve.
O happy thou ! who dost thyself enjoy,
Sequester'd from the world, free from th' annoy
Of bustling times ; thou dost securely sit,
Enriching both thy own and other's wit :
Th' ambition of the great ones, nor their fears
Disturb thy honest quiet ; nothing scares
Thee 'midst thy learned guard of books, where thou
Happier than princes may'st thyself avow ;

Whose fate thou may'st with unconcern'd thoughts read,
And so compare the living with the dead !

Proceed, brave soul, nor since the wicked rage
Of profane hands, and a destroying age
Threatens to ruin what antiquity
To us has left, let thy pen idle be :
'Tis true, we of thy learned diligence
Have had a taste,* which only wak'd our sense ;
We do a fuller meal expect from thee :
Thou must not only whet, but satisfy
Our craving appetites,—do thyself right,
Do us, the future times, more largely write,
Nor to one Town confine thy streighter care ;
Thy hand more ample ruins must repair :
Lo ! the whole kingdom calls thee,—in time save
Its falling monuments ; them from the grave
Rescue, that thy worth with the age's crimes
May be compared by the succeeding times.

CANTERBURY, Sept. 30th, 1656.

In eundem distichon.

*Te somno, Somnere, premi cui dicere fas est
Testatur doctus te vigilare liber !*

A manuscript poem by this author exists in the Library of Canterbury Cathedral to which it was presented by Thomas Parke, Esq. in 1802. It is a thin folio containing upwards of a hundred closely written pages entitled "Fasti Cantuarienses" and comprising in

* The Antiquities of Canterbury.

English hexameter, a general history of the Cathedral, including a detailed account of the introduction of Christianity into Britain by the mission of Augustin. The various parts of the building are described in succession together with the monuments of the dead, and some notices of illustrious men who have been interred in the church, or connected with it in their lives. Besides a preface of some length in which he states his motives for the undertaking, and professes himself *with great propriety*, desirous to be considered rather as an antiquary and an historian than as a poet, the author has inserted several notes "chronological, classical and historical," and a dedication to Archbishop Sheldon, in whose primacy the work was composed about 1672.

Whether this work was intended for publication, or not does not appear. What the author proposed to do, he certainly has effected in a respectable, and sometimes in an amusing manner. Annexed to the manuscript is a small quarto entitled "a Panegyric to his sacred majesty upon the conclusion of the auspicious marriage between the two crowns of England and Portugal." Besides the translation from Virgil which we have noticed, he also appears to have published "*Æneas his Errors*" 8vo. 1661 To these employments of his muse he alludes in the opening paragraph of his manuscript poem:—

Now thou, Great God!—who to no place art tied
Nor dost in temples made by hands abide;—
Yet temples for thy worship dost require,
As thy terrestrial mansions,—me inspire;
Whilst I on holy ground do tread; the shoes
Of my once prophane muse let me unloose,

That she, whilst I thy temple's beauties shew,—
May, Moses like, before thee bare-foot go.

Perhaps the following specimen of the composition of this poem will be sufficient for the satisfaction of our readers.

Having the shrine survey'd, we now proceed,
A statue kneeling I survey, and read
Engraven on the marble Wotton's name,
Wotton a person of no vulgar fame :
Who when thy monks the old possessors, were
Forc'd to resign, rule, as first Dean, did bear
Over this church, in York's cathedral he
At the same time, with the same dignity
Was graced,—a great civilian,
A great divine, a canonist, a man
As well for action as for study made ;
Of men as well as books he knowledge had,
In both was exquisitely learned ; hence
To high employments by his gracious prince
He was called forth ; ten times ambassador
He lived abroad ; at home a councillor
To four of England's Monarchs ; and design'd
For higher place but he that weight resign'd.
And though it be the driest common place
If virtue be not join'd, from high-born race
Or long continued ancestors to raise
Fame to the man whom we intend to praise ;
Yet since in Wotton both concur, we'll see
Him in his great illustrious pedigree.

Kent, who of worthies not unfruitful art,
Hast, as his native soil, in him a part :

Boughton, both to that living name a seat,
And to the dead their fatal last retreat,
For here the Wottons first took breath and liv'd,
Here they lie buried when of life depriv'd.
Of them, what a succession did I find
In thy church, neighbouring to their seat, enshrined.
Nor, since on earth in vain we do aspire
To an eternity, let us admire
That Wotton is extinct; that that great name
Now only lives in a well purchas'd fame;
Yet not so lost but that it doth survive
In other names, and in the female live :
Like streams which in a long continued course
Loose the first names of their original source,
Yet the same fountain doth those streams maintain,
And they do the same waters still remain.

[*Lib. 5. p. 90.*]

The notes are omitted, as the substance of them
has been given before in the account of Sir Henry
Wotton.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

BORN 1618.—DIED 1654.

*Whose hand so rudely grasps the steely brand,
Whose hand so gently melts the lady's hand.*

*Him valiant'st men and fairest nymphs approve,
His book in them finds judgment, with these love.*

(ANDREW MARVEL.)

*Thy youth an abstract of the world's best parts,
Inur'd to arms, and exercised in arts ;
These parts, so rarely met, made up in thee
What man should in his full perfection be ;
In fortune humble, constant in mischance
Expert in both, and both serv'd to advance
Thy name by various trials of thy spirit,
And give the testimony of thy merit ;
Valiant to envy of the best of men,
And learned to an undisputed pen,
Good as the best in both, and great, but yet
No dangerous courage, nor offensive wit :
These ever serv'd the one for to defend,
The other nobly to advance thy friend.*

(CHARLES COTTON,)

Elegy on the death of Lovelace.

For the few particulars that have descended to us respecting this gallant cavalier and accomplished man, we are indebted to the industry of Anthony Wood. Biography is a science of modern times, and was in a great measure unknown in the early period of our literature, and the memory of Lovelace has suffered in common with that of some of the most illustrious names that adorn our annals.

Richard Lovelace was the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace, of Woolwich in Kent, and born there in 1618. He was educated at the Charter House, and removed at the age of sixteen, to Oxford, where he became a gentleman commoner of Gloucester Hall. Two years afterwards, on a visit made by the Court to the University, he was created a Master of Arts, which honour he thus prematurely obtained, as Wood assures us, "at the request of a great lady belonging to the Queen." *

Upon leaving the university he attached himself to the court, and obtained the patronage of Lord Goring, afterwards Earl of Norwich, who sent him in the capacity of an ensign with the army employed in Scotland in 1639. In the subsequent expedition to that country he held a captain's commission. During these military employments he commenced author, and wrote a tragedy called *The Soldier*, which was neither printed nor acted, and is probably lost.

Upon the pacification at Berwick, he quitted the army for a time, and retired to his estate in Kent, which according to Wood produced him an annual income of 500 pounds. Whether he took an active

* Lovelace appears to have been a great favourite with the ladies. Wood observes that he was "much admired and adored by the female sex." Andrew Marvell has the following lines :—

"But when the beauteous ladies came to know
That their dear Lovelace was endanger'd so ;
Lovelace that thaw'd the most congealed breast,
He who best loved, and them defended best :"

and James Howell

"Lovelace the minion of the Thespian dames,
Apollo's darling."

part in the military proceedings of that unhappy time, as might have been expected, or not, does not appear by the narrative of his biographer. He must however, have been held in considerable estimation by his Kentish contemporaries, as he was made choice of to deliver the first petition presented from that county to the House of Commons, for the restoration of the King, and by so doing, rendered himself obnoxious to that despotic assembly. He was apprehended in consequence, and confined a close prisoner in the Gatehouse at Westminster, and it was during this imprisonment that he composed the well-known and justly admired song "to Althea from prison." His confinement lasted only three or four months, when he was liberated upon bail, conditionally that he should not remove beyond the lines of communication without a pass from the Speaker of the House.

After the surrender of Oxford in 1646, when the King's affairs became desperate, he formed the resolution of embarking with the wreck of his fortune in the service of the French ; with which intention he raised a regiment assumed the command of it and was wounded soon afterwards at Dunkirk.

He returned to England in 1648, and was upon his arrival in London, committed again as a prisoner to Peterhouse in that city, together with his brother Dudley, who was a captain in his regiment. This confinement lasted until after the judicial murder of the King ; being then no longer an object of dread to the party in power, he was set at liberty. His unhappy condition at this time must be given in the words of the Oxford historian :—" Having consumed all his estate, he grew very melancholy, which at length brought him into a

consumption, became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes, whereas when he was in his glory, he wore cloth of gold and silver, and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants."

Richard Lovelace died in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder-alley near Shoe-lane, and was buried at the west end of St. Bride's Church, in 1658.

Aubrey's account in a great measure confirms the foregoing, and is too curious to be omitted.

"Richard Lovelace, Esq. obiit in a cellar in Long Acre, a little before the restoration of his majesty. Mr. Edmund Wild, &c, had made collections for him and given him money. He was of ——— in Kent, 500*l.* or more. He was an extraordinary handsome man, but proud. He wrote a poem called *Lucasta*, 8vo. 1649. He was of Gloucester Hall, as I have been told. He had two younger brothers, viz. Col. F. R. L. and another that died at Carmarthen. George Petty, haberdasher, in Fleet-street, carried XX*s.* to him every Monday morning, from Sir ——— Many, and Charles Cotton, Esq. for months, but was never repaid."

Some doubts have been cast upon the veracity of Wood's account by the compiler of the *Biographia Dramatica*, who asserts that Lovelace could not have died in extreme poverty as his daughter and sole heir married the son of Lord Chief Justice Coke, and brought her husband an estate in Kent derived from her father. We have no means of confirming this statement : no intimation exists in any part of his works of his having been married, it is probable that some

other individual of the family may have given origin to this mistake, if it be one. Lovelace had three brothers who survived him, Thomas, Francis, and Dudley; two of them, at least, of the same rank in the army with himself. The first volume of his poems is dedicated to Lady Ann Lovelace, and the second to the Right Hon. John Lovelace, Esq. We fear, confirmed as it is by Aubrey's statement, the narrative of our poet's miserable reverse of fortune is but too true.

Richard Lovelace, if general report may be trusted, was a gentleman accomplished at all points. Nature had been unusually liberal in the graces of his person. "He was accounted" says Wood "the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld." James Howell in an elegy to his memory, has the following lines :—

"The beauty of his soul did correspond
With his sweet outside, nay it went beyond:"

Another of his eulogists calls him "the lovely Lovelace," and Aubrey "an extraordinary handsome man." To this graceful exterior he added all the elegant accomplishments of his time, he was a perfect scholar, a good musician, and a fine poet:

"To sum up all, few men of fame but know
He was tam Marti, quam Mercurio."

Lovelace was in the habit, during the early and happy period of his life, of sending his poetical compositions to the different musical composers of that time, by whom they were severally adapted to music, and he did not publish any collected edition of his works until the period of his last imprisonment. The

collection which he brought together and arranged at this time was printed in 1649, with the title of "Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c. to which is added Aramantha, a pastoral." To this small volume another was added in the year after his death, with the same general title of "Lucasta," collected and published by his brother Dudley. To the former of these volumes are appended eleven copies of commendatory verses, and to the latter several elegies to his memory. "Lucasta" was the poetical appellation of a lady to whom the greater part of these compositions were addressed, whose real name was Lucy Sacheverel. She is said to have possessed not only great personal beauty, but also ample fortune; but that she returned the poet's affection with equal ardour may be doubted, for she is reported to have married another person upon the rumour of his having received a fatal wound at Dunkirk. A print prefixed to the first collection of his poems, engraved by Faithorne, after a design of Sir Peter Lely's, is supposed to exhibit her portrait in the garb of a shepherdess. It is by no means remarkable for beauty. Indeed, the whole story may reasonably be doubted. Lovelace embarked to take the command of his regiment in 1647, he received his wound at Dunkirk soon afterwards, returned to London the next year, and published his poems in the year following. If the lady had been in such haste to dispose of herself upon mere report of his death, which if it had happened, must have happened so near home as to admit of being easily confirmed, she very little deserved from the poet the compliment of giving a title to his book published immediately afterwards, and of having her effigy displayed in the front of it; and it may be further remarked

that no allusion whatever is made to the trying circumstance of her being married to another, under circumstances so recent and so distressing, in any of the various pieces devoted to her name, which in a man of Lovelace's sanguine habit might reasonably be expected.* To the volume of posthumous poems an engraved bust of the author by Hallar, is prefixed, which warrants all that has been said of the beauty of his person. Both these engravings, together with the poems, have lately been re-engraved and re-published in a very elegant manner, in the selection of early English poets, printed at the Chiswick press.—Before this re-publication the collected works of Lovelace were of difficult attainment, as they appear to have been printed only once, and at distant intervals of time.

Lovelace had in the composition of his mind, many of the finer elements of poetry, and wanted only application, and a better taste than could be acquired in his time, to have placed him in a very elevated rank among the poets of his country. He possessed enthusiasm, a quick and lively perception of beauty, an ardent imagination, a correct and musical ear, and all the graces of the lyre. His faults are those of his time, and unfortunately they are in excess. In affectation he

* There is only one passage throughout the poems that seems to have any reference to the marriage of this lady. The first stanza of an ode to Lucasta, from prison.

Long in thy shackles, liberty,
I ask not of these walls, but thee,—
Left for a while another's bride,—
'To fancy all the world beside.

When the obscure and metaphoric style of the poet is considered, it may be doubted whether this passage can be taken in its literal sense.

exceeds even Cowley himself, and his fancy is ever upon the rack for new and extravagant thoughts. He is frequently obscure and perplexed, and in some instances unintelligible; nor is he totally exempt from that unpardonable fault a want of delicacy. The court of Charles the second is accused of having first promoted and patronised a race of voluptuary poets, who have disgraced that language by their grossness, which they might have embellished by their talents. The accusation is not strictly correct. The great poets of Elizabeth's time are not free from this unhappy taint, and the "well-head" of our poetry, father Chaucer himself, is a sad example of it. There is however, a certain undefinable redeeming grace in the amatory poems by the great masters of the Elizabethan age, which preserves them from absolutely disgusting; a grace which was gradually dissipated in their successors and became totally extinct in the productions of the abandoned wits of Charles's time. Lovelace partook of this degradation, and some of his pieces are disfigured by it. The following selection exhibits our poet in the most favourable light:—

SONG.

To LUCASTA, going beyond the Seas.

If to be absent, were to be
Away from thee,—
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone,—
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
 To swell my sail;
 Or pay a tear to 'suage
 The foaming blue-god's rage;
 For whether he will let me pass
 Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though sea and land's betwixt us both,
 Our faith and troth,—
 Like separated souls,—
 All time and space controuls:
 Above the highest sphere we meet,
 Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
 Our after fate,
 And are alive i'the skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
 Can speak like spirits unconfin'd
 In heav'n, their earthly bodies left behind.

To constitute perfection in a love song, the ideas should be few, simple, delicate, and impassioned, and the above specimen has all these qualities combined.—It is altogether a beautiful song, and the third stanza in particular is excellent: it has hitherto escaped the notice of our collectors.

SONG.

To LUCASTA, going to the Wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
 To war and arms I fly.

True;—a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field,—
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
 As you too shall adore ;
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Lov'd I not honour more.

SONG.

To AMARANTHA.

Amarantha sweet and fair,
 Ah! braid no more that shining hair!
 As my curious hand or eye,
 Hovering round thee let it fly.

Let it fly as unconfin'd
 As its calm ravisher, the wind;
 Who hath left his darling th' east,
 To wanton o'er that spiey nest!

Every tress must be confest,
 But neatly tangled at the best;
 Like a clue of golden thread,
 Most exquisitely ravelled.

Do not then wind up that light
 In ribands,—and o'ercloud in night,
 Like the sun in's early ray;
 But shake your head and scatter day!



ODE.

To LUCASTA.—The Rose.

Sweet, serene, sky-like flower,
 Haste to adorn her bower :
 From thy long cloudy bed
 Shoot forth thy damask head.

New startled blush of Flora,
 The grief of pale Aurora,
 Who will contest no more ;—
 Haste, haste to strew her floor.

Vermilion ball that's given
 From lip to lip in heaven ;
 Love's couch's coverlid ;—
 Haste, haste to make her bed.

Dear offspring of pleas'd Venus,
 And jolly, plump Silenus ;—
 Haste, haste to deck the hair
 Of th' only, sweetly fair.

See ! rosy is her bower,—
 Her floor is all this flower,—
 Her bed a rosy nest,—
 By a bed of roses press'd.

But early as she dresses,
 Why fly you her bright tresses ?
 Ah ! I have found I fear ;
 Because her cheeks are near.*

* Poets in all ages have sought to combine the most delightful of human passions, with the most beautiful of nature's

SONG.

Why should you swear I am forsworn,
 Since thine I vow'd to be ?
 Lady, it is already morn,
 And 'twas last night I swore to thee
 That fond impossibility.

productions. The following passage from a contemporary of Lovelace's, Sir Edward Sherburne, has very great merit.

The bee through flow'ry gardens goes,
 Buzzing, to drink the morning's tears;
 And from the early lily bears
 A kiss commended to the rose;
 And like a wary messenger,
 Whispers some amorous story in her ear !

At which, she rousing from her sleep,
 Her chaster flame seems to declare
 To him again ;—whilst dew her fair
 And blushing leaves in tears doth steep,—
 The sorrow that her heart doth waste,
 That she's so far from her dear lover placed.

And further seems, as if this plaint
 In her mute dialect she made :—
 " Alas ! I shall with sorrow fade,
 " And pipe away in this restraint,
 " Unless my too, too rigorous fate
 " My constant, faithful love commiserate.

" But if some courteous virgin shall
 " Pitying my fate, pull my sweet flow'r,
 " 'Ere by a sad and fatal hour
 " My honours fade away and fall ;
 " I nothing more shall then desire,
 " But gladly without murmuring expire."

Peace, sweetest queen of flowers !—now see
 Sylvia, queen of my love, appear ;
 Who for my comfort brings with her
 What will thy wishes satisfy ;
 For her white hand intends to grace thee,
 And in her sweeter breast, sweet flower, to place thee !

Where was Mr. Campbell's industry when he overlooked this fine old poet?

Have I not lov'd thee much, and long ;
A tedious twelve hours space ?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still doat upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
By others may be found ;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasures in unplough'd-up ground.

Then, if when I have lov'd my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she ;
With spoils of meaner beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with variety.

ODE.

*The Grasshopper.—To my noble friend, Mr. CHARLES
COTTON.*

Oh! thou that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear,
Drop'd thee from heav'n where now thou 'rt rear'd.

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly ;
And when thy poppy works thou dost retire
To thy carv'd acorn bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt-plats of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah, the sickle!—golden ears are crop'd;
 Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
 Sharp frosty fingers all your flow'rs have top'd,
 And what scythes spar'd, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool, and now green ice!—Thy joys
 Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
 Bid us lay in 'gainst winter's rain, and poise
 Their floods, with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends!—we will create
 A genuine summer in each other's breast;
 And spite of this cold time, and frozen fate,
 Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
 As vestal flames; the north-wind, he
 Shall strike his frost-stretch'd wings, dissolve, and fly
 This *Ætna* in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
 Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
 But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
 Shall cry, he hath his crown again.

Night, as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip,
 From the light casements where we play,
 And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
 And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
 That asking nothing, nothing need!
 Though lord of all that seas embrace, yet he
 That wants himself, is poor indeed!

This is a very perfect specimen of our poet's best style,—and at the same time abounds with his peculiar defects. It is impossible to deny that it exhibits the genuine poet, but there are passages hardly intelligible.

A SONG.

The Vintage to the Dungeon.

Sing out, ~~poor souls~~, sing cheerfully !
 Care shackles you in liberty ;—
 Mirth frees you in captivity :—
 Would you double fetters add,
 Else why so sad ?
 Besides your pinioned arms, you'll find
 Grief too can manacle the mind.

 Live then prisoners uncontrol'd !
 Drink o' th' strong, the rich, the old,
 Till wine too hath your wits in hold ;
 Then if still your jollity,
 And throats are free,
 Triumph in your bonds and pains,
 And dance to the music of your chains !

We may easily conceive that the above was written during the confinement of the poet in the Gatehouse Prison, and that the generous writer did not confine himself to words only, but that he employed the means in his power to make the heart of the prisoner leap for joy.

SONG.

To ALTHEA, from Prison.

When love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates ;
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates :

When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd in her eye;
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free;—
Fishes that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my KING;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be;—
Enlarged winds that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;—
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

This song has been much, and very justly admired,
and if he had composed nothing more, would have in-
sured to Lovelace a place in the memory of all lovers

of poetry, so long as the language in which it is written exists. The composition is perfect, there is not a defective line nor a faulty word. Two objections however may be made to it. It is of temporary application, and not adapted for "all time." It is complex, referring to three different states of enjoyment, love, drinking, and loyalty. The climax, if we may be allowed to call it so, in the succession of metaphors is well adapted, and the last stanza is altogether admirable.

SONG.

To General Goring, after the pacification of Berwick.

Now the peace is made at the foes rate,
 Whilst men at arms to kettles their old helms translate,
 And drink in casques of honourable plate;
 In every hand a cup be found,
 That from all hearts a health may sound,
 To Goring! to Goring! see't go round.

He whose glories shine so bright and high,
 That captive they in triumph lead each ear and eye,
 Claiming uncombated the victory;
 And from the earth to heaven rebound,
 Fix'd there eternal as this round,
 To Goring! to Goring! see him crown'd.

To his lovely bride in love with scars,
 Whose eyes wound deep in peace as doth his sword in wars,
 They shortly must depose the queen of stars:
 Her cheeks the morning's blushes give,
 And the benighted world reprieve;
 To Lettice! to Lettice! let her live.

Give me scorching heat, thy heat dry sun,
That to this pair I may drink off an ocean,
Yet leave my grateful thirst unquench'd, undone !
Or a full bowl of heavenly wine,
In which dissolved stars should shine !
To the couple ! to the couple ! they are divine !

AN ELEGY

*On the death of Mrs. Cassandra Cotton, only sister to
Mr. C. Cotton.*

Hither with hallowed steps as is the ground
That must inshrine this saint, with looks profound
And sad aspects as the black veils you wear,
Virgins oppress'd draw gently, gently near ;
Enter the dismal chancel of this room,
Where each pale guest stands fix'd, a living tomb ;
With trembling hands help to remove this earth
To its last death and first victorious birth ;
Let gums and incense fume, who are at strife
To enter th' hearse and breathe in it new life ;
Mingle your steps with flowers as you go,
Which as they haste to fade will speak your woe.

And when y' have plac'd your tapers on her urn,
How poor a tribute 'tis to weep and mourn !
That flood the channels of your eyelids fill,
When you lose trifles, or what's less your wills.
If you'll be worthy of these obsequies,
Be blind unto the world and drop your eyes ;
Waste and consume, burn downward as this fire
That's fed no more, so willingly expire ;
Pass through the cold and obscure narrow way,
Then light your torches at the spring of day,

There, with her, triumph in your victory,
Such joy alone and sad solemnity,
Becomes this funeral of virginity.

Or, if you faint to be so blest: oh hear!
If not to die, dare but to live like her:
Dare to live virgins till the honour'd age
Of thrice fifteen calls matrons on the stage,
Whilst not a blemish or least stain is seen
On your white robe twixt fifty and fifteen

* * * * *

A LA BOURBON.

*Donnez moi plus de pitie ou plus de cruaulte car sans
ci je ne puis pas vivre, ni mourir.*

Divine destroyer, pity me no more,
Or else more pity me!
Give me more love, ah, quickly give me more
Or else more cruelty!
For left thus as I am,
My heart is ice and flame;
And languishing thus I
Can neither live nor die!

Your glories are eclipsed, and hidden in the grave
Of this indifferency;
And Cælia, you can neither altars have,
Nor I a deity:—
They are aspects divine
That still or smile, or shine,
Or like the offended sky
Frown death immediately!

ODE.

Calling Lucasta from her retirement.

From the dire monument of thy black room,
Where now that vestal flame thou dost entomb
As in the inmost cell of all earth's womb;

Sacred Lucasta, like the powerful ray
Of heavenly truth, pass this cimmerian way,
And all the standards of your beams display!

Arise, and climb our whitest highest hill,
These your sad thoughts with joy and wonder fill,
And see seas calm as earth, earth as your will.

Behold how lightning like a taper flies
And gilds your chariot, but ashamed dies,
Seeing itself out-gloried by your eyes!

Threat'ning and boist'rous tempests gently bow,
And to your steps part in soft paths, when now
There no where hangs a cloud, but on your brow.

No show'rs but 'twixt your lids, nor gelid snow,
But what your whiter chaster breast doth owe,
Whilst winds in chains colder your sorrow's blow.

Shrill trumpets now do only sound to eat,
Artillery hath laden every dish with meat,
And drums at every health alarums beat.

All things, Lucasta, but Lucasta call,
Trees borrow tongues, waters in accents fall,
The air doth sing, and fire is musical.

Awake from the dead vault in which you dwell,
All's loyal here, except your thoughts rebel,
Which so let loose, often their general quell.

See ! she obeys !—by all obeyed thus,
No storms, heats, colds, or soul's contentious
Nor civil war is found,—I mean, to us.

Lovers and angels, though in heaven they show,
And see the woes and discords here below,
What they feel not, must not be said to know.

To comprehend this little Ode justly, the unhappy state of the country when it was written, must be borne in mind ;—the theatre of civil war and overrun by contending armies, and armed parties, who were frequently influenced by the desire of pillage and spoil, to attack private houses, and distress the helpless inhabitants.—No caution was a complete security, and no retreat, however obscure and remote, a protection from insult and outrage.

Female Glory.

'Mongst the world's wonders, there doth yet remain
One greater than the rest, that's all those o'er again
And her own self beside ;—a lady whose soft breast
Is with vast honours soul, and virtue's life possess'd :
Fair as original light, first from the chaos shot,
When day in virgin-beams triumph'd, and night was not.
And as that breath infus'd in the new breather good,
When ill unknown was dumb, and bad not understood ;
Cheerful as that aspect at this world's finishing
When cherubims clapp'd wings, and th' sons of heav'n
did sing !

Chaste as th' Arabian bird, who all the air denies,
And even in flames expires, when with herself she lies.
Oh! she is kind as drops of new-fall'n April showers,
That on each gentle breast, spring fresh perfuming
flowers ;—

She's constant, gen'rous, fix'd, she's calm, she is the all
We can of virtue, honour, faith, or glory call !
And she is, whom I thus transmit to endless fame,—
Mistress o' the' world, and me, and Laura is her name !



SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

BORN 1639.—DIED 1701.

"As he lived in the most glorious reign of wit and mirth, so he was one of the glories of it. He was a man of the first class of wit and gallantry; his friendship was courted by every body, and nobody went out of his company but was pleased and improved. Time added but very little to nature; he was every thing that an English gentleman should be."

(W. AYLOFFE.*)

Sir Charles Sedley was the son of Sir John Sedley Baronet, of Aylesford in Kent,—grandson of Sir William Sedley, founder of the lecture on natural philosophy that bears his name, at the university of Oxford,—and his mother was the daughter of Sir Henry Saville, the learned Provost of Eton.—Sir Charles Sedley received a learned education, and was a gentleman commoner of Wadham College, Oxford, but left the University without a degree.

During the usurpation of Cromwell he lived in retirement, his disposition not being sufficiently in unison with that of the party then in power.

Upon the restoration of the royal family, he immediately attached himself to the dissolute court of Charles

* Captain W. Ayloffe was the first editor of Sir Charles Sedley's works, and from the preface to his edition the passage inserted above is taken. He calls himself a relation, but in what degree of affinity we know not.

the Second, which he helped to enliven by his wit and gaiety, and disgrace by his dissipation. A drunken frolic in which he was engaged with a party of noblemen and men of fashion, in the year 1683, roused the indignation of the populace, and produced a riot, for which he suffered with the others, a prosecution in the Court of King's Bench, and was sentenced to pay a fine of £500. This served to rouse him from a long course of extravagance and debauchery; he procured a seat in parliament, and became an active member, and a frequent speaker.

In the following reign of James the Second, he was also in parliament, and opposed himself with manly firmness to the arbitrary measures of that infatuated monarch. From this period Sir Charles Sedley made ample amends for the dissipation of his youth, by his public conduct as a member of the legislature, which was highly patriotic and independent. He exerted all his influence in promoting the revolution of 1688, and when he was taxed with ingratitude for having deserted a king who had been liberal of his favours to him and to his family, who had honoured his daughter with his affection, and elevated her to the rank of a countess, he replied with his usual felicity of wit,—“I hate ingratitude, and therefore as the king has made my daughter a countess, I will endeavour to make his daughter a queen.”

In the reign of William and Mary, Sir Charles Sedley also continued in parliament, and seems to have been what is now called an opposition member. The following selection from his printed speeches, exhibit him to advantage as a patriot.

A Speech in the House of Commons made on the bill for the raising monies for the civil lists, in the first year of the reign of King William the Third.

MR. SPEAKER,—

“We have provided for the army; we have provided for the navy; and now, at last, a new reckoning is brought us; we must provide likewise for the Civil Lists. Truly, Mr. Speaker, it’s a sad reflection, that some men should wallow in wealth and places, whilst others pay away in Taxes the fourth part of their revenue for the support of the same government. We are not upon equal terms for his majesty’s service. The courtiers and great officers charge, as it were, in armour; they feel not the taxes by reason of their places, whilst the country gentlemen are shot through and through by them.

“The King is pleased to lay his wants before us, and I am confident expects our advice upon it; we ought therefore to tell him what pensions are too great; what places may be extinguished during the time of the war and public calamity. His majesty is encompassed with — His majesty sees nothing but coaches and six horses, and great tables, &c. and therefore cannot imagine the want and misery of the rest of his subjects. He is a brave and generous prince; but he is a young king, encompassed and hemmed in by a company of crafty old courtiers, to say no more. Some have places of 3000*l.* some of 6000*l.* and others 6800*l.* per annum; and I am told the Commissioners of the Treasury have 1600*l.* per annum each. Certainly public pensions, whatever they may have been formerly, are much too great for the present want and calamity that reigns every where else.

"And it's a general scandal, that a government, so sick at heart as ours is, should look so well in the face.

"We must save the King money wherever we can, for I am afraid the war is too great for our purses, if things be not managed with all imaginable thrift; when the people of England see all things are saved that can be saved; that there are no exorbitant pensions nor unnecessary salaries; and all this applied to the use to which they are given, we shall give, and they shall cheerfully pay, whatever his majesty can want to secure the Protestant religion, and to keep out the king of France, and king James too; whom, by the way, I have not heard named this sessions; whether out of fear, discretion, or respect, I cannot tell. I conclude, Mr. Speaker, let us save the King what we can; and then let us proceed to give him what we are able."

A Speech in Parliament on the bill for disbanding the army, anno 1699.

MR. SPEAKER.—

"I hope my behaviour in this House has put me above the censure of one who would obstruct his Majesty's affairs; I was as early in the apprehensions of the power of France, as any man: I never stuck at money for fleets, armies, alliances, or whatever expences seemed to have the preservation of our new-settled government for that end. I am still of the same mind; but that was war and this is peace; and if I shall now differ from some worthy gentlemen who have spoke before me, they will be so just as to believe it is not about the end but the means we contend.

“ Some may think England cannot be safe without a standing army of 30,000 men; and will tell us the King of France has 200,000 in pay, disciplined troops; that all our neighbours are armed in another manner than they were wont to be; that we must not imagine we can defend ourselves with our ordinary and legal forces.

“ All this is very material, and would have great weight with me if England were not an island, accessible only by sea; and in that case, not till they have destroyed our navy, which is, or may be made superior to any force that can be brought against us.

“ It is very difficult to land forces in an enemy's country; the Spanish armada was beaten at sea, and never set foot on English ground; his present Majesty with all the navy of Holland could bring over but 14,000 or 15,000 men, and that so publicly that nothing but an infatuated prince would have permitted their landing. Our attempts upon Brest shew us that it is easy with a small force to prevent an assault from t'other side of the water. As we are capable of being attacked in several places, so it may be urged as reason for several troops more than our purposes can bear; but if we burthen the people thus far in peace, it may tempt some to wish for war again, every change carrying a prospect of better times, and none can make it worse than a standing army, of any number of men, will at present. If we are true to ourselves, 10,000 men are enough; and if not, 100,000 too few.”

The works of Sir Charles Sedley consist of a variety of short poems and six dramatic pieces. The best edition is that of 1719 in two vols. 8vo.

There is a neatness and felicity of expression in some of the shorter pieces of Sir Charles Sedley, which have preserved them from total oblivion, and secured him a place in modern collections. Beyond this, nothing can be said in favour of his poetry.*

Sedley's dramatic pieces are now forgotten, and never appear to have attained any great degree of popularity; those which we have seen are a mixture of prose and rhyme, the serious scenes being of the latter kind. The "*Mulberry Garden*" which is one of the best, has the following neat dedication.

"*To her Grace the Dutchess of Richmond and Lennox.*†
"MADAM.—

"'Tis an unquestioned privilege we authors have of troubling whomsoever we please with an epistle dedicatory, as we call it, when we print a play; Kings and Princes have never been able to exempt either themselves or their favourites from our persecution. I think your Grace, for a person of so great eminence, beauty, indulgence to wit, and other advantages that mark you out to suffer under addresses of this nature, has escaped very well hitherto; for I do not remember your name made a sanctuary for any of these criminals: but Madam, your time is come, and you must bear it patiently;—all the favour I can shew you, is that of a good execu-

* The poetry of Sir Charles Sedley acquired a high reputation with his contemporaries and was distinguished by the Duke of Buckingham by the phrase of "*Sedley's Witchcraft*." Langhorn remarks that—"he studied human nature, and was distinguished for the art of making himself agreeable, particularly to the ladies; for the verses of Lord Rochester beginning with "Sedley has that prevailing gentle art," so often quoted, allude not to his writings, but to his personal address."

† This was the famous Miss Stewart, whose adventures form so conspicuous a part of the amusing memoirs of Count Grammont

tioner, which is not to prolong your pain. You see, Madam, here the unhappiness of being born in our times, in which to that virtue and perfection, the Greeks and Romans would have given temples and altars, the highest thing we dare dedicate, is a play, or some such trifle. This that I now offer to your Grace, you were so kind to when it was in loose sheets, that by degrees you have trained it up to the confidence of appearing in print before you : and I hope you will find it no hard matter to pardon a presumption you have yourself been accessory to, especially in one that is entirely

Madam,

Your Grace's devoted,

And obedient Servant,

CHARLES SEDLEY.'

The Play itself is uninteresting,—but little enlivened with wit,—and deficient in plot and character; but does not however disgust with its indelicacy in the same degree with some other contemporary productions.—It contains the following Song, which is one of this author's best, and has been very strangely attributed of late years to Duncan Forbes, of Culloden,* set to Scotch music in consequence, and published in more than one collection of the national airs of that country.

* See the memoir of Duncan Forbes, forming the "Introduction to the Culloden Papers," page 11. The song is printed in this place, and the editor does not spare to assert that it was written by Forbes in honour of the lady he afterwards married; he even professes, upon the testimony of a living witness, to point out the very "grey rock in the wood," where the poet caught his inspiration. This is too bad. The gallant Scotchman, certainly is not the first lover militant who has borrowed artillery from more accomplished combatants, to batter and assault the fortress of a lady's heart, but generally such weapons of offence—the immediate purpose of the loan accomplished—have in due time been returned to their lawful owners.

Ah, Chloris ! that I now could sit,
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant beauties could beget
 No pleasure nor no pain !

When I the dawn us'd to admire,
 And prais'd the coming day ;
 I little thought the growing fire
 Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 Like metals in the mine,
 Age from no face took more away,
 Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest,
 Fond love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 And Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.

In the present instance it is our business as curators of the fame of Kentish poets, to see justice done to the gay Baronet of Aylesford, who may well enough complain with the Mantuan bard.

"Hos ego versiculos feci: tulit alter honores !"

We here then assert, deny it, who can, Scotchman or other, that the song, which we have copied verbatim above, may be found at page 38 of the quarto edition of the "Mulberry-Garden," a comedy by Sir Charles Sedley, printed in 1688. We have retained the whole ; Duncan Forbes threw out the two last stanzas, in doing which he shewed good taste, whatever may be said of the petty larceny. It is probable that the enamoured Caledonian felt disposed to try the efficacy of "*Sedley's witchcraft*," as it was called by his contemporaries, having heard of its uncommon powers over the female heart.

Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a lover he
Employ'd the utmost of his art ;
To make a beauty she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

FROM HIS MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.
SONG.

Not *Celia*, that I juster am
Or better than the rest,
For I would change each hour like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am ty'd to very thee,
By every thought I have,
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
In thy dear self I find,
For the whole sex can but afford,
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,
And still make love anew ;
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

To CLORIS.

Cloris, I cannot say your eyes
Did my unwary heart surprise ;
Nor will I swear it was your face,
Your shape, or any nameless grace :
For you are so entirely fair,
To love a part injustice were ;
No drowning man can know which drop,
Of water his last breath did stop :
So when the stars in heaven appear,
And join to make the night look clear ;
The light we no one's bounty call,
But the obliging gift of all.
He that does lips or hands adore,
Deserves them only, and no more ;
But I love all and every part,
And nothing less can ease my heart.
Cupid, that lover, weakly strikes,
Who can express what 'tis he likes.

Indifference excused.

Love, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
Of sighs nor oaths to make it known ;
And, to convince the cruel'st maid,
Lovers should use their love alone :

Into their very looks 'twill steal ;
And he that most would hide his flame,
Does in that case his pain reveal,
Silence itself can love proclaim.

This, my Aurelia, made me shun
The paths that common lovers tread ;
Whose guilty passions are begun
Not in their heart, but in their head.

I could not sigh, and with cross'd arms
Accuse your rigour and my fate,
Nor tax your beauty with such charms
As men adore and women hate :

But careless liv'd, and without art,
Knowing my love you must have spy'd ;
And thinking it a foolish part,
To set to shew, what none can hide.

SONG.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose ;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose :

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
And in rough weather tost ;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main,
Some angry wind in cruel sport
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain ;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove ;
And if I gaz'd a thousand years
I could no deeper love.

The Soldier's Catch.

Room, boys, room ; room, boys, room ;
For from Ireland we come ;
We have mau'd the original Tories ;
We have baffled the league,
Between Monsieur and Teague,
And eclips'd the grand Lewis his glories.

They all fly in the field,
Their best garrisons yield,
They stand trembling while we take their passes ;
Our brave King at our head,
We fear no steel nor lead,
But laugh at their beads and their masses!

If some blood we have spilt,
To compound for the guilt,
In love's camp we will do double duty,
Mankind we'll repair,
With the leave of the fair,
And pay our arrears to true beauty.

The next summer for France,
We will boldly advance,
Our noble redeemer shall lead us ;
We will break the slaves' chains,
And drink off their champains,
To the health of that hero that freed us.

He hates Lewis le Grand,
Like a true Englishman,
And ne'er will consent to a treaty,
Till each neighbouring crown
Have what's justly their own,
And the French strike sail when they meet ye.

Since Elizabeth's reign,
No protestant Queen
We have had, but the present God bless her ;
Since our Edward the fourth,
No brave prince of such worth,
But William his valiant successor.

With a Queen so devout,
And a people so stout,
A parliament that will supply 'em,
A cause that is right,
And a King that will fight,
Our enemies all we defie 'em.

SONG.

Who would not gaze away his heart
On Mariana's eyes,
Did not her high and just disdain
The bold delight chastise ?

Mirth and joy she spreads around,
Like the sun's cheerful light,
When his returning beams destroy
The empire of the night.

Her beauty with amazement strikes,
If with no more, the old :
Her virtue tempers with despair
The youthful and the bold.

Her goodness so disarms her wit
Of the offensive part ;
Whilst others only charm the ear,
She steals the very heart.

Let us no more defame the fair,
But learn to praise again ;
Bright Mariana's worth demands
A new and nobler strain.

So, to the feather'd kind, the spring
Restores their wonted voice ;
On every bough they sit and sing,
And court their new-made choice.

SONG.

Hears not my Phillis, how the birds
 Their feather'd mates salute?
 They tell their passion in their words;
 Must I alone be mute?—
 Phillis, *without frown or smile,*
Sat and knotted all the while.

The god of love in thy bright eyes
 Does like a tyrant reign;
 But in thy heart a child he lies,
 Without his dart or flame.
 Phillis, *without, &c.*

So many months in silence past,
 And yet in raging love,
 Might well deserve one word at last,
 My passion should approve.
 Phillis, *without, &c.*

Must then your faithless swain expire,
 And not one look obtain,
 Which he, to soothe his fond desire,
 Might pleasingly explain?
 Phillis, *without, &c.*

Out of Lycophron.

What shall become of man so wise,
 When he dies?
 None can tell
 Whether he goes to heaven or hell;
 Or, after a few moments dear,
 He disappear,
 And at last,
 Perish entirely like a beast:

But women, wine, and mirth we know,
 Are all the joys he has below :
 Let us then 'ply those joys we have,
 'Tis vain to think beyond the grave ;
 Out of our reach the Gods have laid
 Of time to come th' event,
 And laugh to see the fools afraid,
 Of what the knaves invent.

SONG.

See Hymen comes, how his torch blazes ?
 Looser loves, how dim they burn ;
 No pleasures equal chaste embraces,
 When we love for love return.

When fortune makes the match he rages,
 And forsakes th' unequal pair ;
 But when love two hearts engages,
 The kind God is ever there.

Regard not then high blood, nor riches ;
 You that would his blessings have,
 Let untaught love guide all your wishes,
 Hymen should be Cupid's slave.

Young virgins that yet bear your passions,
 Coldly as the flint its fire,
 Offer to Hymen your devotions,
 He will warm you with desire.

Young men, no more neglect your duty,
 To the god of nuptial vows :
 Pay your long arrears to beauty,
 As his chaster law allows.

Song A-la-mode.

O'er the desert, cross the meadows,
 Hunters blew the merry horn ;
 Phœbus chas'd the flying shadows ;
 Echo, she reply'd, in scorn ;
 Still adoring,
 And deploring,
 Why must Thirsis lose his life ?

Rivers murmur'd from their fountains,
 Acorns dropping from the oaks,
 Fawns came tripping o'er the mountains,
 Fishes bit the naked hooks ;
 Still admiring,
 And desiring ;
 When shall Phillis be a wife.

 FROM HIS EPIGRAMS, OR COURT CHARACTERS.
To MAXIMINA.

Ovid, who bid the ladies laugh,
 Spoke only to the young and fair ;
 For thee his council were not safe,
 Who of sound teeth hast scarce a pair ;
 If thou thy glass, or me believe,
 Shun mirth, as foplings do the wind :
 At Durfy's face affect to grieve ;
 And let thy eyes alone be kind.

Speak not, though 'twere to give consent ;
 For he that sees those rotten bones,
 Will dread their monumental scent,
 And fly thy sighs like dying groans.

If thou art wise, see dismal plays,
 And to sad stories lend thy ear;
 With the afflicted spend thy days,
 And laugh not above once a year.

To NISUS.

How shall we please this age?—If in a song
 We put above six lines, they count it long;
 If we contract it to an epigram,
 As deep the dwarfish poetry they damn;
 If we write plays, few see above an act,
 And those lewd masks, or noisy fops distract:—
 Let us write satire then, and at our ease
 Vex th' ill-natur'd fools we cannot please!

To CLASSICUS.

When thou art ask'd to sup abroad,
 Thou swear'st thou hast but newly din'd;
 That eating late does overload
 The stomach, and oppress the mind;
 But if Apicius make a treat,
 The slend'rest summons thou obey'st,
 No child is greedier of the treat,
 Than thou art of the bounteous feast;
 There thou wilt drink till every star
 Be swallow'd by the rising sun:
 Such charms hath wine we pay not for,
 And mirth, at others' charge begun.
 Who shuns his club, yet flies to every treat,
 Does not a supper, but a reck'ning hate.

To SEXTUS.

What business, or what hope brings thee to town,
 Who can'st not pimp, nor cheat, nor swear, nor lye?
 This place will nourish no such idle drone;
 Hence, in remoter parts thy fortune try.
 But thou hast courage, honesty, and wit,
 And one, or all these three, will give thee bread :
 The malice of this town thou know'st not yet;
 Wit is a good diversion, but base trade;
 Cowards will, for thy courage, call thee bully,
 Till all, like Thraso's, thy acquaintance shun;
 Rogues call thee for thy honesty, a cully !
 Yet this is all thou hast to live upon :
 Friend three such virtues, Audley had undone;
 Be wise, and e'er thou'rt in a jail, be gone :
 Of all that starving crew we saw to day,
 None but has kill'd his man,—or writ his play!

To SCÆVA.

If Scæva for more friends thou care,
 . Which thy great merit cannot want;
 For me an humble place prepare,
 That I am new, make no complaint;
 Thy dearest friends were strangers once like me,
 Like them, in time, I an old friend may be,
 If thou no want of friendly virtues see.

To SERTORIUS,

If thou dost want a horse, thou buy'st a score,
 Or if a piece of wine, thou'lt have a tun ;
 Swords, belts, or hats, does any cheat bring o'er;
 At his own rate thou wilt have all or none.
 Whil'st out of wantonness thou buy'st so fast,
 Out of mere want thou wilt sell all at last.

To CLOE.

Leave off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dress,
And nature's failing honestly confess ;
Double we see those faults which art would mend,
Plain downright ugliness would less offend !

To CANIDIUS.

Thou strut'st as if thou wert the only lord ;
When we all know of such there is a house,
Where I might sit, cou'd I the price afford,
And Child has now three earldoms out at use.
High expectation does attend good seed,
Yet none will buy a known jade for his breed ;
Boast not too much thy mighty pedigree,
Were they alive they'd be ashamed of thee.

To FLAVIUS.

Thou quibl'st well, hast craft and industry,
Flatt'rest great men, laugh'st at their enemies,
Rally'st the absent, art a pretty spy,
Yet for all this in court thou dost not rise ;
Thou play'st thy court-game booty : I'm afraid
Th'ast promis'd marriage, when thy fortune's made,
And so thou dar'st not thrive upon thy trade.

To THRASO.

Whil'st thou sit'st drinking up thy loyalty,
And rayl'st at laws, thou dost not understand,
Ador'st the ministers, who know not thee,
Sell'st thy long freedom for a short command,
The power thou aim'st at, if o'er thee one have,
In a rich coat th'art but a ranting slave.

On COSCUS.

Coscus, thou say'st my epigrams are long ;—
 I'd take thy judgment on a pot of ale :
 So thou may'st say the elephant's too strong,
 A dwarf too short, the pyramid too tall ;
 Things are not long, where we can nothing spare ;
 But, *Coscus*, even thy disticks tedious are.

To MAXIMUS.

Would'st thou be free ? I fear thou art in jest—
 But if thou would'st, this is the only way ;—
 Be no man's tavern, nor domestic guest ;
 Drink wholesome wine, which thy own servants
 draw ;
 Of knavish Curio scorn the ill-got plate,
 The numerous servants, and the cringing throng :
 With a few friends on fewer dishes eat,
 And let thy clothes, like mine, be plain and strong ;
 Such friendships make as thou may'st keep with ease,
 Great men expect what good men hate to pay ;
 Be never thou thyself in pain to please,
 But leave to fools and knaves, th' uncertain prey.
 Let thy expence with thy estate keep pace ;
 Meddle with no man's business, scarce thy own ;
 Contented pay for a plebeian face,
 And leave vain fops the beauties of the town.
 If to this pitch of virtue thou can'st bring
 Thy mind, thou'rt freer than the Persian king.

To MILO.

One month a lawyer, thou the next wilt be
 A grave physician, and the third a priest ;
 Chuse quickly one profession of the three,
 Married to her, thou yet may'st court the rest.

Whilst thou stand'st doubting, Bradbury has got
 Five thousand pound, and Conquest as much more ;
 W—— is made B——, from a drunken sot : *
 Leap in, and stand not shiv'ring on the shore ;
 On any one amiss thou can'st not fall,
 Thou'lt end in nothing, if thou grasp'st at all.

On SEXTUS.

When I had purchas'd a fresh horse or coat,
 For which I knew not how to pay,
 Sextus, that wretched covetous old sot,
 My ancient friend, as he will say ;
 Lest I should borrow of him, took great care,
 And mutter'd to himself aloud,
 So as he knew I could not chuse but hear,
 How much he to Secundus ow'd,
 And twice as much he paid for interest,
 Nor had one farthing in his trusty chest ;
 If I had ask'd, I knew he would not lend ;—
 'Tis new before hand to deny a friend.

We have copied largely from these epigrams, which have been overlooked by former collectors, not only on account of their exhibiting the talent of wit, for which Sedley was celebrated in his day, to some advantage ;* but also as they display the character and manners of that age, being doubtless, portraits drawn from the life.

* Was this meant for Seth Ward, Bishop successively of Exeter and Salisbury ? He was a fellow collegian with Sedley at Oxford.

† "Sedley," says Burnet "had a more sudden and copious wit, which furnished a perpetual run of discourse ; but he was not so correct as Lord Dorset, nor so sparkling as Lord Rochester."—History of his own Times, vol. 1 p. 372.

APHRA BEHN.

BORN ABOUT 1640.—DIED 1689.

*Beauty may fade,—but everlasting verse
Exempts the better portion from the hearse.
The matchless wit and fancy of the fair,
Which moves our envy and our son's despair,
Long shall they live a monument to her fame,
And to eternity extend her name ;
While aftertimes deservedly approve
The choicest object of this age's love.
For when they read, guessing how far she charm'd,
With that bright body with such wit inform'd ;
They will give heed and credit to our verse,
When we the wonders of her face rehearse.*

(J. COOPER.)

Aphra Behn was born at Canterbury, in what year is uncertain. Her father's name was Johnson ; he was a gentleman of good family, and patronised by Lord Willoughby, to whom he was related. This nobleman procured for him the appointment of Governor of Surinam, and the West India Islands, but he died on his passage ; his family, however, among which was our poetess then very young, arrived in safety, settled at Surinam, and continued to reside there several years.

During her residence at Surinam, she became acquainted with the history of the American prince, Oroonoko, of which on her return she availed herself in the composition of a tale which bears his name, and is one of the best of her literary productions ; it had

also the good fortune to attract the notice of Southern, the dramatic writer, and constitutes the foundation of the most pathetic tragedy in the English language.

Aphra Johnson returned to England in the prime of life and beauty, and soon afterwards married Mr. Behn, a London merchant of Dutch extraction. What time she continued a wife is uncertain, probably not long; her marriage, however, gave her an opportunity of appearing with advantage at the gay court of Charles the Second, where she soon became an object of attraction, having all the personal and mental qualifications requisite to make a figure on such a theatre. It was the custom of that age, a custom which with characteristic propriety had its origin in France, to employ accomplished women for the purposes of political intrigue and information, and Mrs. Behn, then probably a widow, was chosen as a fit agent to reside in Flanders during the war with Holland. She selected Antwerp for the place of her residence, where she seems to have led a life of gaiety and dissipation. By means of one of her suitors, of the name of Vander Albert, she obtained a knowledge of the design formed by the Dutch to surprise London in 1667, and communicated the information in due course to the government by which she was employed. But she obtained no credit from her employers; the attempt was made, and as is well known with partial success. Disgusted with this want of confidence in her veracity, Mrs. Behn threw up her employment as a state-agent, and continued some time longer at Antwerp as a private individual. Her adventures during this period are related at some length in the narrative of her life, and are sufficiently amusing, but too long for insertion in this place.

She returned to London under an engagement of marriage with Vander Albert, which was prevented by his death. From this time, the remainder of her life was devoted to pleasure and the muse. She assumed or obtained the poetic name of Astrea; wrote plays, novels, and poems, and lived on familiar terms with Dryden, Southern, Congreve, Creech, and all the wits and gallants of the age.

Mrs. Aphra Behn died after a long illness, April the 16th, 1689, and was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, where the following inscription is devoted to her memory :—

Here lies a proof that wit can never be
Defence enough against mortality.
Great poetess,—Oh! thy stupendous lays,
The world admires, and the muses praise.

Mrs. Aphra Behn was in her person a handsome brunette. Of her private character the following account is given by one of her own sex, who published a narrative of her life, prefixed to one of the editions of her novels :—“She was of a generous humane disposition, something passionate, very serviceable to her friends in all that was in her power, and could sooner forgive an injury than do one: she had wit, humour, good nature, and judgment: she was mistress of all the pleasing arts of conversation: she was a woman of sense, and consequently a lover of pleasure. For my own part I knew her intimately, and never saw ought unbecoming the just modesty of our sex; though more gay and free than the folly of the precise will allow.”

We may be excused from entering largely into the character of this lady's literary productions, the greater part of which are forgotten, and the memory of them

should not be revived. The monstrous depravity of the age of Charles the Second was never more lamentably exhibited than in the conduct of this female author. Talents which might have adorned her sex and country, have become a scandal to the one and a disgrace to the other, from the prevalence of corrupt manners, and the influence of vicious example. She was a voluptuary; a true disciple of Epicurus, of whose opinions perhaps she knew nothing; the deity she worshipped was the

Æneadum genêtrix, hominûm divamqûe volaptas
Alma Venus.————

One master passion pervaded her whole soul, under the influence of which she exclaims,

Eternal powers! if e'er I sing of love,
 And the delightful song immortal prove,
 To please my wandering ghost when I am dead,
 Let none but lovers the soft story read;
 Praise from the wise and brave I'll not implore,
 Listen ye lovers all, I ask no more!

Of such "perilous stuff" however, are genuine poets made; happy for them when the firm hand of judgment restrains the too rapid course of enthusiasm; when sound discretion regulates the flights of imagination; and a fit sense of decorum and propriety affixes bounds to the expression of ardent feeling. Poor Astrea had the true poetic temperament, she wanted all the rest. She was born an age too soon; had she lived in the present time she would have been a star of the first magnitude in the muse's galaxy.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

I.

Blest age!—when every purling stream
Ran undisturbed and clear,
When no scorn'd shepherds on their banks were seen,
Tortur'd by love, by jealousy, or fear:—
When an eternal spring drest every bough,
And blossoms fell by new ones dispossess,
These their kind shade affording all below,
And those a bed where all below might rest.
The groves appear'd all drest with wreaths of flowers,
And from their leaves dropt aromatic showers,
Whose fragrant heads in mystic twines above
Exchang'd their sweets, and mix'd with thousand
kisses,
As if the willing branches strove
To beautify and shade the grove,
Where the young wanton gods of love
Offer their noblest sacrifice of blisses.

II.

Calm was the air, no winds blew fierce and loud,
The sky was darken'd by no sullen cloud,
But all the heavens laugh'd with continual light,
And scatter'd round their rays serenely bright.
No murmurs fill'd the ear
But what the streams and rivers purl'd,
When silver waves o'er shining pebbles curl'd;
Or when young zephyrs fann'd the gentle breeze,
Gathering fresh sweets from balmy flowers and trees,
Then bore them on their wings to perfume all the air:
While to their soft and tender play,

The gay-plum'd natives of the shades
 Unwearied sing till love invades,
 Then bill, then sing again, while love and music make
 the day.

III.

The stubborn plough had then
 Made no rude rapes upon the virgin earth,
 Who yielded of her own accord her plenteous birth,
 Without the aid of men;
 As if within her teeming womb,
 All nature and all sexes lay,
 Whence new creations every day
 Into the happy world did come :
 The roses filled with morning dew,
 Bent down their loaded heads,
 To adorn the careless shepherd's grassy beds ;
 While still new opening buds each moment grew
 And as these wither'd drest his shaded couch anew ;
 Beneath whose boughs the snakes securely dwelt,
 Not doing harm, nor harm from others felt ;
 With whom the nymphs did innocently play,
 No spiteful venom in the wantons lay,
 But to the touch were soft, and to the sight were gay.

IV.

Then no rough sound of war's alarms,
 Had taught the world the needless use of arms :
 Monarchs were uncreated then,
 Those arbitrary rulers over men ;
 Kings that made laws first broke them, and the gods
 By teaching us religion first, first set the world at odds.
 Till then ambition was not known
 That poison to content, bane to repose ;

Each swain was lord o'er his own will alone,
 His innocence religion was, and laws,
 Nor needed any troublesome defence
 Against his neighbour's insolence.
 Flocks, herds, and every necessary good
 Which bounteous nature had design'd for food,
 Whose kind increase o'erspread the meads and plains,
 Was then a common sacrifice to all the agreeing swains.

V.

Right and property were words since made,
 When power taught mankind to invade ;
 When pride and avarice became a trade
 Carried on by discord, noise and wars,
 For which they barter'd wounds and scars,
 And to inhanche the merchandise miscall'd it fame ;
 And rapes, invasions, tyrannies,
 Was gaining of a glorious name,
 Stiling their savage slaughters, victories ;
 Honour, the error and the cheat
 Of the ill-natur'd busy great,
 Nonsense invented by the proud
 Fond idol of the slavish croud,
 Thou wert not known in those blest days !
 Thy poison was not mixt with their unbounded joys !
 Then it was glory to pursue delight
 And that was lawful all that pleasure did invite :
 Then 'twas the amorous world enjoy'd its reign,
 And tyrant honour strove t' usurp in vain.

VI.

The flow'ry meads the rivers and the groves
 Were filled with little gay-wing'd loves,

That ever smiled and danced and play'd
 And now the woods, and now the streams invade,
 And where they came all things were gay and glad:
 When in the myrtle groves the lovers sat
 Opprest with a too fervent heat,
 A thousand Cupids fann'd their wings aloft,
 And through the boughs the yielding air did waft;
 Whose parting leaves discovered all below,
 And every god his own soft power admir'd,
 And smiled, and frowned, and sometimes bent his bow.

* * * * *

The swift paced hours of life soon steal away,
 Stint not ye Gods our short-liv'd joy!
 The spring decays, but when the winter's gone,
 The trees and flowers anew come on;
 The sun may set, but when the night is fled,
 And gloomy darkness does retire,
 He rises from his wat'ry bed,
 All glorious, gay, all drest in amorous fire!
 But Silvia, when your beauties fade,
 When the fresh roses on your cheek shall die,—
 Like flowers that wither in the shade,—
 Eternally they will forgotten lie!
 And no kind spring its sweetness will supply
 When snow shall on those lovely tresses lie!
 When your fair eyes no more shall give us pain,
 But shoot their pointless darts in vain,
 What will your duller honour signify?
 Go boast it then! and see what numerous store
 Of lovers will your ruin'd shrine adore!
 Then let us, Silvia, yet be wise,
 And the gay hasty minutes prize;
 Our sun and spring receive but one short light,
 Once set, a sleep brings on eternal night.

This poem exhibits the talents of Mrs. Behn to advantage;—it is one of her best, and written with much care. There are few things in our poetry better than the last stanza; the thought itself has probably occurred to all poets, and may be considered as a poetic commonplace, but it certainly was never expressed in language more elegant, nor in verse more harmonious. Waller's beautiful song, "Go lovely rose," was probably written about the same time, and is one of the most elegant lyric poems in any language. It has been overlooked by late collectors, and we may perhaps be excused for inserting it in this place, by way of comparison, as it is grounded on the same idea with the above stanza.—It needs to be once read only, to be for ever fixed in all poetic memories.

Go lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be!

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died!

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd!

Then die!—that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a space of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

SONG.

Love armed.

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
 Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
 And strange tyrannic power he shew'd.

From thy bright eyes he took his fire,
 Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desire
 Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears ;
 From thee his pride and cruelty ;
From me his languishments and fears ;
 And every killing dart from thee !

Thus thou and I the god have arm'd,
 And set him up a deity :
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
 Whilst thine the victor is, and free.

SONG.

The Invitation.

Damon, I cannot blame your will,
'Twas chance and not design did kill ;
For whilst you did prepare your charms,
 On purpose Silvia to subdue,
 I met the arrows as they flew,
And saved her from their harms.

Alas ! she cannot make returns,
 Who for a swain already burns,
 A shepherd whom she does caress
 With all the softest marks of love;
 And 'tis in vain thou seek'st to move
 The cruel shepherdess.

Content thee with this victory,
 Think me as fair and young as she,—
 I'll make thee garlands all the day,
 And in the groves we'll sit and sing;
 I'll crown thee with the pride of spring
 When thou art lord of May.

SONG.

The Dream.

The grove was gloomy all around,
 Murmuring the stream did pass;
 Where fond Astrea laid her down
 Upon a bed of grass.

I slept and saw a piteous sight,
 Cupid all weeping lay,
 Till both his little stars of light
 Had wept themselves away.

Methought I ask'd him why he cry'd,
 My pity led me on;—
 All sighing the sad boy replied,
 Alas ! I am undone !

As I beneath yon myrtle lay,
 Down by Diana's springs,
 Amyntas stole my bow away,
 And pinion'd both my wings.

Alas! cried I, 'twas then thy darts
 Wherewith he wounded me :
 Thou mighty deity of hearts !
 He stole his power from thee.

Revenge thee, if a god thou be,
 Upon the amorous swain :
 I'll set thy wings at liberty,
 And thou shalt fly again.

And for this service on my part,
 All I implore of thee,
 Is that thou'lt wound Amyntas' heart,
 And make him die for me.

His silken fetters I untied,
 And the gay wings display'd,
 Which gently fann'd, he mounts, and cry'd
 Farewell fond easy maid.

At this I blush'd, and angry grew
 I should the god believe ;
 And waking found my dream too true ;
 Alas! I was a slave !

SONG,

Ah! what can mean that eager joy
 Transports my heart when you appear?
 Ah Strephon! you my thoughts employ
 In all that's charming, all that's dear!
 When you your pleasing stories tell,
 A softness does invade each part,
 And I with blushes own I feel
 Something too tender at my heart.

At your approach my blushes rise,
And I at once both wish and fear ;
My wounded soul mounts to my eyes,
As it would prattle stories there.
Take, take that heart that needs must go !
But shepherd see it kindly us'd :
For who such presents will bestow,
If this, alas ! should be abus'd ?

*A Paraphrase on the Eleventh Ode of the First Book
of Horace.*

Dear Silvia let's no farther strive,
To know how long we have to live !
Let busy gownsmen search to know
Their fates above, while we
Contemplate beauty's greater power below,
Whose only smiles give immortality !
For who seeks fortune in a star,
Aims at a distance much too far,
She's more inconstant than they are.
What though this year must be our last,
Faster than time our joys let's haste,
Nor think of ills to come, nor past.
Give me but love and wine, I'll ne'er
Complain my destiny's severe.
Since life bears so uncertain date,
With pleasure we'll attend our fate,
And cheerfully go meet it at the gate.
The brave and witty know no fear nor sorrow,
Let us enjoy to day, we'll die to morrow !

From the " Voyage to the Isle of Love."

ABSENCE.

Her mourning languid eyes are rarely shown,
Unless to those afflicted like her own ;
Her lone apartment all obscure as night,
Discover'd only by a glimmering light :
Weeping she sat, her face with grief dismay'd,
Which all its natural sweetness had decay'd ;
Yet in despite of grief there does appear
The ruin'd monuments of what was fair,
E'er cruel love and grief had took possession there.
These made her old without the aid of years ;
Worn out and faint with ling'ring hopes and fears,—
She seldom answers ought but with her tears.—
No train attends, she only is obey'd
By melancholy, that soft silent maid ;
A maid that fits her humour every way,
With whom she passes all the tedious day ;
No other object can her mind content,
She feeds and flatters all her languishment :
The noisy streams that from high mountains fall,
And water all the neighbouring flow'ry vale ;—
The murmurs of the rivulets that glide
Against the bending sedges on their side ;
Of mournful birds the sad and tuneful notes,
The bleat of strag'ling lambs, and new-yea'd goats ;
The distant pipe of some lone mountain swain,
Who to his injur'd passion fits his strain,
Is all the harmony her soul can entertain.

JEALOUSY.

I.

A palace that is more uneasy far,
 Than those of cruelty and absence are ;—
 There constant show'rs of hail and rain do flow,
 Continual murmuring winds around do blow,
 Eternal thunder rolling in the air,
 And thick dark hanging clouds the day obscure,
 Whose sullen dawn all objects multiplies,
 And renders things that are not to the eyes.
 Phantoms appear by the dull gloomy light,
 That with such subtle art elude the sight,
 That one can see no object true or right.
 I here transported and uneasy grow,
 And all things out of order do ;
 Hasty and peevish every thing I say,
 Suspicion and distrust my passions away,
 And bend all nature their uneasy way.
 A thousand serpents gnaw the heart,—
 A thousand visions fill the eyes ;—
 And deaf to all that can relief impart,
 We hate the councils of the wise,
 And sense like tales of lunatics despise.

THE CITY OF LOVE.

In this vast isle a famous city stands,
 Which for its beauty all the rest commands ;
 Built to delight the wond'ring gazer's eyes,
 Of all the world the great metropolis.
 Call'd by Love's name, and here the charming god,
 When he retires to pleasure, makes abode.

'Tis here both art and nature strive, to shew
 What pride, expence, and luxury can do,
 To make it ravishing and awful too.
 All nations hourly thither do resort,
 To add fresh splendour to this glorious court ;
 The young, the old, the witty, and the wise,
 The fair, the ugly, lavish, and precise ;
 Cowards and brave, the modest, and the loud,
 Promiscuously are mingled in the crowd.
 From distant shores young kings their courts remove
 To pay their homage to the god of Love ;
 Where all their sacred awful majesty,
 Their boasted and their fond divinity,
 Lose their vast force,—as lesser lights are hid
 When the fierce god of day his beauties spread.
 The wondering world for gods did kings adore,
 'Till Love confirm'd them mortal by his power ;
 And in Love's court they with their vassals live,
 Without or homage, or prerogative :
 Which the young god not only blind must shew,
 But as defective in his judgment too.

Midst the gay court, a famous temple stands,
 Old as the universe which it commands ;
 For mighty Love a sacred being had,
 Whil'st yet 'twas chaos, ere the world was made,
 And nothing was compos'd without his aid.
 Agreeing atoms by his power were hurl'd,
 And love and harmony compos'd the world.

'Tis rich, 'tis solemn all ! divine, yet gay !
 From the gemm'd roof the dazzling lights display,
 And all below inform without the aid of day.
 All nations hither bring their offerings,
 And 'tis endow'd with gifts of love-sick kings.

Upon an altar whose unbounded store
 Has made the rifled universe so poor,
 Adorn'd with all the treasures of the seas,
 More than the sun in his vast course surveys,—
 Was plac'd the god! with every beauty form'd,
 Of smiling youth, but naked, unadorn'd.
 His painted wings display'd, his bow laid by,
 For here love needs not his artillery;—
 One of his little hands aloft he bore,
 And grasp'd a wounded heart that burnt all o'er,
 Towards which he look'd with lovely laughing eyes,
 As pleas'd and vain with the fond sacrifice;
 The other pointed downward, seem'd to say,
 "Here at my feet your grateful victims lay:"
 Whilst on a golden tablet o'er his head,
 In diamond characters this motto stood
 "Behold the power that conquers every god!"

* * * * *

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

I.

'Tis all eternal spring around,
 And all the trees with fragrant flowers are crown'd.
 No clouds, no misty showers obscure the light,
 But all is calm, serene and gay,
 The heavens are drest in a perpetual bright,
 And all the earth with everlasting May.
 Each minute blows the rose and jessamine,
 And twines with new-born eglantine;
 Each minute new discoveries bring,
 Of something sweet, of something ravishing.

II.

Fountains, wandering brooks, soft rills,
 That o'er the wanton pebbles play ;
 And all the woods with tender murmuring fills,
 Inspiring love-inciting joy,
 The sole the solemn business of the day.
 Through all the groves the glades and thickets run,
 And nothing see but love on all their banks along :
 A thousand flowers of different kinds,
 The neighbouring meads adorn,
 Whose sweetness snatch'd by flying winds
 O'er all the bower of bliss is borne ;
 Whither all things in nature strive to bring,
 All that is soft, all that is ravishing.

III.

The verdant banks no other prints retain,
 But where young lovers and young loves have lain.
 For love has nothing here to do,
 But to be wanton, soft and gay,
 And give a lavish loose to joy ;
 His emptied quiver and his bow
 In flow'ry wreaths with rosy garlands crown'd,
 In myrtle shades are hung,
 As conquerors when the victory's won
 Dispose their glorious trophies all around—
 Soft winds and echoes that do haunt each grove,
 Still whisper and repeat no other songs than love,
 Which round about the sacred bower they sing.—
 Where every thing arrives that's sweet and ravishing.

.

One of the latest, perhaps the very last of Aphra Behn's productions, is a little Ode, now before the

writer, with the following title :—"A Pindaric Poem to the Reverend Doctor Burnet, on the honour he did me of enquiring after me and my muse, by Mrs. A. Behn, London, 1689." Doctor Burnet and Mrs. Aphra Behn! Socrates after meditating and teaching wisdom all the day, retired in the evening to enjoy the society, the wit, the accomplishments, and the beauty of the divine Aspasia. Why might not the British sage "enquire after" the "incomparable," the "excellent," the "lovely," the "witty" Astrea,*

"Whose wit would recommend the homeliest face,
Whose beauty make the dullest humour please."

There is however something ludicrous in the grave divine, historian, and future bishop, enquiring after Mrs. A. Behn and her wanton muse,

That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist.

Unless we might in charity suppose that this dignified personage, who had been so successful in converting the reprobate Earl of Rochester, wished to extend the sphere of his usefulness, by attempting to make a convert of Mrs. Behn also; but if we may judge from the poem itself, this could not be the object he had in view by his enquiry :—What says the lady ?

* * * * *

Till now my careless muse no higher strove
To enlarge her glory and extend her wings,
Than underneath Parnassus grove,
To sing of shepherds and their humble love ;
But never durst like Cowley tune her strings
To sing of heroes and of kings.
But since by an *authority divine*,
She is allowed a more exalted thought ;
She will be valued now as current coin,
Whose stamp alone gives it the estimate
Though out of an inferior metal made.

* All these epithets were lavished on Mrs. Behn by her contemporaries.

But oh! if from your praise I feel
 A joy that has no parallel,
 What must I suffer when I cannot pay
 Your goodness your own generous way?
 And make my stubborn muse your *just commands* obey.
 My muse that would endeavour fain to glide
 With the fair prosp'rous gale, and the full driving tide!
 But *loyalty* commands with pious force,
 That stops me in the thriving course;
 The breeze that wafts the crowding nations o'er,
 Leaves me unpitied far behind
 On the forsaken barren shore, .
 To sigh with echo and the murmuring wind.
 With melancholy eyes I view the plains,
 Where all I see is ravishing and gay,
 And all I hear is mirth in loudest strains:
 Thus while the chosen seed possess the promis'd land,
 I like the excluded prophet stand;
 The fruitful happy soil can only see
 But am forbid by fate's decree
 To share the triumph of the joyful victory.

.

All we can collect from this is, that Doctor Burnet wished the lady's muse to be employed on a nobler subject,—to sing, doubtless, the exploits of the great Nassau the deliverer; but her “loyalty” forbid;—she was then a Jacobite, and did not approve of the glorious revolution. Near the end of this poem she speaks, alas! of her “indigence and lost repose.”



CHARLES SACKVILLE,

Earl of Dorset.

BORN 1637.—DIED 1705.

"The best good natured Man, with the worst natured Muse."

(DRYDEN.)

The Earl of Dorset was in the early part of his life the companion of Buckingham, Rochester, Sedley, and the other dissipated noblemen and wits of Charles the Second's court.

Like Sedley, he made some amends for the follies of his youth, by joining the party which opposed the violent measures of James the Second, and promoting the revolution which placed William the Third upon the British throne. He was rewarded with a place about the person of that monarch, and lost his life in consequence. Being exposed, with the king, in an open boat, for several hours in rough and tempestuous weather, his health declined, and he died in the 68th year of his age.

With the place this nobleman occupies in the British History, or the British Peerage, we are not concerned, but it may perhaps be permitted us to express an opinion respecting the place he has been allowed to fill among the poets of his country; for he was certainly indebted to the patronage he afforded to men of genius, and to his rank, rather than to his poetic deserts. Dryden,

who requires all his reputation as a poet to palliate his total want of dignified and honourable feeling as a man, repaid in abject flattery what he obtained from him in patronage. Prior followed, and drew his character in glowing colours. Pope ranks him above all the wits and geniuses of his age; and finally, Johnson enrolls him among the classical poets of his country.—There is however less excuse for Pope and Johnson, than for Dryden and Prior; personal intimacy and the influence of living rank may palliate in a degree, the absurd flatteries of the latter, but the praise bestowed by Pope shewed total want of judgment and of taste, and absolute forgetfulness of his own just but severe remark :—

“ But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought ! ”

And Johnson, the rigid moralist and unsparing critic, should not have admitted into a collection of national poetry, a very few pieces, in which some portion of wit is blended with a much greater portion of gross personal abuse, and undisguised indelicacy, though the author was a nobleman.

SONG.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer gentler joy
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace ;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

SONG.

Corydon beneath a willow,
By a murmuring current laid,
His arm reclin'd, the lover's pillow,
Thus address'd the charming maid.

O! my Saccharissa tell
How could nature take delight,
That a heart so hard should dwell
In a frame so soft and white.

Could you feel but half the anguish,
Half the tortures that I bear,
How for you I daily languish;
You'd be kind as you are fair.

See the fire that in me reigns,
O! behold a burning man:
Think I feel my dying pains,
And be cruel if you can!—

With her conquest pleas'd the dame
Cry'd, with an insulting look,
Yes, I fain would quench your flame:—
She spoke and pointed to the brook.

THOMAS CURTEIS

BORN ABOUT 1690.—DIED 1747.

The very respectable family of this learned and worthy Divine, has long been settled in the western part of the County of Kent. It does not appear from Hasted, when he became Rector of Sevenoke, (or Sevenoaks, commonly called Sennock), which was in the patronage of his family, but we learn that in 1715, he was collated to the valuable vicarage of Wrotham, in the same county, of which he was before rector. He died in 1747, and was succeeded in the Rectorship of Sevenoaks by his son, Dr. Henry Curteis, who was afterwards a Prebendary of Canterbury Cathedral, and Rector of St. Dionis Backchurch, London. Dr. Curteis died at his house at Sevenoaks in 1775, and was there buried.

In 1728, Mr. Thomas Curteis published his "Eirenodia; a Poem sacred to Peace and the promoting of Human Happiness: Inscribed to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury: Printed for R. Wilkin, in 8vo. St. Paul's Church Yard, 1728." As the Poem has in many parts great merit, and is a very good specimen of the Miltonic style, we shall give it entire, together with the Dedication to Archbishop Wake, and such parts of the Preface as serve to explain the nature and design of the Poem.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

*To the Most reverend Father in God, WILLIAM, Lord
Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England,
and Metropolitan.*

“ MY LORD,

“The favourable reception which the larger part of this poem (when lately published under another title) was honoured with by your Grace, and many other persons of great candor and judgment, encouraged me to revise and enlarge it. This carried my thoughts into a wider compass, on the most amiable subject of peace, and the blessings which naturally flow from it.

“In the pleasing prospect of our common happiness, I was induced to attempt a sketch of the distinguishing favour and goodness of heaven to these nations; and of the universal joy and gratitude arising from his Majesty’s happy accession to the crown; as the only visible security of our most excellent constitution, liberties, and laws.

“The primary end which I had in view, was to illustrate the truth, harmony, and inestimable benefits of the Christian institution, against the insolent attacks which have been recently made upon it, by men of vile and degenerate minds; and to shew the necessary influence of religion on the happiness of civil societies, as well as on the wise conduct of private life.

“As the design is truly great and noble, I heartily wish that the too faint embellishments, wherewith I have endeavoured to set it off, bore some proportion to its dignity.

"A consciousness of my unavoidable defects, is the best apology I can make to your Grace, for aspiring to so high a patronage ; animated by a very large experience of your particular favours, as well as general goodness.

" May your grace very long continue a public blessing to this happy church and nation. May you live to see the daring efforts of infidelity, weak and groundless in themselves, entirely sunk in their deserved shame and confusion ; and the more dangerous progress of vice, immorality, and profaneness, so generally discountenanced by all persons in public stations, that true piety may once more shine out in its native lustre ; peace, truth and righteousness be the stability of our times ; and this renowned church, the glory and chief bulwark of reformed-Christendom, for ever continue to have a *name and praise in the earth*. These are the invariable wishes, and ardent desires of

" My Lord,

" Your Grace's most dutiful,

" And most truly devoted

" Son and Servant,

" THOMAS CURTEIS."

THE PREFACE.

" Poesy, in its original design, was a lively incentive to universal virtue, and the pursuit of actions truly great and worthy, by raising the soul, in a beautiful climax of the most noble and abstracted thoughts, set off with the resistless force of *metaphor, simile, number, and sound*, towards the supreme happiness appointed

for reasonable beings. As the art itself, when managed according to the native purity of its intentions, qualifies the religious votary to be much conversant in the sacred mysteries of heaven; it may be allowed to make the nearest approaches to a divine inspiration: or, if that sounds too harsh, it must be esteemed, at least, an innocent and useful sort of enthusiasm; being furnished with intellectual charms, powerful enough to lead away the superior faculties into a pleasing captivity; whilst they are engaged in a contemplative search into the wonders of nature and providence, teeming in the infinite perfections of the most lovely and adorable Being. But, when it becomes miserably perverted to a quite contrary end, it is capable of spreading the most dangerous and mortal infection; by inciting loose and unguarded minds, with an amazing boldness, into a debauched and vitiated taste, beyond the propensions of human nature. Happy therefore would it be, if those daring agents for the infernal world, who have enlisted themselves under the grand apostate spirit, to affront the sovereign majesty of heaven, and draw down vengeance on mankind, would at last be so wise for themselves, and so compassionate to others, as to make a timely retreat; and like the penitent Earl of Rochester, as far as possible, atone for the madness of their past conduct; that the sad effects of their pestilential wit, in promoting the ruin of many thousands whom they never knew, may not be placed to their final account, and terribly charged upon them by the Supreme Judge, and the righteous rewarder of all men.

“That divine Poesy bore an honourable place in the earliest of those sacred records with which we are eminently blessed, is plain from the sublime Song of Moses

after the complete destruction of Pharaoh and his host by the miraculous hand of heaven. In this, as well as in his rapturous prophetic blessing on the twelve tribes, an exalted strain of religious homage was solemnly paid to the great deliverer and God of Israel. And this kind of sacred inspiration was continued through after ages among that happy people, whom God had signally chosen and appropriated to himself.

* * * * *

“Nor were the excellent advantages of the chaste and untainted Muse, in the furtherance of religion and virtue, confined to the Jewish nation. For we have still, some lively remains of that kind, handed down from the heathen world, as old as Orpheus and Hesiod, and afterwards, in the pious fragments of Theognis, Phocylides, Pythagoras, Solon, &c. But more especially, in the fine contemplations of Boetius. Of the ancient Christians, Prudentius, Prosper, and some others, have signalized themselves in this way.—Among the Christian moderns, none have succeeded more happily than the wonderful Buchanan and Casimire; men of such distinguishing abilities, as scarce any age can boast of, since Rome was in the full zenith of its glory. If we descend yet lower, even to the last and present age, almost every nation has afforded shining instances; but none, so many and bright as our own. Some indeed, among the latter Pagan Poets, and some of a much fresher date, who unworthily bear the name of Christian, have prostituted that noble talent to serve the basest purposes; by varnishing over the grossest of vices with a beautiful dress, softening debauchery with the dangerous charms of wit, and scattering temptations with a liberal hand, where the common propensity of corrupted nature needs the most

watchful care to restrain it. Such profanation of an art, useful and commendable itself, and one of the best helps for raising the affections to an excellent pitch of true devotion and piety, has prevailed upon some weak though serious minds, to treat it with contempt and prejudice; as if they thought it had a necessary tendency to relax the principles, and corrupt the morals of mankind; or, at least, to deaden the affection towards those subjects which are most eminently sacred and awful. But the charge is altogether unjust, when applied not only to the abuse, but to the general use of it. And they who yield too far to such an unguarded censure, would do well to consider what indignity they offer to those inspired writings which they would be thought to hold in the highest esteem and veneration. Since the choicest of these divine monuments, left by the ancient Prophets, run in a poetic strain, especially such parts of them as tend most to exalt the glorious attributes of God, and to raise the soul into a frame suitable to the purest acts of adoration and praise.

“ It must unavoidably be acknowledged, even by such candid and impartial judges, as, through unhappy prejudice, pay no great regard to the divine authority of those most ancient and invaluable books, that the celebrated works of Homer, Pindar, or Virgil, bear no proportion to many parts of these; in respect of a true majesty of style, sublimity of thought, and the most surprising beauty, strength, and boldness of the figures, of which it would be easy to collect numberless instances.

* * * * *

“ But how low and pitiful, how ridiculous and unworthy of all human credit, are the heathen fictions of their elysian happiness; and of their snaky furies, their

preying vultures, Ixion's wheel, the fruitless toil of Sisyphus, and of the Belides, &c. to punish and torment the wicked ! Such wild and romantic dreams though set off with never so much air of wit, humour, or fancy, can never be of any real force to reach the secret springs of passion. And little better are any of those gay images of false lustre, bestowed upon the fictitious achievements of Gods and heroes ; which make up the main subject, and are the chief embellishment of heathen song.

“The dignity of the Christian theme is infinitely more bright and dazzling ; from the native charms of truth, the endearing sweetness and beneficence of its design, and the irresistible force of its divine authority : being not only fitted to raise, attract, and govern the most tender passions of love, wonder, and joy ; but powerful enough to transport the soul above all the little scenes of time and chance, with very strong and anticipating views of the remotest futurity. Those representations of unchangeable blessedness or misery ; that awful solemnity of the supreme tribunal ; the irreversible sentence to be passed upon all mankind, at the end of a temporary probation ; and the vastly different states of the two eternal worlds, authoritatively declared in the sacred canon, are every way adapted to take place in a reasonable mind ; and have a natural tendency to awaken the most leading passions of hope and fear, into a watchful care and diligence to obtain the one and avoid the other.

“What I would infer from the whole argument is, that the inspired writings, have abundantly afforded the best helps in the world, for an useful employment of a poetic genius ; whether in the more easy and practicable

way of ode, or the elaborate and more exalted strain of the epic kind. If the mean, trifling, and improbable stories which usually furnish out the tragical drama, are of so great force when set off by a brightness and majesty of expression, as to govern the rational powers, to triumph over the passions, and command alternate smiles or tears : what a powerful influence might such a happy talent have upon the moral conduct of mankind, if it were employed with an equal pleasure and application in beautifying scenes of natural and revealed religion with its proper colours ; placing them in a true light, and displaying its native charms of sweetness and majesty ! How easily might these ennobling christian virtues, which are by many, too often heard with a cold indifference, in the ordinary way of a set discourse, by this more alluring method, lead captive the lower faculties, with a kind of irresistible force ; so as to draw insensibly the more noble and superior powers of the soul into a real love and practice of them untill it becomes happily inured to intermix with the innocent diversions of this life, a strong and predominant regard to the higher concerns of religion and eternity !

“The reader will easily perceive that such is the scope of this mean essay : and I need not tell him that I have made the great Milton my pattern ; though I am very far from having the vanity to think myself capable of following him *æquis passibus*, either in respect of his incomparable sublimity of thought, or brightness of diction. Yet whilst I have endeavoured to imitate his manner and style, I have purposely avoided his uncouth and antiquated words ; apprehending that an affected obscurity, or harshness of language, adds

nothing to the grandeur of the subject, or to a true elevation of the mind.

“ If this specimen, such as it is, may but serve to excite others of great abilities, to engage farther in so good a design as restoring the Muses to their ancient dignity and usefulness, in promoting the excellent ends of Religion and Virtue; I shall think a few broken hours of amusement, in the intervals of other different studies, very happily employed.”

EIRENODIA:

A Poem, sacred to Peace, and the promotion of Human Happiness.

Celestial dove! by whose enliv'ning warmth,
 From crude consistence, the terraqueous globe
 Rose out of Chaos!—With thy genial fire
 Deign to inform and guide the soaring Muse :
 Who, vulgar themes disdaining, whilst up-rai's'd
 By thy Almighty aid, thro' orbs of light
 Empyreal, tho' untrae'd by mortal eye,
 With wing advent'rous fondly strives to gain
 The summit of supernal bliss. Unfold
 The awful wonders of creating pow'r ;
 And, from its guilty lapse, the rising world,
 Display'd by th' eternal Logos—crown'd
 With glories infinite—who nature's course
 Sustains unerring, and the traceless maze
 Of providence supreme—first cause and end
 Of all things form'd. To thy all-piercing eye
 Are known the myst'ries in that vast abyss
 Of love ineffable, whence Mercy smiles

With beams reviving on rebellious man,
Devoid of hope, to exile doom'd and death.
What heights and depths, unknown to finite minds,
From heav'n's unvaried counsels rise ! What gleams
Of light and joy divine renascent, raise
To views sublime, the soul's awaken'd powers !

Say how the dreadful breach was clos'd ; and whence
That wond'rous compact by the sacred Three
(One infinite, unchang'd, eternal mind)
Was seal'd in heav'n ; and ratified on earth,
When the great price was paid. O boundless depth
Of unexampled love ; The heav'nly host
Of shining seraphs, from their bright abodes
Stooping with downward wing, in wonder lost,
And joyous adoration, strive t' explore
The vast design unsearchable. Hence flow
Life, peace, and joy, from an exhaustless spring,
To those bless'd mortals who believe and love
The glorious agent ; till they gain the height
Of blissful treasures infinite, unseen,
And unconceiv'd by thought : where hallow'd minds
Unbodied live ; releas'd from cumbrous clay,
And purg'd from sin. The grand efficient cause
Mysterious, far surpassing human search,
Or mind angelic, which effac'd the stains
Of guilt, and vanquish'd all the pow'rs of death,
His visage chang'd, and set his pris'ners free,
Survey ;—with òctacy and pure affections rais'd.
Wonders here rise on wonders : joyous scenes
Reviving, open. Heedless mortals broke
The sov'reign laws of heav'n : the Almighty Son

Spotless, assum'd the trembling sinner's place ;
 Sustain'd the penal threats ; obey'd and dy'd ;—
 And rose triumphant ! Justice quits her claim,
 Appeals'd with heav'nly blood, and asks no more.
 Crown'd with new honours, thus the ancient pair
 With their glad progeny, from mould'ring dust
 Rise glorious ; and their tuneful harps employ
 In endless praises to th' immortal king,
 First-born of the creation. Loftier beings
 Ministrant, immaterial, which surround
 The radiant throne, to heav'nly praise inur'd,
 Melodious join the everlasting song !

Speak, how the filial Godhead, form divine
 Of the paternal glory, uncreate,
 In whom perfections infinite, truth, love,
 And wisdom dwelt inherent, deign'd to leave
 His beamy robes, and realms of heav'nly light,
 For this wild waste, disconsolate ; renew'd
 Lost Paradise, and rais'd, from captive chains,
 The exil'd human race, to joys sublime.
 O sacred theme inexplicable ! View
 The infant God, inshrin'd in mortal frame ;
 Expos'd to darksome scenes of grief ! How mean
 His birth-place ; his attendants vile ! From death
 Triumphant, and the tempter's latent wiles,
 Born to redeem, he treads the glitt'ring pomp
 Of this vain world beneath his feet : a rule
 For minds, which, conscious of a loftier birth,
 Dare claim their origin, and native rights
 Re-purchas'd ! To what narrow humble bounds
 Infinity vouchsafes to be confin'd !
 The lord of life, to die for helpless worms !

Impell'd by gen'rous flame, ye mortal tongues
 Aspire, with unambitious strife, to join
 Your loud Hosannah's with the tuneful throng
 Unbodied! Trace him from the orbs of light;
 And sing the wonders of his matchless love!
 More glorious than the morning star, his face
 Majestic sweetness fill'd, and heavenly rays;
 Surpassing far those fainter gleams deriv'd
 On finite minds. To his unbounded sway
 The scepter'd race, elate with pride, shall bow
 Obsequious or reluctant; and confess
 Their delegated pow'r. Yes, the supreme
 Eternal monarch, uncontroul'd, who rules
 The fate of empires, his first levees made
 With brutes innocuous; not the splendid train
 Of high-born courtiers, who distinguish'd shine
 With beamy stars inwrought. Their fleecy folds
 Deserting, humble shepherds haste to adore
 Israel's annointed King, sole heir and lord
 Of the terrestrial and supernal worlds.
 With dark'ning shade he veils his regal state
 Inherent, undiscern'd by mortal eye;
 Disdaining grandeur, and in servile form
 Debas'd: but shining guards, with folded wings,
 Observant, tho' unseen, their weighty charge
 Attend in joyous rapture. Heavenly choir!
 Who late, harmonious sang, "*To God on high
 Glory: to earth celestial peace restor'd:
 And, gladsome news, benevolence to men!*"

When first, the sovereign all-commanding word,
 From lifeless matter, and the vast abyss
 Of dark and silent night, call'd into being

His destin'd worlds; and fill'd the boundless void
With rising wonders infinite, display'd
In various forms; those first-born sons of light
With rapturous hallelujahs hymn'd his praise
Sublime : and their alternate music flew
From sphere to sphere, through heav'n's high arch ; and
reach'd.

The glorious orb terrene, then happy seat
Of human joys, from whence the charming sound
Return'd with echoes of devotion pure.
Such symphony divine in earth's low vale
Deprav'd, unheard, that emissary train
Angelic form'd : when o'er the darken'd world
With hope exorient cheer'd, th' eternal sun
Descending shone. But in the heav'nly orbs
Myriads of myriads, wrapt in holy flame—
Beings irradiate from reflexive light ;
Various in rank, yet to the will supreme
In prompt devotion emulous !—proclaim'd
A sacred festival : accession new
To their sublime and ever-flowing joys !
And o'er the infinite ethereal space
Loud acclamations rang. The golden lyres
With vocal accents sweet,—blest harmony !
Surpassing mortal ear or human thought
High soaring !—tun'd the great Jehovah's praise
Ineffable. Before the radiant throne
Seraphic crowns lay prostrate : minds advanc'd
By rev'rence and abasement ! pleas'd to see
Bright beams of love dart gently from his eye
On Adam's sons deep favour'd ! Joyful dawn
Of that triumphant day ; when high enthron'd,
Th' Almighty Son incarnate shall display

Amidst his shining tribes, the unfathom'd depths
Of wisdom, justice, truth, and sovereign grace
Couch'd in the ways of Providence abstruse ;
And with celestial rays encircl'd, reign
In light immortal, glorious and admir'd !
Such distant views sublime, from human race
Exalted anthems claim : and through the paths
Of fleeting time should raise their raptur'd minds
Pure and refin'd from all the coarse allay
Of vulgar thought, above the starry spheres.
Those sparkling out-guards of the heav'nly court,
High fixt in vaulted azure, keep their round
Ethereal ; dazzling with their pointed streams
The wond'ring eye up-lifted ; to remind
Vile sons of earth, from what stupendous height
They fell unguarded ; and inflame the soul
Once more to reascend its native sky.

Hail Prince of Peace ! from the Jessæan stem
Self-infinite descended ! Crowning hope
Of mortal race reviv'd ! At whose command
Creation rose in all its various forms
Divinely perfect ! Thy auspicious day,
And gentle rule pacific, arm'd with pow'r,
Resistless, through dark ages, then unborn,
The Princely Seer sublime, whose hallow'd lips
Were touch'd with heav'nly fire, exultant trac'd
In sacred vision. The descending God,
Awful, yet sweeten'd by the human form,
In bright ideas mental, he discern'd,—
Unlike the shining heroes fam'd in war,—
Through passive conduct bearing off the palm
Triumphal and unfading ; strong to bind

In adamantine chains, the deadly foe.
Inspir'd with flame prophetic, he survey'd
The matchless travels of thy future life,
And wonders of thy love ; intensely bent
To succour the distress'd, and crown their joy
With blessings infinite. The visual ray,—
Sweet emanation from th' exhaustless fount
Of light supreme—at thy disposing will
On sightless eyeballs which had roll'd in vain
Darts plenteous. The obstructed paths of sound
To free reception yield : and music's charm
Strikes the adapted organ. Tongues disus'd
To notes articulate, with praise proclaim
Almighty pow'r beneficent. Dead nerves
And wither'd tendons useless, warm'd anew,
Full strength and vigour instantaneous feel :
And springing like the nimble hart, confess
Thy healing hand divine. Great source of might !
Who guid'st the weary steps of slow-pac'd time,
Wise and unerring ! Haste that promis'd day ;
When rage, ambition, and the thirst of pow'r
Insatiate, shall no more disturb the world
With groundless feuds, the angry din of war
And reeking gore profuse : nor the shrill blast,
From cheeks full blown, shall tune the ambient air
To heighten gen'rous flame : nor brazen tubes,
Wide-mouth'd, and fraught with miscellaneous stores
Of latent death, shall bellow o'er the field
Loud thunder, and disgorge their sulph'rous fire,
In dusky clouds ascending : massy globes,
Continuous or excav'd, annoy no more
The serried ranks compact, with havoc dire.
Bellona's champions fierce, in spangl'd pride

And scaly steel incas'd, against the sun
Shall cease to blaze, reflecting back his beams.
No verdant wreaths, sprung from the fertile banks
Of fam'd Eurotas, shall, encircling, deck
The victor's brow. That blooming type of peace,
A birth more beauteous, from Minerva's spear
Transfixt, shall sprout, and bless the smiling world.
Fledg'd arrows from the bending yew full-drawn,
And jav'lines, hissing death, from potent arm
Alternate thrown, shall cease; broad faulchions meet
With adverse edge no more; nor hideous clash
From rattling shields, and storms of missive hail
Roar diverse; and in harsh confusion drown
The trumpet's sweeter notes. O sad reverse
Of military sounds harmonic! Lost
In vollied peals promiscuous, deafening shouts,
And dying groans, that gall the tender ear!
Whole nature by thy healing art restor'd
To smiles primeval, and her visage blithe,
Complains no more, with torment, to sustain
The toilsome burden of her tedious hours;
Expos'd to wild oppression, and the rage
Of savage men. Rapacious beasts shall change
To aspect mild: and o'er each flow'ry plain,
The tiger, wolf, and the defenceless lamb
Shall bask secure in the meridian warmth,
Or graze innocuous; join'd in sportive airs,
And midnight slumbers. Crested helms, and spears
Sharp pointed, scymeters, and bright habergeons,
Dire instruments of death! in hardy feats
Of Mars deep-bruis'd, now useless grown, shall form
The plough-share, scythe, and sickle. Glad campaign
Autumnal! opening joyous scenes, enrich'd

With vegetable gold ! From pole to pole
Rude and unpolish'd nations shall imbibe,
With ready mind thy saving truth ; and bow
Obedient to thy sceptre. Circling years,
With peace and concord crown'd, shall, undisturb'd
Glide gently on, through ages blest ; and grace
Thy universal empire ; till the world,
And time, disease, and death shall cease for ever.

Say, grateful muse, what wond'rous meekness veil'd
Essential glories infinite ! What toils
Incessant, nature's lord, her wounds to heal,
Sustain'd, compassionate ! What thorny paths
In life's rough maze, to mortal race unknown,
Their great exemplar, not reluctant, trod !
He—whom the brightest of celestial pow'rs
Revere ; by whom all earthly rulers sway
Their awful sceptres ! What amazing choice,
Spontaneous, mov'd the source of might t' appear
Less than the least of men ! What grace divine
Dwelt on his sacred lips ; diffusing truth,
Peace, God-like charity, through list'ning crowds,
Immortal virtues, and blest rules of life !
What heavenly ardour glow'd within his breast,
Wholly intent to close the vast design
Stupendous, ere the birth of nature, form'd
In the tri-une eternal mind ; and raise
To bliss immutable, the ruin'd world,
Deep sunk in guilt and curse ! So sweetly sang
In strain sublime, the great enlightened bard,
To Albion's sons, with deathless fame, bereft
Of light external ; whilst the mental rays
O happy gainful loss ! more brightly shone,

Unpractis'd themes his lofty muse presum'd,
 Disdaining coupled sounds. In wond'rous thought
 High-rai's'd, and soaring with unclouded light,
 She boldly shook the cramping fetters off;
 And, sovereign, built a model unconfin'd,
 Immortal as his name. Through realms of night
 Unsearch'd before, and fields of heav'nly war,
 Where seraphs fell, she trac'd a glorious path
 To bliss supreme! In ev'ry shining page
 Still wonders new, and beauties infinite
 Dart through the enamour'd sense, and charm the soul!
 With matchless graces his skill'd fingers mov'd
 Across the sounding lyre, and from each note
 Sprung pure devotion, harmony, and love!

From manger vile, where eastern sages paid
 Their early homage to the eternal king,
 And long obscure sojourn in Jewry's coasts
 High-favour'd, in proud Salem, glory chief
 Of Palestine, and of the Asian world,
 Widely dispersing beams of light and joy
 And healing virtue, trace with weeping eye
 Messiah's wondrous steps; the last and best,
 And greatest gift of heav'n. The doleful steep
 Of Calvary, that formidable mount,
 See him ascend hard-burden'd, panting, tir'd;
 Whilst, as a votive offering, he sustains
 The massy cumb'rous load. And having reach'd,
 With patience equal to his boundless love,
 The wish'd-for summit, where unburied skulls—
 Sad spectacle! the dismal surface pave;
 He climbs the fatal tree, with mind deep-fix'd
 On the paternal will. Hence crimson streams,

Of virtue infinite, from previous wounds
Wide-stretch'd, and tendons shiver'd, plenteous glide.
Forgiving pity his last breath proclaims,
And happy TETELESTAI to the ransom'd world.

Whole nature felt the stroke. Convulsive pangs
From caverns deep, earth's centre shook. The sun,
Great eye and soul of the terrestrial orb
His cheering face, and energetic rays,
With sable curtain veil'd. Hard ponderous rocks
Immensely great, unlike the Jewish hearts
Relentless, sunk from their contexture firm.
Death's hopeful captives in their dark retreats,
Rous'd by the joyous sound, enlivening took
An earlier flight, and gain'd their blest abodes.
Despair and rage with sullen gloom o'erspread
The infernal regions : where the rebel chief,
Once hurl'd from bliss celestial, now subdu'd
A second ruin felt, and heighten'd pain,
Portentous of his final doom ; when wrath
Vindictive, from the dreaded victor's brow,
Shall plunge him with his fetter'd legions down
To endless death, and unextinguish'd fire.

Ye dazzling cherubs blest ! whose godlike minds,
Capacious, at the exhaustless fount imbibe
Pure wisdom ! With reflection deep look down
From your exalted thrones ! and wondering bow
To this mysterious love : whilst native fire
Flames up in heavenly rays. From guilty doom
Emerging see the beauteous face of nature ;
Creation rising from its early ruin ;
And heav'ns vicegerent man, from gloomy clouds,

And penal threats terrific, rais'd to hope
Immortal ! What inferior mind can form
Ideas equal to th' unbounded worth
Of his ennobling part, divine resemblance !
For whose glad rescue, such amazing price,
Of value infinite, was paid ! The soul
Claims kindred with the stars ; not form'd of fire,
Or earth, or air ; tho' join'd to mould'ring clay.
Unlike the brittle shell she wears, her frame,
Divinely perfect, from the stinted laws
Of matter, stands eternally exempt.
Self-conscious, as an agent free, endu'd
With thought, reflection, choice, and aids divine,
And lively pow'rs discerning, she awaits
That awful day momentous, which shall fix
Her final state immutable ; consign'd
To endless joys, or everlasting pain.
Bright effluence from the eternal mind ! Whose flame
Celestial, rises thro' the mists of earth,
And upward mounts ; to reach the crowning bliss
Consummate ! With admiring wish we trace
Thy tow'ring flight stupendous : whilst upborne
Aloft, thou soar'st above the feeble stretch
Of mortal sight ; and though immur'd awhile
In darkening cell, canst form terrestrial heav'n.

The rising glories of that wondrous dawn,
Quick'ning the languid world, sing raptured muse ;
When crown'd with joy, the destin'd victim slain
For Adam's laps'd descendants, loos'd the bands
Of vanquish'd death ; and clad with trophies, rais'd
Himself omnipotent ; who first gave life
To all created beings, happiest pledge

Of life immortal!—then, the cheering sound
Of grace divine, sweet liberty and peace
Proclaim'd, with front serenely calm, to those
Of credence firm, whose grateful minds should bow
Obsequious to his mild commands. The dear
Associates of his spotless life, inspir'd
With holy fervor, and supernal gifts
Descending unallay'd, the sacred charge
Important, with pure minds, like his, obey'd.
Then, tell the drowsy and unthinking race
Of mortals indolent, with joy serene,
And awful rev'rence, how the Lord of Might,
The blest Immanuel, cloath'd with human form,
And the deep prints of glorious wounds, led on
His banner'd worthies, first and liveliest draught
Of his great body mystic, to that mount,
Emblem of peace, and seat of sweet recess!
Oft to devotion sacred; honor'd now
With his ascent ethereal: having shown
Endearing proofs of sympathetic care
Incessant, and his sure return, with awe
Majestic; till their eyes beheld him soar
In beams of light, to that eternal source
Of pristine glory, infinite; enjoy'd
Before the worlds were form'd, or bounded space
Of time began. Cherubic legions haste
To meet, with joyful shouts, their head supreme,
Shining with conquests new. Triumphant there,
His church, from warfare freed, in hymns sublime
Harmonious laud their victor God and King.

Now peace, heaven's fairest off-spring, clad with robes
Of bright effulgence, pure, on beamy wings
Descending, sounds her silver trump; rejoic'd

To bless, with lovely scenes of op'ning bliss,
The desert world. Thro' ev'ry distant clime
Her starry pinions spread ; diffusing sweet
Ambrosial fragrance. Now the rosy morn
Smiles beauteous, from the East, with aspect clear ;
Thro' cloudless skies, the rising lamp of day
Pursues his azure road ; and measures out
The golden hours auspicious. Whilst, inspir'd
With heav'nly zeal, and rais'd above the rage
Or threats of adverse pow'rs, the faithful tribe
Of sacred heralds, thro' attentive crowds,
Convey the potent sound, wide-circling. Freed
From servile yoke, and gloomy fears, with joy,
Ecstatic rapture, and obsequious mind,
Glad nations thankfully imbibe, and keep
The healthful institutes divine. Of these
Fair Albion, compend of the wondrous globe
Terrene,—inviron'd with the watchful care
Of heav'n indulgent, as with Thetis' arms ;—
Pays early homage to the king supreme,
Immortal : and her Pagan altars fall.
Phœbus, Andate,* Dis, with pompous rites
By ancient druids taught,—delusive train
Of tutelary gods fictitious !—flee
Unsung, abjur'd, detested : Hallow'd domes
Erect their heads magnificent ; devote
To mental sacrifice, and incense pure,
In heav'nly flame ascending. Nor disdains
An intercourse benign with this fair isle,
The almighty arbiter, and source of bliss,

* Andate had special honours paid her, as their Goddess of Victory.

Inherent, or diffus'd. "Be this my care
 " Peculiar, and incessant. Here, implor'd,
 " My blessings shall descend ; till circling time
 " Yields to immense and undivided space.
 " Religion, beauteous in her native charms,
 " Shall flourish here, conform to sacred rule
 " Primæval ; and exalt her awful head
 " Unmov'd : whilst pious vows salute the skies
 " With odour grateful. Here, a scepter'd stem
 " Prolific as the fruitful vine, shall spread
 " Its rising branches, with exhaustless store,
 " Thro' distant ages, yet unborn ; and grace
 " The imperial diadem, from rival threats
 " Invasive, or domestic foes, secure
 " In my tuition, and the flagrant zeal
 " Of Briton's liege. When death's uplifted hand
 " Shall strike resistless, the surprising chasm,
 " Self-sanable, shall close ; and healing balm
 " Spring from the dolorous wound. With loyal pride
 " And blooming joys reviv'd, the happy realms
 " Shall cease to grieve ; and date their flowing hopes
 " From a new-rising sun ; whose gentle rays
 " Shall cheer and warm the inferior orbs : whilst peace,
 " Paternal love, and undissembl'd truth
 " In silver streams flow from his gracious lips.
 " Celestial smiles propitious, firm resolves,
 " Unvaried conduct, and supernal skill
 " Shall guide his counsels, and assist his hands.
 " From baleful discord free, one common thought
 " Each breast inspiring, shall unite the voice
 " Of senates faithful. The presiding guides
 " Shall sacred altars, both defend and warm
 " With god-like flame, beneficent ; display'd

" In charity, unbounded as the mind
" Of him, who came, not to destroy, but heal
" The wounds of mortal race, with cheering beams
" Of peace and love. Here, piety shall shine,
" Emerg'd from error's dark'ning clouds ; and chase
" To gloomy Tartarus, th' envenom'd blast
" Of daring miscreants faithless. Harden'd sect !
" Who snarl, indignant, at the guiding hand
" Of bounteous heav'n extended ! Next, in place,
" To my eternal edicts pure, a pile,
" Of salutary laws, in volumes fair,
" Nor dusty, nor unsearch'd,—the high bequest
" Of venerable sages skill'd !—shall bound
" Despotic pow'r ; and poise, in balance, rights
" Reciprocal : majestic lustre shine
" With awful sweetness, and endearing charms :
" Not terrible ; but o'er the subject spread
" Its guardian wings protecting. Statutes, priz'd
" And envied by the distant world, which screen
" The humble cottage, and defend the throne !"—
Rule and obedience, sweetly temper'd, smooth
Each furrow'd brow. No anxious thought invades
The pensive breast : since heav'n, in nice extremes
To timely succour prone, has more than paid
The blessing snatch'd away ; and seeming loss
To real advantage chang'd. Tho' now he has reach'd
A crown more radiant, free from wasting cares ;
'Tis an accession to his blissful state,
To see Britannia, for whose ancient rights
Unwearied toils he had so oft sustain'd,
Still happy in a successor like him.
So when the chosen race, their wand'ring steps
For proof had pass'd ; and reach'd that fluid mound,

Parting the promis'd bliss ; their faithful guide,
And sacred legislator, claim'd by heaven,—
Who for their rescue, and impetuous wants,
Had such unheard, such mighty wonders done ;
So often screen'd them from impending wrath,
And meekly their ungrateful chidings borne,—
From Pisgah's summit, on the spacious mount
Of Albarim, wide o'er the bounding flood,
In pleasing prospect view'd the happy soil
Mellifluous, with its stately frontiers, made
By art and nature strong : the conquest, brave,
To that great genius left, divinely form'd
For martial conduct, and the arts of peace :
Then, breathing counsels sage, from mortal frame
Exultant rose through middle air, and fann'd
With pinions strong, the milky way sublime.
Or when that god-like man, whose soul, high rais'd,
Covers'd with pure angelic minds, up-borne
In flaming car, with fiery steeds, was lost
To view terrestrial ; and the wondrous flight
Through starry regions made ; his gifts divine,
With heighten'd lustre on the choice of heav'n
Conspicuous rested. All those virtues meet
For sacred rule, in the survivor shone :
And Israel under him were doubly blest.

Of joys reneate, diffusive as the beams
Of that fixt orb which gilds the pond'rous sphere
Revolvent, fair Urania, taught by thee,
Chief of Pierian birth, the muse unskill'd,
Attempts to sing. May no debasing damp,
From pow'rs unequal, interpose to shade
The beauties of her theme unfading ; peada

Divine, and freedom suited to the taste
Of beings intellectual. Choicest gift,
Which minds enlarg'd can ask; or heav'n bestow !
Thrice happy you ! whose great and gen'rous aims
Conspire with providence supreme, to swell
The flowing bliss ! Untainted by the charms
Of narrow views, inglorious; or the thirst
Of vain ambition ! Nobly rais'd above
Resenting passions, turbulent; and free
From hate invidious ! Who distinguish'd shine
In virtue's armour, patriots undisguis'd ;
Unchang'd by all the turns of time or chance !
Who, ranging ev'ry thought, with conduct, rule
The brutal pow'rs ! Nor can that heav'nly form
Stoop to be model'd by the maxims wild,
The mad capricios, or the airy dreams
Of the unthinking vulgar. You ! whose souls,
Ally'd to th' ethereal natives, strive,
Through all the shifting scenes of life, to reach
Th' unclouded regions ! Who, with aspect calm
Can bid the fleeting flame lie gently down,
Mixt with earth's mould'ring clods ; and unconfi'd,
Mount upward, conscious of superior worth !

When blust'ring Æolus, fraught with ire, leads on
Dread Neptune's forces, prone to hostile acts ;
In heaps promiscuous, and disorder wild
Undisciplin'd the angry cohorts make
Their onset furious, with horrific-roar.
Surge upon surge, in swift succession rolls,
Beyond the optic ken : whilst chasms immense
Disclose the vast abyss : and liquid hills,
High-swelling, dash the skies. With steady prow,

Unmov'd by fear, the skilful master guides
His floating bark, sore threaten'd; and sustains
The ruff'd brine, till their impetuous rage
To pristine calmness yields; and soft embraces
Compose the wat'ry strife. Such is the man,
Whose mind, self-balance'd, lives above the reach
Of noise and tumult; nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause, mere empty sound!
Nor dreads the flying arrows of reproach,
Or spiteful envy. Guarding virtues watch
His nightly slumbers; and his dreams secure
From frightful phantoms. At the op'ning dawn
Past conduct he revolves, and wisely forms
New scenes of action. No distasteful gall
Immixing, spoils his temper'd sweets of life,
Serenely rising with the new-born day.
Here, chagrin sable-hued, in ghastly form
Finds no access; nor malice forky-tongu'd.
Firm as a rock, he treads unshaken ground;
Tames his wild passions; conquers all his fears,
And tramples on them. Conscience is his shield;
His fortress, wisdom. In himself suffic'd
He sits above the globe; nor danger feels
From the false flatt'ring, or the frowning world.

Riches divine, and all the joys above,
Immensely flowing from the fount supreme,
Are your's appropriate; who adore, and trust
His awful name. On you, the world below,
And worlds above, things present, and to come,
Are safe entail'd. Celestial guardians wait
Unseen, yet faithful, to repel the shafts
Of adverse pow'rs envenom'd; and your steps

Unerring guide. For you, the fertile earth
Her fruit bears plenteous ; and enliv'ning show'rs
Gaily adorn her face with various dress.
For you, the radiant lamp diurnal shines ;
Chearing the subject world with genial warmth,
And native lustre. The inferior orb
Her borrow'd light displays ; to chase thick gloom
Disconsolate ; and Tethy's rolling surge
Alternate, rule : whilst in the empty space
Of liquid air, the globe's amazing weight
Unpillar'd hangs ; by the first mover pois'd
With art divine. The azure roof of heav'n,
Inwrought with starry gems, each night's return
Makes cheerful, and your wholesome slumber covers ;
Free from infectious damp, or steams impure.
For you, the sands of time glide gently on :
Unwearied nature keeps her massy wheels
In constant motion ; and her fabric stands.

Not the first planters of the human race
Were happier : when the bright ethereal hosts
Descending from their orbs, on downward wing,
Vouchsaf'd their friendly converse ; and the mind
With thoughts sublime, and intellectual bliss
Richly improv'd. When nature's various gifts
Cool shades, unfading greens, and beauteous flow'rs,
Sprung up spontaneous. When celestial dews
Impearl'd the verdant grass ; and fragrant drops
Sate on the bending spires. When vapours bland
Rose with the dawn, and mixt with balmy air
In sweet perfume, the waking senses cheer'd ;
Whilst kindly fruits, rich with ambrosial juice,
Renew'd life's crimson fountain, pure and free

From hurtful taint : and, rais'd on early wing,
Warbling their maker's praise, the feather'd choir
Grac'd the sweet morning song ; or, perch'd secure
On ev'ning bough, the sacred vespers join'd.—

" In fatal hour, how soon the tasted bliss

" Was chang'd to guilt, and mis'ries infinite !"

But the blest paradise renew'd ; the state
Of happy intercourse 'twixt God and man,
Restor'd by the Redeemer's death, affords
No noxious tree. Its healing fruits, benign,
Salubrious, grateful to the explorer's taste,
Yield blooming life. Immortal pleasures thence
Exhaustless spring ; unbounded as the mind,
And hourly heighten'd : whilst the indulgent skies
Shed their sweet influence o'er the human race
With cheering smile perpetual, and proclaim
An heav'n on earth. The sure foundations laid
In love unchang'd, and counsels deep, enroll'd
In th' archives supreme. Enthron'd with pow'r
Omnipotent the peaceful victor rules
The radiant orbs above, and world below.
Glad nature rests on his great guiding hand
Her moving frame stupendous. On his will
Adoring angels, in their shining forms,
Obsequious wait ; and court his high commands
With ardent zeal : whilst Adam's race deep-sunk
In guilty shame, and active pow'r depress'd,
His sov'reign pity feel. Tho' Sinai roars
In fire and thunder, breathing dreadful threats ;
The cross speaks milder things. Free pardon, grace,
And boundless love stream from his bleeding wounds ;
And life, and joys dear-purchas'd. Now, no more

Eternal justice frowns; nor conscience gnaws:
But, pleas'd with its unrivall'd empire, smiles
Calm and serene within. The atoning blood
Whitens the deepest stains; and ghastly death
Bereaves of his sharp-pointed sting. The soul
Gladly embark'd at the supreme command,
Now fearless leaves the mortal shore; nor shrinks
When swelling surges rise. With skilful helm,
And wide expanded wings, she safely rides
The dreadful storm; by her blest pilot's hands
Securely guided: and her joys advance;
More pure and perfect, as the lessening shores
Take off the views of time, and mortal things.
Immense eternity fills all her thoughts:
Billows subside; and skies serenely bright,
With gentle gales propitious, waft her on
To gain the blissful port of peace and rest.

Not so, the vile degen'rate race: whose minds,
Gro'ling in dust, like busy ants, around
The world's great mole-hill, strive, with endless toil,
Incessant cares, and sleepless nights, to raise
A pile of earth, or heaps of shining clay;
Or court the fleeting breath of partial fame,
Vain bubble, soon subsiding!—whilst the grand
Immortal part, instampt with heav'nly form,
In base neglect lies dormant. Minds enslav'd
To lawless appetite's unbounded sway,
Pursue a wand'ring fire; and plunge in ruin
Inextricable, thoughtless. Bondage vile!
When reason from its awful seat dethron'd,
Stoops to impetuous will. With artful guile
The syren Pleasure spreads her fatal charms

Unheeded; and in luxury's embrace
Enchanting, lulls their thoughts to sensual ease;
'Till heav'n's bright strictures in the soul are lost,
Or moulded into softness. Manly pleasure,
Indulg'd to beings rais'd above the size
Of brutal instinct, cheerfully obeys
Superior pow'rs. But you, the impious herd!
Who proudly scorn the peaceful message brought
By lips divine, in accents mild; to whom
The Saviour spreads his wounded hands in vain,
And shews the prints of love: no more blaspheme,
With tongues profanely bold, that awful name;
Which strikes a thousand terrors, arm'd with death,
No more presume to hide the monstrous face
Of vice, with colours gay, and gilded charms:
Delusive; or mislead through flow'ry paths,
And dreams fantastic, the unthinking crowds
With haste precipitant, to endless woe.
Cease to defame the bright unerring ways,
And shining beauties of eternal truth:
Which, free from artful paint, resembles heav'n;
Tunes to immortal joys the human mind;
And mounts its votaries above the stars.
In vain you hope and wish, when life's short span
Is measur'd out, to cease from being; and lose
The parting soul in ambient air. A thought
Stupendous; and abhorr'd by all, but those
Who, self-condemn'd, can nothing better hope;
And justly dread what's infinitely worse!
Benighted, wand'ring meteors! blind to reason,
And all its manly pow'rs! pernicious guides,
Dancing in darkness! whose deceitful glare,
Erratic, leads the traveller aside,

To bogs, and snares, and death ! The time draws
near ;
When, seiz'd with horror, from the face divine,
From angels, from the sight of mortal eyes,
And from yourselves you'd flee. No flashy turns
Of boasted wit, can raise your wonted flights
Of thoughtless mirth ; or cheer your conscious minds,
Lash'd with the stings of guilt. A dreadful steep
You fearless tread ; and o'er the fiery gulph
Sulphureous, move unthinking : vainly bold
In impious madness : whilst the lambent flame
Sustains your tott'ring clay. The fatal gasp
Inevitable, hastens : when the soul,
With dread surprize awaken'd, sadly feels
Immortal vigour springing up anew,
Adapt to endless torture ; and, accurst
Thro' ages infinite, the galling chain
Drags horrible, depriv'd of distant hope ;
And seeks, in vain, to die. The judge supreme,
With stern resenting brow, descends once more ;
Not meek, as erst in Bethlehem. Arm'd with pow'r,
And glories, scarce by heav'nly seraphs borne,
Mortal access forbidding, high he rears
Above the trembl'ing globe, his awful throne,
With radiant death surrounded. Smoking clouds
More dreadful than on Horeb's sacred mount,
Clothe his triumphal car. Beneath the wheels,
With burning gems beset, and axle red,
Sharp-pointed lightnings flash. Unnumber'd hosts
Of flaming guards in dread procession move :
Their vollies rend the skies, and cleave the ground.—
Nor can that direful fragor so torment,
With shrieks, the ear ; when, from huge Alpine rocks

An ancient ridge of sturdy oaks deep-fang'd,
Torn off by blast impetuous, many a rood
Rolls down the steepy cliff; in subject lake
Far plung'd, with foamy roar: and various thunder
Shakes all the adjacent vale. The melting hills
Subsiding, in their basis solv'd, lie hid
In furious blaze and smoke. His voice, which form'd
From shapeless chaos, the vast moving world,
Almighty bids the wheels of nature stop;
And loudly the eternal will proclaims,
That time shall be no more. The trumpet's clang
Sonorous, by the angelic herald blown,
Breaks through the silent grave: from putrid forms
New-quicken'd, calls the trembling sinners near,
Reluctant and appall'd. They shudd'ring stand;
Convinc'd too late, what 'twas to banter heav'n,
Or ridicule the threats of hell. In vain,
They now invoke the hills, and falling rocks,
For friendly shelter. That tremendous crash,
When fiery bolts, loud-rat'ling, rent their way
Through heav'n's high convex; and the vibrant flame,
Dealing promiscuous death, huge antique piles
Resistless levels with the humble turf;
Not half such terror strikes. The Almighty arm,
Though prone to succour, in vindictive ire
Shines terrible. No cheering gleams dart through
The anxious mind, to calm its guilty fears,
Or kindle hope. But you! whose nobler souls,
High-soaring, strove to gain their native home
Supernal, guided by the unerring clue
Let down from heav'n; and scorn'd the wand'ring blaze
Of clouded reason, impotent: whose paths,
Bright-shining, were, though not unshaded, streak'd

With rays divine ; whilst daily incense pierc'd
 The opening skies, and drew down plenteous show'rs
 Of blessing from the eternal fountain : raise
 Your chearful heads ; and reach the immortal crown.
 Releas'd from death's domains, your captive clay,
 Puts on the dazzling robes of triumph. See
 The heav'nly guards stand waiting at your tombs,
 With joyous smiles, to aid the happy flight.
 Amidst the shouts of his surrounding train,
 Your great deliv'rer, the returning God,
 Now leaves the skies. Ethereal mountains flow
 At his approach : and all the starry plains,
 Wide-cleaving, form his glorious way. The earth
 Dissolves : and heav'n's eternal pillars bow.
 Victor and Judge, high seated on his throne,
 Your faults he covers, and applauds your deeds
 Beneficent ; as to himself design'd.
 Death, grave, and hell, with all the apostate pow'rs
 Before him flee ; and own his dread commands,
 Resistless as their doom. His mighty word,
 Which rais'd from native earth, the crumbling shrine,
 Restores your scatter'd dust ; and moulds anew
 Bright agile limbs, from drossy matter freed,
 Like his celestial form. With airy feet,
 Quick as the mind, or as seraphic wings,
 You climb the blissful orbs of endless light ;
 And leave behind, the crackling world in flames.

* * We have carefully followed the author's punctuation
 throughout this poem, not feeling ourselves at liberty
 to alter what seems to have been his own peculiar
 system.

NICHOLAS AMHURST.

BORN ABOUT 1700.—DIED 1742.

*Here mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toll, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.*

(JOHNSON.)

The life of Nicholas Amhurst would abound with instruction, could materials be found from whence to compose it: unfortunately these are but scanty, and the following notices are principally taken from an article by Dr. Kippis in the *Biographia Britannica*,

George Amhurst was vicar of Marden in Kent, and died there in 1707, whether this clergyman was the father or grandfather of Nicholas does not appear.

Nicholas Amhurst was born at Marden, but in what year is unknown. He was educated by his grandfather, a clergyman, and at Merchant Taylor's school, in London, from whence he was removed at a fit age to St. John's College, Cambridge. How long he continued at the university is also unknown. One thing appears certain, that he was expelled from thence for alledged irregularities and offence given to the head of his college: what these irregularities were, does not satisfactorily appear: by his own account he was a martyr to his principles, for he affirmed that his disgrace was the consequence of the liberality of his political sentiments, and his attachment to the Hanoverian succession.

Whatever it may have been, he meditated, and in some degree effected signal revenge : he removed to London, and commenced the life of an author by attacking with the most unsparing severity, the character, the discipline, and the learning of the university of which he had been a member. In this violent abuse he employed both prose and verse, and he spared neither individuals nor corporations ; many of his invectives were personal, and appear to have been both illiberal and unjust.

The principal organ through which he conveyed this scandal was a periodical work with the strange title of " *Terræ Filius*, or the secret history of the University of Oxford ;" to which were added, when the papers were collected and published in two volumes 12mo. 1720,— " some remarks upon a late book entitled, *University Education*, by R. Newton D.D. principal of Hart Hall." Of the origin of his assumed title he gives the following account in the first number :—" It has till of late been a custom, from time immemorial, for one of our family who was called *Terræ Filius*, to mount the rostrum at Oxford at certain seasons, and divert an innumerable crowd of spectators, who flocked thither to hear him from all parts, with a merry oration, in the *Fescennine* manner, interspersed with secret history, raillery, and sarcasm, as the occasions of the time supplied the matter. Something like this jovial solemnity were the famous *Saturnalian* feasts among the Romans." The work of Amhurst appears to have been worthy of its title, containing much abuse, some wit, and probably more malignity and exaggeration. It is now forgotten, and we shall not revive it in the small degree we are able, by further extending our remarks upon it.

The *Terræ Filius* was published twice a week according to the custom introduced by the *Tatler*, commencing on Wednesday January 11th, 1721, and concluding with the 50th number, on Saturday July 6th, of the following year.

He continued the attack in a poem entitled "*Oculus Britanniae*," published 1721, and in a volume of miscellanies containing for the most part pieces composed when at the university.

What other literary works he engaged in, between the termination of this paper and the commencement of the more celebrated one named "*The Craftsman*," which first appeared in December 1726, or whether he was employed on any, does not appear. The main object of this paper was to attack the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole, and it was continued twice in the week for many years, with much spirit and success. He is said to have been assisted in this work by the great leaders of the opposition of that day, particularly by Bolingbroke, and Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath.

The *Craftsman* was edited under the assumed name of Caleb D'Anvers, but Amhurst was the avowed conductor. It was a work of first rate merit, and attained greater popularity than any previous publication of its kind; ten or twelve thousand copies are said to have been sold of every impression. Though its main object was to attack the ministry of the day, and serve the purposes of the party in opposition, yet it was not absolutely confined to temporary or political topics; many papers on general subjects of literature were admitted, and much wit, humour, and argumentation, frequently displayed. The best pieces were re-published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that time as they

appeared, and a general collection was formed in 1731, consisting of fourteen volumes in 12mo. It continued many years after the death of Amhurst.

Of the spirit and style of this celebrated paper, the following is perhaps a fair specimen.

From the Craftsman of April 21st, 1739.

“ M. D'Aubigny, grandfather of Madam Maintenon, tells a very remarkable story of himself, which ought to be a warning to all free nations, against the growth of corruption. He was one of the heads of the Protestants, in the reign of Henry the fourth of France, and opposed the court with so much vigour, that the king was determined to take away his life, or confine him in the Bastille. M. D'Aubigny being privately informed of it, considered how to preserve himself. After many deliberations, he resolved to go to court, and beg a pension of the king, as the surest method. The king very much surprised, as well as pleased, to see a man of such high spirit grow mercenary, immediately embraced him, and granted his request. From court, he went to the Duke de Sully, the prime minister, who congratulated him on the occasion, and shewed him the Bastille; assuring him that he would have been a prisoner there in less than 24 hours, though now in no farther danger.

“ This introduction to my paper, will, perhaps, make those stupid animals the Gazetteers, perk up their ears, as if I had changed my note, and was beginning to inculcate this courtly doctrine to the worthy patriots of Great Britain—that a pension is a much better thing than a prison,—but let the fools have a little patience, and they will find that I urge this only as an example,

which ought to give all free nations warning; for when once corruption grows prevalent, it is a crime not to be corrupt. In such a case, any nobleman of great distinction and virtue, who should refuse to accept of a pension would be marked out as an enemy to the government, and might expect the following expostulation:—‘Why, my Lord, should you make any scruple of accepting his Majesty’s gracious offer? Do not you see that many Dukes, Earls, &c. think it no indignity, or reflection upon their characters, to accept of an honourable stipend from the crown? What can you conceive to have been the intention of granting so large a civil list? *Petimusque damusque vicissim.*—The bounties of the crown are not to be slighted and refused,—would you pass for a jacobite? The very refusal of it carries a reflection against his Majesty, as if he was pursuing some unwarrantable measure, and may prove very detrimental to his service.’

“But the grand mercenaries of all countries, ought to consider that corruption must at last destroy itself, and the constitution too. Corruption begets corruption, which naturally introduces luxury, and luxury is the certain forerunner of national poverty. What can be the consequences of this but some terrible convulsion, and the experience of the last century furnishes us with a terrible example, that whichever side prevails, it must end in the destruction of the constitution? The cord may bear straining to a great length, but it must break at last. Corruption in a state, is like dram-drinking among private persons: which is apt to grow upon them ’till it destroys their vitals.—I have heard of a woman who had accustomed herself so much to gin, that by degrees she came to drink three gallons in a

day ; but it soon put an end to her miserable life,—I wish, therefore, that there was a Corruption Act, as well as a Gin Act, the former being so much the more necessary than the latter, as the preservation of the whole community is preferable to the safety of individuals.

“ I could carry on this parallel with humour, and even form a sketch of an Act of Parliament—The preamble might run thus :—

“ Whereas great inconveniences have arisen, and do daily arise, from the excessive use of corruption, and by the wicked, pernicious, and infamous practice of taking bribes ; whereby many of his Majesty's good subjects are diverted from pursuing their own and their country's interest, to the great discouragement of honesty, the manifest detriment of trade and commerce, and the imminent danger of utter ruin to these kingdoms. Therefore, may it please your most excellent Majesty, that it be enacted by the authority aforesaid, that from and after the day of in the year of our Lord 1739, no man in England, the dominion of Wales, or the town of Berwick upon Tweed, (for I would not as yet extend the act any farther) shall for the future under any pretence, take or receive, or cause to be taken or received, any pension, bribe, gratuity, gift, bounty, or reward, whatsoever.

“ And be it enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that all contracts and agreements, for the receiving, paying, or delivering, any money, bonds, bills, stock, or any other pecuniary rewards, shall be null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever.

“ And for the better discovery of such evil and

pernicious practices, every person shall be obliged to take the following oath.

* * * * *

“And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that every person offending against the act, shall upon conviction, forfeit treble the value of any such place, pension, or bribe: one moiety thereof to be paid to the informer, and the other moiety to the poor of the parish, where the offender may happen to reside.

“Provided always, and it is hereby enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that any person who will submit to be branded with the name of Rogue, Rascal, or Pensioner, on his face, or have a broad R. clapt on his back, denoting to whom he belongs, may still have, receive, and enjoy a pension, not exceeding two hundred guineas per annum, any thing in this act to the contrary thereof, in any wise notwithstanding.—

“Nothing tends so effectually to encourage and propagate this destructive vice of corruption, as the keeping up old party names and distinctions, when the essential differences should be swallowed up in a general concern for the public good. This may be of great use to a wicked and declining minister, but is certain death to the people, if they are foolish enough to bite at so naked a hook.

“It is so far from being right to keep up the old distinctions of Whig and Tory, that I think even those of Court and County, ought to be laid aside. All persons who sincerely mean the preservation of the constitution, and the present happy establishment, may co-operate, and must have the same views. I have shewn in a former paper, that old Whigs may drop their principles, whilst they only pursue the same guide

with whom they at first set out,—and this puts me in mind of a story which I heard when at Oxford.

“A reverend Doctor, who was a very learned man, and a very silly fellow, which, God knows, is too often the case,—had a great inclination to see London. He had a horse of his own, and did not care for the expence of the coach. But neither he nor his horse knew the way. Ashamed to discover his ignorance, he resolved to follow the stage coach; and for that reason took particular notice of the coachman who drove it. At Wycomb the passengers always shift coaches, which our Doctor not observing, but keeping his eye steadily fixed upon the same guide, took it for certain that he must be right, and was by him led quite the contrary road :—which is exactly the case of some of my honest Whig friends; very good men I dare say, but led out of the way by Robin the coachman.—And as the Doctor after jogging about fifty miles, found himself where he did not design to be, so I hope my good friends will not bring about the same thing which they design to prevent.”

* * * * *

A letter written in the name of Colly Cibber, the laureate, appeared in the Craftsman of July 2d, 1787, in consequence of the passing of an act for licensing plays, to impose a check upon the political effusions of dramatic authors. In this letter the laureate proposes himself to the Chamberlain, to be made corrector of the old plays, as standing equally in need of correction with the modern ones; and he produces several passages from Shakspear, and other poets, in relation to Kings, Queens, Princes, and Ministers of State,

which he says are not now fit to be brought upon the stage. This letter gave such offence to the ministry that they caused the printer to be apprehended. Amhurst however, surrendered himself as author, and was committed to prison in consequence of his refusing to give bail, where he remained some time, and finally obtained his release by suing out a writ of habeas corpus, and the prosecution was given up.

The opposition to Sir Robert Walpole proved at length successful, and he was removed from office in 1742, when the party whose views Amhurst had been labouring to effect, acquired the vacant employments. But with the ingratitude which distinguish politicians by possession, these men neglected to reward the active agent of their elevation.—“Poor Amhurst,” says Mr. Ralph,* “after being the drudge of his party for the best part of twenty years together, was as much forgotten in the famous compromise of 1742, as if he had never been born. And when he died of what is called a broken heart, which happened within a few months afterwards, became indebted to the charity of his very bookseller for a grave—not to be traced now, because then no otherwise distinguished, than by the freshness of the turf brought from the next common to cover it.”—The name of this worthy man should be mentioned; it was Richard Franklin, of Russell Street, Covent Garden, printer and publisher.

On the subject of the neglect experienced by Amhurst, Davies, in his work entitled “Lord Chesterfield’s character reviewed,” has the following remarks:—“But if the Earl of Bath had his pensioners, how came it that Amhurst was forgotten? The fate of this

* In his “Case of Authors.”

poor man is singular. He was the able associate of Bolingbroke and Pulteney, in writing the celebrated weekly paper called the *Craftsman*; his abilities were unquestionable: he had almost as much wit, learning, and various knowledge as his two partners; and when those great masters chose not to appear in public; he supplied their places so well, that his essays were often ascribed to them. Amhurst survived the downfall of Walpole's power, and had reason to expect a reward for his labours. If we excuse Bolingbroke, who only saved the shipwreck of his fortune, we shall be at a loss to justify Pulteney, who could with ease have given this man a comfortable income. The utmost of his generosity to Amhurst, that I ever heard of, was a hogshead of claret. He died it is supposed of a broken heart, and was buried at the charge of his honest printer Richard Franklin."

Dr. Kippis adds of himself:—"Mr. Amhurst was probably one of those imprudent and extravagant men, whose irregularities, in spite of their talents, bring them at length into general desertion and neglect. But this does not excuse the conduct of his employers. His want of purity in morals, if that was his real character, was no objection to their connection with him when he could serve their purpose; and they ought to have so far provided for him, as to have placed him above necessity, during the remainder of his days. The ingratitude of the great to the ingenious persons they make use of as the instruments of their ambition, should furnish instruction to men of abilities in future times, and engage them to build their happiness on the foundation of their own personal integrity, discretion and virtue."

Nicholas Amhurst was probably one of those

“Broken tools that tyrants cast away;”

but it is simply justice to mention every circumstance that may be advanced in mitigation of the seeming neglect of his patrons. These men were advanced to power in January 1742, and Amhurst died so early afterwards as the succeeding month of April, so that it may be inferred that whatever may have been intended for his reward, time was perhaps wanting to carry it into effect; and one biographer asserts that he died not of a broken heart, but of a fever, when residing at Twickenham.

The following is one of the most spirited, and least exceptionable specimen of his poetical talents, and is all that the limits of our work will admit.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

To a Friend, who fancied himself in Love.

Oft hast thou told me, Dick, in friendly part,
That the usurper LOVE, has seiz'd thy heart:
But thou art young, and like our sanguine race,
In thy full health may'st well mistake thy case;
For, trust me, *Love*, that inmate of the mind,
Is very much mistaken by mankind;
And, for his flame, is oft misunderstood,
The sudden rage and madness of the blood:—
But I, who in that study am grown old,
Will to my friend the certain marks unfold,
By which a real passion he may prove,
And *without which* he cannot truly love.

How does this tyrant lord it in thy mind?
What symptoms of his empire dost thou find?

Dost thou within perceive the growing wound?
 Does thy soul sicken, while thy body's sound?
 Does in thy thought some blooming beauty reign,
 Whose strong idea mingles joy with pain!
 When she appears before thee, does she spread
 O'er thy pale, fading cheeks, a sudden red?
 Press her soft lips, or touch her lily hand,
 Does thy heart flutter, does thy breast expand?
 If but her name is mention'd, does it fire
 Thy pulses with a quick and fierce desire?
 Does ev'ry glance, like Jove's vindictive flame,
 Shoot thro' thy veins, and kindle all thy frame?
 From hence a real passion you may prove,
 For he who *wants these symptoms* does not *love*.

Is to one woman all your heart inclin'd?
 And can she only charm your constant mind?
 For her do all your morning wishes rise?
 Does she at night of slumber rob your eyes?
 Musing on her, does she alone excite
 Your thoughts by day, and all your dreams by night?
 Or does your heart, for every nymph you meet,
 Own a new passion, and as strongly beat?
 Do in your eyes all women seem the same;
 And each new face expel the former flame?
 From hence a real passion you may prove,
 If you *love more than one*, you do not *love*.

Does *Love*, and only *Love*, invade your heart,
 Or is it stricken with a golden dart?
 Does the keen arrow from her beauty fly,
 Or does her fortune glitter in your eye?
 For, in this age, how seldom is it found
 That *Love* alone inflicts the secret wound!

Silver and gold are Cupid's surest arms,
 One thousand pounds out-weighs ten thousand charms.
 But art thou sure that, in thy tender heart,
 These worldly baubles bear no sordid part?
 And can'st thou say, sincerely can'st thou say,
 Should adverse fortune on thy charmer prey,
 That still unchang'd thy passion would remain?
 That still thou would'st abide a faithful swain?
 If, in the curs'd South-sea, her all were lost,
 Still would her eyes their former conquests boast?
 And would she, dost thou think, in ev'ry state,
 The same emotions in thy soul create?

From hence a real passion you may prove,
 For if you *sigh for wealth*, you do not *love*.

Again, my friend, incline thy patient ear,—
 For thou hast many questions still to hear,—
 This chosen damsel, this triumphant she,
 Canst thou no blemish in her person see?
 Her temper, shape, her features, and her air,
 Though never yet was born a faultless fair,
 Do they all please? In body or in mind,
 Canst thou no blot nor imperfection find?
 Does o'er her skin no mole or pimple rise?
 Or do e'en these seem beauties in thy eyes?

From hence a real passion you may prove,
 For if you *spy one fault*, you do not *love*.

Do you within a sudden impulse feel,
 To dress, look florid, and appear genteel?
 Do you affect to strike the gazing maid
 With glittering gems; with velvet, and brocade?
 Your snowy wrists do Mecklin pendants grace,
 And do the smartest wigs adorn thy face?

Do you correct your gait, adjust your air,
And bid your tailor take uncommon care?
Before your glass each morning do you stand,
And tie your neckcloth with a critic's hand?
From hence a real passion you may prove,
For *dressing* ever was a mark of *love*.

Do books and worldly cares no longer please?
Can no diversions give your heart-pains ease?
Have wealth and honours lost their wonted charms?
And does ambition yield to Cupid's arms?
Is your whole frame dissolv'd, by love engross'd,
To study, interest, and preferment lost?
From hence a real passion you may prove,
For if *aught else prevails*, you do not *love*.

Do all your thoughts, your wishes, and desires,
Comply with her's, and burn with mutual fires?
If she loves balls, assemblies, operas, plays,
Do they in you the same amusement raise?
If she at Ombre loves to waste the night,
Do you in Ombre take the same delight?
If to the ring her graceful horses prance,
Does your new chariot to the ring advance?
If in the Mall she chuses to appear,
Or if at court, do you attend her there?
What she commends, does your officious tongue
Approve, and censure what she judges wrong?
Are all her loves and her aversions thine?
In all her joys and sorrows dost thou join?
Art thou, my friend, united to her frame,
Thy heart, thy passions, and thy soul the same?
From hence a real passion you may prove,
For without *sympathy* you cannot *love*.

Didst thou e'er strive, once more sincerely say,
 With friends and wine to drive thy cares away?
 And have e'en these endeavours prov'd in vain,
 Will neither friends nor wine remove thy pain?
 Dost thou sit pensive, full of thought, repine,
 And in thy turn forget the circling wine?

From hence a real passion you may prove,
 For if *wine drowns your flame* you do not *love*.

Art thou a tame, resign'd, submissive swain?
 Canst thou bear scorn, repulses, and disdain?
 Can no ill-treatment nor unkind returns,
 Quench the strong flame that in thy marrow burns?
 But do they rather aggravate thy smart,
 And give a quicker edge to every dart?
 Does not each scornful look or angry jest,
 Drive the keen passion deeper in thy breast?
 Do not her poignant questions and replies,
 Thy partial ears agreeably surprize?

From hence a real passion you may prove,
 For if you can *resent*, you do not *love*.

Whole live-long days you have enjoy'd her sight;
 Say, were your eyes e'er sated with delight?
 Did not you wish each moment to return?
 Did not your breast with stronger ardours burn?
 Did not each view another view provoke?
 And every meeting give a deeper stroke?

From hence a real passion you may prove,
 For there is *no satiety* in *love*.

Perhaps you judge it an imprudent flame,
 And therefore live at distance from the dame:
 But what is the effect? does absence heal
 Those wounds, which smarting in her sight you feel?

Does not to her your mind unbidden stray?
 Does not your heart confess her distant sway?
 Does not each rising thought enhance your pain?
 And don't you long to see her once again?

From hence a real passion you may prove,
 For that which *absence cancels* is not *love*.

Suppose, once more, your parents or your friends
 Either for peevish or prudential ends,
 Should thwart thy choice, thy promis'd bliss oppose,
 Would'st thou for her engage all these thy foes?
 Would'st thou despise an angry father's frown,
 And scorn the noisy censures of the town?
 Could'st thou, possess'd of her, with patience see
 The coxcomb's finger pointed forth at thee?
 Would it not vex you, as you pass along,
 To hear the little spleen of every tongue?
 "There goes the fond young fool, who t'other day,
 "In heedless wedlock threw himself away;
 "And to indulge the rash, ungovern'd heat,
 "Of a vain passion, lost a good estate!"
 Would not such insults grate thy tender ear?
 Could'st thou, besides, without compunction bear
 The scornful smile, and the disdainful sneer?

From hence a real passion you may prove,
 For he who *loves with reason*, does not *love*.

Still must I touch thee in a tend'rer part:
 Would not a happy rival stab thy heart?
 Could'st thou behold the darling of thy breast
 With freedom by another youth caress'd?
 Say, could'st thou to thy dearest friend afford
 A kiss, a smile, or one obliging word?

Say, at the public ball, or private dance,
When the brisk couples artfully advance,
Could'st thou, unmov'd with indignation, stand :
If to another she resign'd her hand?
Would your heart rest at ease, or would it swell
With all the pains, the sharpest pains of hell?
From hence a real passion you may prove,
For, *without jealousy*, you cannot *love*.

To the last question of thy trusty friend—
Tho' many more might still be ask'd—attend :
To purge her virtue, or revenge her wrongs,
For beauty is the theme of busy tongues—
Should blood be call'd for in the doubtful strife,
Would'st thou with pleasure part with blood—or life?
Would'st thou all dangers in her cause despise,
And meet unequal foes for such a prize?
Would it not plant new courage in thy heart,
And double vigour to thy arm impart?
To screen thy mistress from the slightest harms,
Wouldst not thou purchase death, and would not death
have charms
From hence a real passion you may prove,
For never yet was *coward* known to *love*.

By these prescriptions judge your inward part,
Put all these questions closely to your heart ;
And if by them your flame you can approve,
Then will I own that you *sincerely love*.

MOSES BROWN.

BORN 1703.—DIED 1787.

Moses Brown was not a native of Kent, and is connected with that county only by residing there in the latter part of his life, when chaplain of Morden College.

In his youth he is said to have been a pen-cutter; he did not however, content himself with forming that most important instrument, he had an ambition to try his powers in using it, and upon the establishment of the Gentleman's Magazine, in 1731, became one of Mr. Urban's earliest poetical, and probably general correspondents. He was a competitor for the prizes offered to poetical writers, by the worthy proprietor of that miscellany, the memorable Edward Cave, and in three or four instances bore away the palm. He was then according to his own statement—"in perfect obscurity"—but he afterwards seems, if an opinion may be formed by the notices scattered through his published works, to have secured the notice and patronage of several eminent persons; particularly of George B. Doddington, Esq. afterwards Lord Melcombe, Lord Orrery the Countess of Hertford, and the Reverend Mr. Hervey, author of the "Meditations."

His earliest detached publication was a series of nine Piscatory Eclogues, which he addressed to

Doddington, whom he calls his "Patron," in a poetical dedication, overflowing with adulation. His views at this time may be known by the following lines,

Happy if some upraised hand like thine,
 Would place me in the *rural seat* remote,
Mild Servitor; or carelessly employ'd
 To ward in *forest lares* the *sylvan game*;
 Enwrapt I languish for the *wish'd retreat*,
 Deny'd to my unhappy hopes:—

A curious manner this of asking for the place of steward or gamekeeper! Whether he obtained either of these wished, and to a poor poet most enviable situations, or not, we have no account: from the character of his patron, and the circumstances of his literary history—we fear not.

He continued to correspond with the conductor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and in 1739 formed a collection of his poems in one volume 8vo. printed and published by his friend Cave. Ten years afterwards, in 1749, he published a blank verse poem, with the title of "Sunday Thoughts," which is by far the best of his works, and has been repeatedly printed.

In 1772 he edited, for the eighth time, Isaac Walton's "Complete Angler," of the precepts contained in which instructive and very entertaining work, he appears during his life, to have made good practical use, being a determined angler. The several songs in this unique production are set to music by him in this edition, and the attempt displays considerable talent for that science, of which he speaks in the preface with much modesty.

By the advice, and probably by the assistance of his friend Hervey, he entered into holy orders, and

became vicar of Olney in Buckinghamshire, since celebrated as the residence of the poet Cowper, and in 1763 chaplain of Morden College in Kent, where he died, and is buried.

Moses Brown is one of those poetical writers who have attracted some notice during their lives, but whose genius is not sufficiently buoyant to keep them afloat upon the stream of notoriety. He had the art,—a common one, and to be attained certainly by perseverance, but greatly overrated in the early part of the last century,—of writing easy verse; he indited

“Much metre, with much pains,”

but little or no real poetic merit. Of his *Piscatory Belogues* all we shall say is the expression of a hope that they will be the last ever attempted; it is miserable to see talent, whatever may be its degree, absolutely wasted in the application; and assuredly of all employments and classes of men, one of the least poetical is fishing and fishers. Brown translated the elegies of Ovid, which have the title of “*Amorum*,” and not badly:—two or three of them were published in his collection, and in the volumes of the *Magazine*; he was probably advised to keep this work nine years, and it is well he did, or he never would have deserved the vicarage of Olney. His “*Essay on the Universe*,” was more in character with the sanctity of his profession, and is a very fair specimen of his talent; but by far his greatest work is his “*Sunday Thoughts*,” which contains much genuine, and truly orthodox piety, and many pleasing pictures of nature, drawn with a poet’s eye, and no unpracticed hand. From this our principal selections shall be made.

FROM THE ESSAY ON THE UNIVERSE.

The great Storm of 1703.

Scarce had the night with sable shades appear'd,
Ere in dark skies the must'ring winds were heard;
First hoarse and low, the sullen murmur past,
Rose by degrees, and grew with every blast.
Nought then was heard the ear to entertain,
No voice of mirth, nor music's cheerful strain.
But far resounded through the dismal gloom,
The rattling clamours of the falling dome;
Or the torn roof in show'rs of clatt'ring hail,
With hideous din clos'd every deaf'ning gale.
Deep terror every trembling heart amaz'd,
And fear within still fiercer tempests rais'd.
From every eye the downy slumber fled,
And only sleep's soft rule possess'd the dead.
Then rose aghast the pale adult'rous pair,
Compell'd to kneel in forc'd distracted pray'r.
The sculking thief, to nightly murder prone
Dreads from the tottering battlement his own.
How different the religious face appears!
His steadfast brow an awful calmness wears.
Tow'rds the loud heav'ns his eyes expressive roll,
And danger wakes devotion in his soul.
Then Providence illustrious tokens gave
Of it's sure pow'r, and watchful care to save.

Nor could the land the spreading storm contain,
With equal fury it assaults the main.
Let, Eddistone, thy massy tow'r declare
How fierce the elemental conflict there!
From the firm rock the deep foundations torn,
And to the seas with total ruin borne.

Here the huge bark unmoor'd, its tackling lost,
 By the chaf'd waves behold confus'dly tost;
 Or forc'd with all its crew, a hapless band,
 On the swift-splitting rock, or burying sand.
 There the driv'n vessels meet with clashing weight,
 And by one blow both sink in mingled fate.

How big the woes of that disastrous night !
 Nor ended here—the unrelieving light
 But only serv'd fate's terrors to disclose,
 And a dire scene of opening horrors rose.
 Lo ! the tall buildings, late admir'd for strength,
 That grac'd but now the city's spacious length,
 Uncouthly shattered, shock th' averting eye,
 Or, with their base, in levell'd ruin lie.
 On, the sea strand the wreck profusely strew'd
 Declar'd the havoc of the fatal flood.
 The prostrate groves their faded honours mourn,
 Riv'd in the midst, or from their bottoms torn.
 Such dire designs the airy forces form,
 When heav'n's dread word commands th' assisting
 storm.

FROM THE SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

A Morning Walk.

Hail silent fields ! with your inhabitant
 Blest contemplation ! friendly to the muse.—
 Yet grateful interruption may ye here
 By change admit ; of flocks that bleating feed
 And herds deep lowing, and the music shrill
 Heard round me, of the insect's buzzing wing,
 And loud, of early birds the varied charm.

These praise their Maker all, and lift in praise
The pious heart to join in nature's prayer.
Ner things of voice alone, each humid flow'r
It's incense breathes to thee! each dewy plant,
And grassy spire, thick strung with native pearl!
Almighty Father! flocks, and herds, and birds,
Insects and flow'rs, and plants; all nature's births,
All praise thy goodness, all but thankless man!
Man, most ungrateful! most oblig'd of all!

But see! in mild, resplendent majesty,
See! where ascending, the bright lord of day,—
His forehead hung with locks of curling gold,—
Smiles from his eastern throne; dispelling fast
Th' invading mists, that with distemper'd shade
Hang on night's dusky rear, and hide from view
Surrounding prospects fair: of flow'ret-meads
And wood-clad hills, with villas intermix'd
Of ancient aspect, fram'd for rural peace;
Delightful residence! and verdant groves
Of structure tall, and silver-skirting streams,
Winding through vales in Flora's wardrobe drest,
Or rich in stately grain; whose loaded plumes
Dance proudly on the breeze; and like a sea
Roll far the sounding vegetable wave.
And all beyond the mountain heights appear
By distance blue; that lose themselves in sky.

How chang'd the prospect from the scene of late,
When darkness, emblem of still nature's grave,
Had clos'd her in a temporary death;
Annihilating colours, sense, and forms,
On ev'ry lid had shed her poppy dews,
And round creation's silent bed had drawn
Her sable curtains of nocturnal gloom.

Thus looks the convert,—late in bondage lock'd
Of legal terrors,—a tremendous night!
Thus chang'd, when on his sad tenebrious soul,
Jesus, the day-star from above, shall rise
With healing balm beneath his radiant wings;
Jesus, of righteousness, that brighter sun!

Is light so grateful to the human sense?
Created light—a faint, refracted ray?
One distant sun; the shadow but of God!
Dark adumbration of the deity?
O! what is heav'n, that day of endless light?
Where saints shall from th' essential fountain drink
Of radiance! in God's full paternal shine?
Ah! what is hell? of ever absent day
A night, all hopeless!—and all endless too!

Welcome bright influence! kindest gift of Him
Who bade thy orb of splendours pour on earth
Life, health, and joy! thy warm, thy friendly ray
How grateful! while the vapour-weeping mead
Reeks with chill mist, an incommodious track
For the rash trav'ler yet, whose welt'ring feet
Brush from the plashy blades the tears of morn.
Here let me wander, where in fragrance full
Or rosy light, this more inviting hill
Drinks on his sloping side, the franker beam.
With pace relax'd the steep ascent I gain;
But gain with toil—how like the christian's path:
A sweetly-pleasing, yet laborious way—
And now, how vast a landscape, kenn'd from hence,
Breaks on my 'wilder'd eye! in roving lost,
From field, farm, village, park, dale, stream, and grove.
Gay primrose lawns, flaming in vernal gold,
Or daisy—interlaid, of checquer'd hues:

With herds and flocks, wide feeding round at will;
And woods night-brown: where ever and anon
Some opening glade I meet, with ranging troops
Of timorous deer; viewed here and there between.
And here and there, a branch of some fair stream
Silv'ring the vale; and over all, the tops
Of sacred spires, that tow'r in ancient state,
I catch at distant glance; a solemn sight!
Beyond them Thames, her ocean-hast'ning flood
Throws widely open to the beam of heav'n;
Her bosom white with proudly-swelling sails,
That bear her home the treasures of the world,
Spread a full breadth, to gather all the wind
By the glad crews revisiting her shores.
Whose spirits dance with expectation warm,
Parents or friends, in transport soon to meet
Consorts or children; after absence long.
And farther on, in smallness almost lost,
Augusta, seen in soft'ning miniature,
O'er a profusive longitude of plains,
Her hundred temples rears; like needle-points
Uprising slender in th' embrighten'd air.
Where, in the midst, the work of Wren displays
Its graceful dome; and to the west, just spy'd,
The gothic abbey: where sepulchred sleeps
Through a long race, the dust of Albion's kings.
Around I gaze—around—by raptures tir'd,
Yet never full—some object new and fair,
Some fresh presented charm, where'er I turn
The scene expands—and still expands the scene,
With prospects ever fair, and ever new.
But all is seen below, a picture spread
Beneath my feet, with nought above but skies..

The Rookery.

The peopled rookery—all abroad on wing,
Each with their several families employ'd,
Training to industry their callow broods.
To man how moral ! loud it speaks to man :
Man may learn here—that indolent !—his work,
His duties task : of helpless progeny
The care, and erudition's tender toil.
Man may learn here—that infidel !—to place
On Providence his trust : these all depend
On its free almonry :—wide dost thou stretch
Preserver kind, thy liberal shedding hand
Munificent, and with profusion fill
Of every living thing the large desire !
More useful lesson yet to man they teach,
To atheist man, that monster rational !
One obvious lesson, more important still :
Pray'r,—nature's instinct, innate to the soul,
A tax of homage on creation laid,
The general bond on universal life.
Their morning orisons, their vespers loud
These teach their young ; the infant suppliants cry,
And ask their meat from God : how sweetly,—hark !
Sound their responses ! how devout the charm !
And see the sporting minstrels ! how in troops
They make excursion ; now divide, now join
Their sable columns ; travel and return ;
Yet never jostle in their mazy flight.
While quick observing, through their lofty camp,
Their planted centinel gives warning signs.
Strange intuition !—cheaply tenanted,
Free and at ease they dwell : content each day

With nature's dole, and blest with careless sleep,
Hous'd in their skiey chambers, rock'd with winds.
Ah! happy freemen! ye, your fields of air
Hold common with ye all. Man, tyrant lord!
Parcels his speck of earth; to each small spot,
Counting mean self the whole, lays private claim,
And yokes in servile toils his vassal'd kind,
Distinguish'd scarcely from the vassal'd brute;
Pre-eminent alone, by birth, in woe.

Sun-set, and the approach of night.

But see, where now, thy own best parallel,
See where at length the downward-bearing sun
His low, broad orb of setting splendour rests
On the green pillow of yon western steep.
In smiling radiance bidding half our world
Farewell, on speed to visit nether skies.
Carrying morn, noon, and night in ceaseless change,
Each new, swift minute round the peopl'd ball.
Look! how the rapid journier seems to bait
His slack'ning steeds, and loos'd to evening sports,
Shoots down obliquely his diverging beams!
That kindle on opposing hills the blaze
Of glitt'ring turrets, and illumin'd domes;
A prospect all on fire; 'till sinking still,
More, and still sinking, while to sight quite lost,
His rays play upwards, in the fleecy clouds,
That swiftly pencil'd, dress a mimic scene
In fancy's eye, of groves, and whiten'd alps,
And towers romantic, rear'd complete, or waste
In ruin'd majesty: with interspace
Of golden ether, and Elysian plain:—
Then vanish quite as soon; and shift by turns

To tinctures of a thousand different dyes :
Till twilight last steps forth, her modest face
Half hid, beneath her gentler lucent vest.
She from their flow'ry prisons straight unlocks
The light-wing'd odours ; that on sweetest range
Drop their rich nectar'd treasures as they fly ;
Catch'd, vagrant, by the sultry-soothing gale.

'Tis solemn gloom, toil'd nature's grateful hour
Of universal solace, calm and still.
The little warbler of the cheerful day
The charmer-lark, has sung himself to rest.
Each feathery labourer has his vesper clos'd
Perch'd on his bough. But wakes in conscious man,—
Wakes still,—the deep solicitude of thought !
And now more deep, while mounted on her sphere,
Prime near attendant on her solar lord,
The star of eve lights up her diamond flames.
And the pale milder regent of the night,
Replenish'd from her brother's lucid urn,
In her fill'd orb, new ris'n, completely thron'd,
Pours through wide fields of sky her argent stream.
Queen of the shades, amid her lesser train
Of fix'd and planetary lustres join'd
In lumination mutual, slow she moves
Thro' her throng'd court ; and heav'n's vast palace
glows
With an infinitude of living fires.

Night.

Hark ! 'tis the nightingale,—love's lonely bird !—
In the deep bosom of this dusky wood
Pathless of human foot, she sits secure
Her harbour ; by the melancholy scene

Sweet'ning her note ; while the soft lamp of night
Gleams on the burnish'd brook with liquid gold,
Cheering the shade ; on whose tall topmost boughs,
Pal'd with the glim'ring rays, the rust'ling leaves
Join their low whispers ; clos'd with cadence deep
From the drone beetle's sleep-exciting horn :
And off the sharp-brow'd cliff, in murmurs faint
From hence scarce heard, a distant water-fall
Add's its hoarse, solemn, dying harmony.
All, with confusion mix'd, with music rude,
Reverberated, from the cavern'd hill ;
The cell where ever-waking echo keeps
Her still nocturnal watch.—'Tis pleasing thus
To wander, thoughtful, through the sylvan grove,
At fragrant morn, scorch'd noon, or dewy eve ;
Oft as the season free occasion lends,—
Slow as the silent fowler roves, who steps
The fresh-plow'd glebe, and in each furrow quests
Some springing game—nor ceases this to please
The mind of nature fond in every dress,
E'en when she wears her virgin shroud of snows,
And weeping mists spread, sad, her funeral pall.
Each change affords delight. But mark ! where north
Shot from the pole, a new Aurora breaks
With imitated dawn.—Mysterious light !—
Perhaps portentous of earth's hast'ning doom,
Vapour, and sanguine cloud, and pillar'd smoke,
As speaks the seer inspir'd. *—And now the moon
A curtain-fold of richest diaphery draws
O'er her dim form, that warns to due repose.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH, L.L.D.

BORN 1715.—DIED 1773.

*O! let me haste to yonder rustic seat
Which circles the huge trunk of that old oak
Upon the furzy heath, where memory flies
Back to the hour, when in my boyish time
I sat and listen'd to the voice of truth,
Reason and wit, and polish'd elegance,
Breath'd from the lips of one who aptly join'd
The sage's wisdom with the poet's lore.
My tutor, and my friend! and skill'd alike
To move the fancy, and to mend the heart.
'Twas to this bench we oft repair'd; yon spire
We oft have view'd together,—now alas!
It marks the church-yard where his reliques lie;—
There will I speed, and bending o'er the sod,
Breathe from my grateful soul the prayer which oft
That soul has pour'd on HAWKESWORTH's undeck'd grave.*
(PRATT.)

Of the family from which John Hawkesworth was descended we have no account; his father was probably a watchmaker, which may explain the assertion that has found its way into most of the biographical sketches extant of him, of his having been originally destined for that mechanical employment. He was born at Bromley,* in Kent, and according to his epitaph,

* So says Lempriere, upon what authority we know not:—The circumstance of his being a native of Bromley is not mentioned by any other biographer that we are aware of; and being born among the dissenters, a reference to parish registers would not settle the point.

which is the best authority we have, in 1715, but most of his biographers fix the date of his birth later by four years. His family was of the Presbyterian sect, and he was himself in the early part of his life a member of Bradbury's congregation, a celebrated preacher of that time, from which he is said to have been expelled for some irregularity. Whatever may have been his original destination, it is asserted by Sir John Hawkins, that he was a hired clerk with Mr. Harwood, an attorney in the Poultry; this assertion is in some degree confirmed by the character of his hand-writing, which is decidedly that of a law-writer, and it is most probable that his employment in the office was merely that of a transcriber, which may account for the term hired, as applied to his clerkship. It is certain that this occupation did not satisfy him, and that he took the earliest opportunity that offered to resign it, for the more congenial pursuits of literature. Of his education we know nothing; he was probably taught Latin and French, both of which languages are to be found in his communications to the Gentleman's Magazine. Sir John Hawkins, in his life of Johnson, gives the following account of his literary attainments. "He was a man of fine parts, but no learning: his reading had been irregular and desultory: the knowledge he had acquired, he, by the aid of a good memory, retained, so that it was ready at every call; but on no subject had he ever formed a system. All of ethics that he knew, he had got from Pope's Essay on Man, and Epistles; he had read the modern French writers, and more particularly the poets; and with the aid of Keill's Introduction, Chamber's Dictionary, and such other common books, he had attained such an insight into

physics, as enabled him to talk on the subject. In the more valuable branches of learning he was deficient. His office of curator of the Magazine, gave him great opportunities of improvement, by an extensive correspondence with men of all professions : it increased his little stock of literature, and furnished him with more than a competent share of that intelligence which is necessary to qualify a man for conversation. He had a good share of wit, and a vein of humour."

This summary way of deciding upon the attainments of an author by profession, and presuming to point out the very books from which he drew the information he possessed, shews a degree of arrogance in the writer which may reasonably lead us to doubt the correctness of his assertion. Hawkesworth had indeed no pretension to the character of a learned man, if by a learned man be meant one whose memory is loaded with all the literary lumber of schools; but that he derived from nature the finest capacity, that he had read much and observed more, is amply proved by the number, variety, and the excellence of his productions. Whatever may have been his qualifications, it is certain that he considered himself possessed of a competent stock to commence the arduous career of an author, and it is probable that in the early part of his life he subsisted upon the productions of his pen; part of which may, perhaps, have been of the mere mechanical kind.

His talents however, if not his learning, led him into the best literary society : he associated with Johnson and his friends, became a member of the club in Ivy-Lane, and in the year 1744 succeeded Johnson in the employment of compiling the *Parliamentary Debates* for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, then considered the most

important part of that popular work. He did not confine himself to this alone, he contributed largely to the original poetry of the Magazine for the years 1746, 1747, 1748, and 1749. The pieces he wrote may be found in the several poetical indices for those years; under the title of poems by H. Greville; and a list of them has been given on the authority of the Rev. Mr. Duncombe, in which there are some errors, arising from the circumstance of his having confounded them with others by a different pen, and signed J.G. though there is certainly some resemblance in the subjects and style. There is no difficulty in referring to the poems written by Hawkesworth; in the indices for 1746, 1747, and 1748, they are classed together and described as by "Mr. or H. Greville: in the index for 1749 they are not classed together, but arranged under their several titles; they are however in every instance described as written by Mr. or H. Greville. What share he took in the prose department of the magazine at this time, or whether he took any, is not known; later in his life he was considered the principal conductor of it; and it is probable that during these years, some of the prose essays were written by him.

At this period Mr. Hawkesworth was a married man; his wife's name was Brown, who, with her mother, kept a boarding-school at Sydenham, where he officiated as writing master; when he married we are ignorant, but they afterwards removed to his native town of Bromley. Some of his biographers assert that his pecuniary means in the early part of life were confined; this may be doubted: from the time of his marriage he was certainly a resident at Bromley; which from its vicinity to London afforded him the means of ready

communication with the press ; his wife's school, which she continued there, we are informed, was in a flourishing state ; he was regularly employed by the booksellers, and it does not appear that he was burthened with the support of a family. In a letter addressed by him to Mr. Highmore the painter, now before the writer, of the date of 1757, is the following passage : " The house in which I now live at this place, is lately sold with the estate to which it belongs, and I shall be obliged to quit it in about eight months ; it will be some disadvantage to me to quit the place in which I have many of those social attachments that sooth the solitudes, and reward the labours of my life ; yet there is not a house within a mile of me that I can hire, and I must leave my friends with whatever reluctance, if I cannot get a house built to keep me among them : now I believe I could get a house built if a little spot of ground could be purchased to build upon."—He proceeds to point out a convenient spot, and requests his friend Highmore to use his interest with the proprietor, to induce him to dispose of a space sufficient for the purpose ;—" as much as will be sufficient for a little house and a little garden, even one acre will be enough."—At this time then it is evident that Hawkesworth had been long resident at Bromley, and was in circumstances to purchase land and build a house.

When Dr. Johnson's Rambler ceased to be published as a periodical work, Hawkesworth projected a successor to it, and commenced in 1752 a series of essays under the title of the Adventurer, which were published twice in the week, during that and the two succeeding years. We will not occupy our pages with the history or character of this well known and justly appreciated

work; it will be sufficient to remark that it established the author's fame as a man of letters, and procured him wealth, friends, rank, and employment.

There is one circumstance connected with this publication, and the private life of Hawkesworth, upon which we have it in our power to throw some light. Dr. Drake asserts that—"One object which Hawkesworth had in view in the composition of his *Adventurers*, was that of proving to the world how well adapted he was, in point of moral and religious principle, for the superintendence of the school, which his wife had opened for the education of young ladies. This object was fully attained, for the seminary rapidly increased, and finally became a very lucrative undertaking." Mr. Chalmers has a similar remark.—"At this time his wife kept a school for the education of young ladies, and his ambition was to demonstrate by his writings how well qualified he was to superintend a seminary of that kind."—Both these writers are probably mistaken; it may very justly be presumed that Hawkesworth had not personally employed himself in teaching young ladies at any period of time, and that before the commencement of the *Adventurer*, the ladies' school had ceased to exist. The compiler of the *Biographia Dramatica*, a better authority than either of these writers,*

* It must be admitted that they have the authority of Sir J. Hawkins, a contemporary, and in a certain degree an associate of Hawkesworth's: who asserts that his zeal in conducting the *Adventurer*, "was excited by a motive far more strong than any which actuated his coadjutors, a desire of advantage in his then profession, which ostensibly was that of governor of a school for the education of young females, by making himself known as a judge of life and manners, and capable of qualifying those of riper years for the important

because a contemporary, asserts that Hawkesworth—"resided at Bromley in Kent, where his wife kept a boarding school, which they relinquished in order to accommodate two women of fortune who came to reside with them."—The following extract from a letter addressed by Hawkesworth to the Rev. John Duncombe, of the date of Feb. 10th, 1758, is now before the writer.—

"I would sooner have acknowledged the favour of your's of the 3d of Feb. which however did not reach me here 'till the 8th, if it had not been for the loss of a most tender, faithful, and intimate friend, who has been domestic with us more than ten years. The loss of those who perfectly know, and yet perfectly love us, is irreparable, and such a loss we have now sustained. Those who do not perfectly love us, our infirmities may gradually alienate, as they are gradually discovered; those who do perfectly know us, it is odds but they have in some degree alienated already: but such was the kindness of the friend we have lost, that she was in every respect another self; whose pleasures which became *double* by being shared between Mrs. Hawkesworth and myself, became *treble* to both by being shared also with her. Instead of this pleasure, I have now the

relations of domestic society."—By favor of this *elegant* writer, we would presume rather that Hawkesworth's "then profession" was "ostensibly" that of an author:—that it is not usual in Great Britain to have male "governors" of "female," or to speak more correctly and gallantly, of ladies' schools;—and that the composition of one of the most elegant collections of essays in any language, was a strange method for a governor of a school to make choice of, as the means of displaying his talents for qualifying "young females" for the "relations of domestic life." The whole account is absurd, and Hawkesworth's inducement for undertaking the *Adventurer* obvious.

soothing remembrance of having long sheltered the gentle and blameless life of a most amiable woman from the insults of those who are without virtue, and the neglect of those that are without feeling. I yesterday followed her to the grave,—and those who can follow her beyond it will be happy !”—

If this lady were one of those alluded to by the writer of the *Biographia Dramatica*, Mrs. Hawkesworth must have resigned her school previously to the year 1748, and four years at least before the commencement of the *Adventurer*.

By the favor of the same kind friend who furnished us with the above extract, three letters are now on our table written by Miss Highmore, afterwards better known as the wife of the Rev. J. Duncombe, to her father and Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, during a residence in the family of Dr. Hawkesworth, in the summer of the year 1750. Nothing is said in any part of these of the existence of the school, and it is reasonable to infer from such silence that it did not then exist.* The following extracts from these letters, display the private character of Dr. Hawkesworth and his lady, to great advantage. In the first, dated July 25th, Miss Highmore remarks to her father—“ My friends are so kind as to express themselves obliged by your consenting without limits to my continuance among them, but I must set bounds to their indulgence, and resolve on leaving them after I have made a decent second visit here.—Miss H.——

* From private information of unquestionable authority, we have been since assured that Mrs. Hawkesworth, after the death of her mother, kept a boarding house for ladies, rather than a boarding school for children, to the latter of which, although of a superior order, the Doctor always expressed a great dislike, and never interfered in the management of it.

and her brother, are now at home, and make a pleasing addition to our happy society. She is more than a favorite, she is a friend of Dr. H.'s; she, he says, has a *soul*, has sense and *sensibility*; which last is with him the charm of womanhood, and what he would name as such, and enforce by repetition, as heretofore action was declared the soul and spring of oratory. I have just passed a most agreeable afternoon with Miss H.—, and she expresses regret for having lost so much of the time I was here, as she had heard of my visit, and wishes to be a party in all the improving philosophical conversations she supposes fill up the hours I pass with the master of this house. Sometimes, nay often, we do philosophise, and in a manner worthy the attention of the wise; at least so much I may say of my instructor, for it is probable I may appear in the dialogue but as a humble scholar, learning as Epictetus describes his hearers, though I have a very different tutor from that stoic. For he is always saying that ‘It is the duty of man not to labour after a kind of negative happiness, by quenching his sensibility both of pleasure and pain, and affecting content under circumstances in which content is impossible;—but to make that sensibility the means of enjoyment, by avoiding whatever can give it pain, and seeking and enjoying without fear, every delight not injurious to others, which the bounteous author of his being has given him faculties to taste.’ I wish you would point out to me the subject of that Adventurer to which we made objections, I should be glad to talk of it, and enter into some explanations.”—

The second letter is addressed to Miss Elizabeth Carter, and bears the date of Aug. 12th,—this we shall transcribe nearly at full.

“Perhaps, dear Madam, you will wonder when I inform you that I have passed almost a month with your friend Dr. Hawkesworth. I came by his and his lady’s invitation, as I thought for a few days, but they have been so kind, and I so happy, that I have gone on far beyond the bounds of a decent first visit; yet methinks we are like very old acquaintance already. Mrs. H. so charmingly easy, so constantly placid, and cheerful, and he a companion so agreeable, an instructor so capable, and a friend so estimable, how can I refuse their repeated requests to tarry with them, when I see openness and sincerity seem to direct all their conduct. I am among a little knot of friends I love, and I assure you Dr. H. is a very gay philosopher, and associates very much with neighbours, who are all desirous of his company, and not a little proud of it. I am afraid when I return home I shall lament the not having sufficiently improved my time, where such opportunities are afforded for enriching the mind; a regret I generally feel when I have taken a farewell of you. Yet I have the satisfaction of acknowledging that your friendship and instructions have never been lost upon me, for I am sensible of the fruit produced by the seed you have sown, and most grateful is my heart.

“I suppose you are not much acquainted with Bromley though it is in your own beloved county. It has every charm that a rural spot can boast, which is neither adjoined by sea nor river, for the river is so inconsiderable, that I am ashamed to own it for more than a ditch; however, pleasant walks and fine prospects abound, and while at Mrs. K.——’s I got on a large lake, which I easily fancied a river, and was rowed in a boat to a little island so pretty and decorated, that it

looks like an enchanted place, and there we found coffee, tea, &c. but it inspires all who land on it with too much mirth; it resembles not Circe's, nor yet Ar-mida's, or Calypso's island, but if Euphrosyne ever possessed an isle, I would almost suppose it her's, or appertaining almost to Comus's rabble rout. You may guess we go in what is called jolly parties by what I have said. I have been much happier in a gentleman's garden hard by, where I was allowed to take the key and lock myself in with Plutarch, and there retire with his lawgivers and heroes; seated myself in a bower of flowering shrubs, every thing tranquil around me, and my mind almost given up to unmixed felicity. But of all the great men whose characters I read, how very few complete one's hopes, from their high qualities, of a uniform life of virtue; ambition, revenge, or oppression, sully almost every one:—and is it still the same with every human being? I fear not even the light of christianity, the want of which excuses in some measure former ages, has shielded many since from the influence of those and other enormous vices. How it humbles human nature in general, and yet consoles each individual, to see what weakness universally mixes with the brightest souls.

“I have read Caractacus, and it gave me pleasure, but still I was not quite satisfied with the performance, and could not help thinking something more might have been given from such a character, and something less of the Druids would have perhaps shewn a better judgment,—yet it has great merit in its sentiments, and some descriptive parts; and I will not, more than you, give up a piece that really afforded me entertainment, notwithstanding I have been also tempted by the art of ridicule, from

these too of whom I have a high opinion; one of them I believe I may venture to name to you,—the author of *Maxims and Characters*,* who spent a day or two here; he is quite agreeable in conversation, and seems to have much knowledge and quick parts, however I could have quarrelled with several things in his book.

“ You do not satisfy me by what you say of *Rasselas*, with which I am highly delighted, though the author has represented life rather in an undesirable light; but truth will be truth, and he thought content only another word for happiness I suppose. However when I first read it, I hoped for some such conclusion, and my vanity would by that have been gratified to the utmost; since if I might mention in the same page so fine a work with so childish a one as my poor *Allegory*, I would say that, that was my destination for my travellers, who you know being disappointed of the palace of happiness, were received at last into the house of content.

“ I do not think that I have much more time for reading than you, at present, but am going to begin the *Life of Clarendon*, yet expect continual interruptions of the pleasurable kind, and I give way to them the rather as they conduce to my health; and as you say fall so unavoidably in my way, that it would be quite blameable not to join in the frequent dissipation. I have been twice at the Assembly, and as I knew a great many there, and especially the last time had an agreeable partner for dancing, it was more pleasing than I expected, but can by no means say it was conducive to my health, since any sitting up disagrees with me woefully. I am

* “*Maxims, Characters, and Reflections; Critical, Satyrical, and Moral.*”—8vo. Tonson, 1756.

too often tempted to that in this house, where a thousand charming subjects of conversation allured me from sleep, at the hour sleep ought to be courted.

“We have had great rejoicings here on the late success in Germany, but all the events of war are so dreadful, attended with such destruction, and complicated distress that I am greatly affected with it, and while others gave way to joy, I could not restrain some tears; and Dr. Hawkesworth, who was not less affected, moralised with me upon the occasion; yet who can account for such a horrid evil in the world? One dares not enquire nor think too far upon it.”—

The last paragraph in this letter is curious, as it shews the disposition for abstract speculations on theological subjects, which even then occupied the mind and employed the conversation of Dr. Hawkesworth, and which afterwards when more amply expressed in print, cost him so dear: such subjects should be avoided; Milton has very justly assigned them to the followers of Satan.

Soon after the publication of the *Adventurer*, Dr. Hawkesworth was rewarded by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Herring, with the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws. An empty title, which seems to have produced him only disappointment and loss of valuable friends. Considering himself qualified by this degree to practice as a civilian in the ecclesiastical courts, after some preparatory study he made the attempt, but met with so much opposition that he was induced to desist. A worse consequence was the loss of Johnson's friendship, which happened at the same time, and seems to have had some connection with this elevation. Sir John Hawkins accuses Hawkesworth of assuming

too much consequence. "His success," he remarks, "wrought no good effects upon his mind and conduct: it elated him too much, and betrayed him into a forgetfulness of his origin, and a neglect of his early acquaintance; and on this I have heard Johnson remark, in terms that sufficiently express a knowledge of his character, and a resentment of his behaviour. It is probable that he might use the same language to Hawkesworth himself, and also reproach him with the acceptance of an academical honour to which he could have no pretensions, and which Johnson, conceiving it to be irregular, as many yet do, held in great contempt: thus much is certain, that soon after the attainment of it the intimacy between them ceased."—On this passage we may be permitted to remark, that it is exceedingly probable that at least an equal share of blame in this separation may if the truth were exactly known, rest with Johnson, whose harsh, magisterial, and overbearing disposition is well known. If he reproached Hawkesworth with having accepted a honorary degree, it is at least equally probable that it might have proceeded from jealousy in him, as from a contempt of such an honour; and Johnson, if he accused Hawkesworth of vanity, may eventually be accused of the same failing when he accepted that conferred upon him by the university, for which he was no better qualified by the study of the law than Hawkesworth himself. In the estimation of all thinking men it surely can signify but little, whether such a compliment be conveyed to the party complimented by a person in authority as an archbishop, or by a corporation of persons in authority as an university. The intention in both instances being the same; not to point out the qualification of the

individual dignified for any particular pursuit, nor his proficiency in any particular science, but simply as a reward for literary exertions, and talents employed to useful and ornamental purposes. If Johnson was entitled to the degree of L.L.D. so was Hawkesworth. That Hawkesworth neglected his early acquaintance is not probable, it is even less credible that he should have assumed any airs of superiority over such a man as Johnson whom he had always looked upon as his master. But it is exceedingly probable that having succeeded in the world, acquired reputation, and some wealth, he considered that he had a character to sustain and was not disposed to submit to taunts, insults, or reproaches even from this self elevated despot; more particularly when conscious that he had not deserved them.

There are some reasons to hope that the breach of friendship between Johnson and Hawkesworth was not so complete as this account of Sir John Hawkins would lead us to suspect. We shall have occasion to shew that Johnson employed himself in writing marginal notes to one of Hawkesworth's dramatic performances, offered to Garrick, and that, after his death, the widow of Dr. Hawkesworth submitted the "regulations" of an intended publication to his memory, to Dr. Johnson.

After the conclusion of the *Adventurer*, Dr. Hawkesworth turned his attention to the stage, and produced an Oratorio with the title of "*Zimri*," which was favourably received; he also made some alterations in a comedy of Dryden's, and in Southern's tragedy of *Oroonoko*.

In 1761 he brought forward upon the stage of Drury Lane an entertainment with the title of "*Edgar*

and *Emmeline*;" a fairy tale which still retains slight possession of the stage, and is an elegant work of its kind.

Dr. Hawkesworth had acquired, as he well deserved, considerable reputation for the construction of the eastern tales published in the *Adventurer*, which induced him to apply to the composition of a romance of that description at more extended length. This was published in 1761 with the title of "*Almorán and Hamet*," and is too well known to require further notice in this place. This production was originally of the dramatic kind, and we have before us, the following account of it in a letter from Mrs. Hawkesworth to Mrs. Duncombe, of the date of December 1781. "Mr. Pratt has availed himself of the story of *Almorán and Hamet*, by which he is supposed to have gained 5 or 600*l*. I have not yet read although I saw the performance, but have the pleasure to hear those parts particularly applauded, where the sentiments were clothed in their original dress: and indeed the language was in many places verbatim; at least I think on comparing the play with the story, I shall find it so. The original story was written for the stage in three acts: but the transformations and machinery staggered Mr. Garrick, who had just lost 3000*l*. in scenes and decorations for the Chinese Festival, which was not suffered to be exhibited on account of some French dancers, it being the beginning of a French war; the whole was destroyed, and the house was so damaged, that Garrick made a kind of a vow that he never would risk such an expence again. But I have the play with Johnson's and Garrick's marginal notes; and if Dr. Hawkesworth would have expunged the machinery, it

would have been performed. It was however a favorite part, and he thought that when Garrick's wounds were healed he would probably accept it as it was; However, Dr. Hawkesworth thought the sentiments peculiarly adapted for the use of a young monarch, and he was tempted to give it in another garb to the public."—

In 1760 a correspondence occurred between Dr. Hawkesworth and Mr. Highmore the painter, respecting the publication of the latter on the subject of Perspective. We doubt not our readers will allow that the following extracts exhibit the character of Dr. Hawkesworth in a strong point of view :—

Dr. Hawkesworth to Jos. Highmore, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

I have not been in bed one night before three o'clock in the morning, nor out of doors one forenoon since I had the pleasure of seeing you. I am almost overwhelmed with fatigue, and if I were to stay much longer in town, my life would not only be short but miserable. I sent word however to Jeffery as you desired me, that you was ready; I find to my great mortification that he never called upon you until to-day, and he says you declined putting the copy into his hands, 'till it had been first in mine. He may however, get forward by preparing the plates, and even by engraving them; and as soon as he has the copy, his servant can attend me at short intervals for such parts as I can dispatch during my present state of hurry and dissipation. I have not a moment, nor a second to spare, for myself, nor even for my friends; the rituals of life distress and destroy me: pray

remember me with the kindness and the pity of friendship, and believe me there is nothing I regret more, than the want of more frequent opportunities to assure you how truly I am your faithful and affectionate humble servant,

“J. HAWKESWORTH.

“I have not visited one family twice except your own.”

Jos. Highmore, Esq. to Dr. Hawkesworth in answer.

“DEAR SIR,

“I am sensibly affected by the distressed you represent, yet cannot but think that the greater part might be avoided by such a resolution as you would recommend to others in like cases; and without which a man can never assure himself of any enjoyment.—Surely too great a sacrifice is made to complaisance;—health has a stronger claim than any rituals. I am sorry that should be endangered by application, and especially by dissipation, which is so much less excusable:—forgive my preachment. As to the papers, when I said they were ready, it was understood for your perusal, but I shall never think them ready for the press without that sanction, nor will your friends; and since you have been so good as to give both them and me hopes of this favor, and even to flatter me in particular, so far as to say that you should have pleasure in the task, I should be grieved indeed that your kind promise should subject you to any inconvenience. Now as at this particular season affairs of another kind demand your regard, and for which you have but a short, and that a limited time, it will within that period be impossible either to find the leisure, or bestow the attention to those papers which the subject requires.

Supposé then it were deferred only a few days ; *i. e.* till you are safe and quiet at Bromley, whither you may carry a parcel, if not the whole, and on the return of that the rest may be sent. And if, in the interim, some of the plates are engraving, perhaps no time may be lost at all by this disposition. I say some of the plates, for you cannot possibly examine any part without the diagrams, which must accompany so much of the work as you have at one time. If this should be approved you will easily make it acceptable to them ;— if any other pleases you better, I will be directed.”

* * * * *

Dr. Hawkesworth to Mr. Highmore.

“ *DEAR SIR,*

“ I flatter myself that it will give you pleasure to hear that I am once more safe in my own peaceful habitation, and have begun to resume the life of a rational being ; if I had here one or two of those I left in town, I should have nothing to wish. I have read with great attention your preface, conclusion, introduction, and first part of the Perspective ; in which I have made several alterations, except in the geometrical introduction, where I found nothing to alter ; some of the alterations in the preface and conclusion, you may probably think capricious ; yet every one is founded on some rule, which I thought broken by the original text. To give the reasons of every alteration upon paper would be endless, though in a tête à tête it would be an agreeable amusement. I must insist that you adopt and reject with the utmost freedom, as nothing else can reconcile me to the labour. I am not concerned to defend any alterations,

but when once I have suggested it shall never think of it again. Some queries, and perhaps some alterations of the treatise, may probably arise from my having mistaken your meaning, when that happens let the intention atone for the deed. I have done it with black lead, that you may confirm those you approve with ink, and remove those you disapprove with your handkerchief. I will go through the rest before I apply to any other thing, and in the mean time you may if you please, send what I now remit to you, after it has undergone your revision, to Jefferies, for I presume it would be not less agreeable to you than to him that it should go on without further delay.

“ I think the second part, where you keep the new method, infinitely clearer than the first; if I had not read Brook Taylor, I think I should not have understood the first diagram, which, though I had, cost me much time. The accommodation of the old to the new method, the picture to the horizontal plane, and the point of sight to the centre of the picture, somewhat perplexed me; of this however it is not possible I should judge, from a mere reading, so well as you, who are perfectly master of the subject, and I doubt not have seen it in all its lights, and of every possible method have chosen the best; for that is best, which appears best to him who knows most. Pray accept my kindest and best wishes, and share them with your amiable and good girl. Mrs. H. warmly joins me in this request. I am dear sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

“ J. HAWKESWORTH.

“ *Bromley, Sunday night,
3d Feb. 1760.*”

In 1765 Dr. Hawkesworth undertook the reviewer's department of the Gentleman's Magazine, and continued to fill that office with much ability and credit until the last year of his life.

In the same year, 1765, he published the works of Dean Swift, in twelve volumes 8vo. with notes, and a life of the author. This piece of biography was written in Hawkesworth's best style, but contained no new information, and has been since superseded by more original and elaborate performances.

Of the year 1767, we have it in our power to present our readers with the following original letter.

Dr. Hawkesworth to Mrs. Duncombe.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

" When your obliging favor of the 27th came to London, I was with Mrs. H. upon a visit to a friend in Essex.

" As time is of no value but as it brings pleasure, I shall always think it improved by an epistolary correspondence with you; my answers will always be punctual if not immediate, and I hope we shall not again lose sight of each other, though by this intercourse we are seen 'but as through a glass darkly,' and not face to face.

" You have made my dear Mrs. H. very happy by your affectionate remembrance; she kissed your letter with tears of pleasure in her eyes, and sighed to think how seldom we are likely to meet, before the places that now know us shall know us no more.

" I shall be very much gratified my dear Madam, if my emblems should meet your approbation; I was

mortified to find that none of our artists could as it were meet my ideas, or produce any new spark of fancy by collision. They could not perfectly reflect my own images, much less improve upon them, and they are not now what they would have been if I had had your happy power of transferring them to paper, not in words but in things. They will be as elegantly engraved as I could procure them to be in this country, but I have an idea of perfection in this art, which no artist on our side of the water can reach.

“We shall indeed be gainers in your loss by Mrs. B.—; but you will be gainers by ours in the family I was visiting in Essex when your letter came to the Gate.* The gentleman has long served his country with honour at sea, and has some time retired with a liberal fortune; he has married a young lady, his second wife, by whom he has three young children, these with a young lady, sister to his wife, is his family. My friend Captain W.— has very strong natural parts, strong passions, and a benevolent and liberal mind;—good nature, generosity, and a glowing temper, make one of the best compositions for friendship that I know. The lady is sweet, gentle, has sense, and what is worth all the sense upon earth, sensibility:—she loves to converse, to read, and to think, and has a high relish for literary entertainments; so has her sister. You will certainly be able to make them happy, therefore they will make you so; for both our weakness and our strength, our vanity and benevolence, are gratified by giving pleasure.

* St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell;—the printing office, and well known badge of the Gentleman's Magazine.

"Our dear Miss H.— is not behind hand with you in regret at not seeing you, as she returned from abroad. She has however no Spa tales to tell; she says the scene was too uniform to please, and too trifling to interest. She saw nothing she says but gaming;— an accursed vice, which destroys alike virtue and pleasure, perverts the passions, and makes understanding useless. There is great difference between gaming, and playing at cards.

"I was most ageeably surprised by Mr. Duncombe's friendly visit in my garret; and as well as I love you I could rejoice heartily to think my not seeing you made you as miserable as it did me: perhaps you do not love me less for this malevolence.—"Woman is a riddle;"—and so is Man. By the laws of gallantry however I shall not be condemned, and I had rather be condemned by any other; for a prior engagement with a lady, or to speak less equivocally and more honestly, with ladies, prevented my waiting upon you. I endeavoured to change the time, but could not succeed, as a party was made. Why have we no word in English that at once expresses female and friend!—

"My best compliments, and those of Mrs. H. attend your father and Mr. Duncombe. I am greatly obliged to him for his kind favor relating to my subscription. I have sent a few proposals to Mr. Highmore, I hope in time. I am, ever and ever, with perfect esteem, your faithful and affectionate

"J. HAWKESWORTH.

"*Bromley, Kent, 19th December, 1767.*"

The life of Swift was followed within a year by a collection of his letters in three volumes 8vo. of which Dr. Hawkesworth was also the editor, and to which he affixed a preface written with his accustomed elegance of style.

In 1768 Hawkesworth undertook a translation of the *Telemachus* of Fenelon, which was published by subscription in one volume quarto. For this work he had every requisite, and it is perhaps one of the most successful translations ever atchieved.* During the period in which he was engaged in these several literary undertakings, Dr. Hawkesworth resided a great part of his time in London, occupying chambers at No. 8, Clement's Inn.

From this time until the year 1772 it does not appear that Dr. Hawkesworth employed his pen in any separate publication.

One of the earliest acts of the late king on his accession to the throne, was to direct repeated attempts at maritime discoveries in the southern hemisphere. In May 1771, Captain, then Lieutenant, Cook returned from his first voyage, with that intention, in the South

* In the edition of 1795, the editor, Dr. Gregory, has the following remark :—"Of the translation of Dr. Hawkesworth, the critical world and the public have already given their opinion; and the merit of it is established beyond the reach of censure or of praise. No translation, or even original production in our language, can compare with it in brilliancy, elegance, and harmony of style." The *Monthly Review* speaks of it in the highest terms of praise :—"There are several translations of this celebrated work, but the spirit and genius of the author have never been so effectually represented. As water at a distance from its source, by passing through different soils, acquires a different taste and quality, so it is with translations in general; but this may be produced as an instance to the contrary."—The Emblems alluded to in the foregoing letter were intended for this work.

Seas; and as the undertaking had excited great expectation in the public mind, a corresponding anxiety was immediately manifested to be informed respecting the particulars connected with the expedition. The government of that day laudably desirous to gratify this wish, and to do every possible act of justice to the merits of the adventurers, determined to publish an account of the late discoveries in the South Seas, which should combine in regular series, the several previous voyages of Byron, Wallis, and Carteret, with the late more important and interesting narrative of Cook and his scientific companions.

Lord Sandwich was then at the head of the Admiralty, and to his care the direction of this national undertaking was consigned. It was necessary to select a competent person to execute the literary department, and, as it is said, by the recommendation of Garrick, his choice fell upon Dr. Hawkesworth, who had now attained as he well deserved, much celebrity as an elegant writer of prose. The journals of the several commanders, and the notes of the scientific men who accompanied them, were accordingly put into the hands of Dr. Hawkesworth, who employed the utmost diligence in completing the task assigned him. It occupied him for the greater part of two years, and appears by the date of the dedication to the king, signed at Bromley, to have been finished May 1st, 1773.

To ensure accuracy the manuscripts of the different voyages had been submitted to the correction of the several commanders, and every attention had been paid to give the work not only a character of uniformity and elegance, but also of scrupulous correctness. It

was published in three quarto volumes, at the price of three guineas, and it was illustrated with numerous charts, maps, and engravings, executed by the best artists of that period; such was the eagerness of the public for the information it contained, that a second edition appeared in the short space of three months from the date of the first publication.

Notwithstanding all this care on the part of the writer, and apparent satisfaction on that of the public, this splendid work no sooner made its appearance than the unfortunate editor was assailed from all quarters by a host of ephemeral writers, who loudly accused him of many and heinous faults. That much of this outcry proceeded from envy, and that execrable fondness for detraction so natural to bad men, which induces them to pursue merit as the fairest and noblest game, we have not the slightest doubt. Dr. Hawkesworth was now at the summit of his profession; the successful exercise of his talents had been rewarded by the highest dignitary of the church, with a title of honour; and in the present instance he received from the government of his country, the more substantial payment of £8000 on the completion of his task; * he was consequently one of those prominent and elevated marks at which envy and detraction delight to shoot their bolts. In an unguarded hour he had admitted into his introduction to the voyages an opinion respecting

* A more extraordinary mark of distinction was conferred upon him in April 1773, when he was, *in consequence of his literary attainments*, constituted a director of the East India Company. A solitary instance assuredly; the first and probably the last of its kind;—it proves however the high estimation in which his talents were held by his contemporaries.

the agency of divine providence on the affairs of men, in opposition to what may be deemed the orthodox notions upon that most incomprehensible subject. His reasoning was not worth attention, and left the matter as all previous reasoning had done, and as all subsequent reasoning will do, just as obscure and unintelligible as it found it. Neither was it sufficiently acute or elaborate to do harm to any description of readers, and would probably have been passed by as unworthy of notice, had it not been expressly pointed out for the purpose of observation: but it militated against received opinion; and, as all reasoning upon such subjects inevitably must, led to conclusions which the reasoner, in all probability, would have gladly avoided.* On these grounds was this virtuous and accomplished man branded with the character of a deist, and accused of impiety.

Another, and certainly a more serious charge, was the having indulged in voluptuous descriptions; but this

* Dr. Hawkesworth's opinions seem to be:—that there is no such thing as a peculiar or special interference on the part of providence in human affairs:—that God is acting at all times, and through all space:—that no event takes place without his direct agency:—that the whole concatenation of events, whether the preservation or destruction of parts, tends to the good of the whole:—that all physical or natural evil is judicial;—and that God is the author of it in his judicial capacity.—To attempt to reason upon these opinions would be to commit the only fault of which the Doctor was guilty. We may safely venture to affirm that no stretch of human reasoning is adequate to the comprehension of this much agitated question;—that it is one of those myteries which God, for wise and good purposes doubtless, has placed out of the reach of our limited faculties; and that it is impossible to reconcile *any* view of it which we can take, with the undisputed attributes of the Deity, and the confidence every Christian is bound to place in the assurance given him of a future state of reward and punishment.

may be justified in part, by the peculiar and well known character of the natives of the South Sea Islands, of which sensuality and voluptuousness was a striking feature. It was certainly impossible to avoid some allusion to this when describing their peculiarities, but it should have been done with much caution ; more perhaps than Hawkesworth observed. No allowance, however, was made for the limited time in which he was employed upon the work, and the eager desire displayed for its appearance, which left no opportunity for mature correction, or cautious composition ; and thus he became unjustly stigmatised as a libertine, and his labours made subservient to purposes of the basest vice.*

A third, but by far the most venial charge, was that of certain imperfections in the scientific and nautical parts of the work.†

The general opinion is that these repeated attacks and violent accusations, preyed upon the exquisitely sensitive frame of Hawkesworth, and brought him to an untimely grave. He died in London, November the 16th, 1773, being little more than six months after the appearance of this ill-fated work. We have obtained permission to print the following interesting letter relating to that lamented event.

* The editor of an infamous publication of that day, after giving repeated notice that "all the amorous passages and descriptions in Dr. Hawk—th's Collection of Voyages, should be selected, and illustrated with a suitable plate,"—actually carried his vile purpose into effect.

† These were principally pointed out by Mr. Dalrymple, a disappointed and angry man, in a quarto pamphlet, to which Dr. Hawkesworth published a reply in his preface to the second edition of the voyages.

Mrs. Hawkesworth to Mrs. Duncombe.

BROMLEY, 14th. Dec. 1773.

DEAR MADAM,

I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind letter, particularly so for the truly pathetic manner in which you mention my dear departed friend. Though I have no claim to philosophy on other occasions, I hope that on the late melancholy visitation I have availed myself of all the power that an humble sense of the superintendence of a wise, powerful, and good being, who does not wantonly afflict its creatures, can give: and being perfectly persuaded that our separation can be but short, I am not without *hope*, but look forward to that happy period, when we shall *meet to part* no more, in those regions of bliss where I trust he now contemplates that wonderful goodness which he so often and so eloquently, though doubtless so inadequately, endeavoured to describe. Nothing but a persuasion of these truths could have enabled me to think of my irreparable loss without despair; but I thank God my mind is comparatively calm, and my situation is attended with so many temporal blessings, that I should detest myself if I could for one moment repine for *my loss*, when that dear spirit, for whose happiness I could while on earth have sacrificed my own, is now superlatively happy, freed from all those pains and anxieties which were the natural consequences of a constant exertion of his mental faculties, and a want of that exercise so necessary to health. The labours of the last two years were more than human nature could support, and had so much exhausted his powers both of mind and body, that a premature old age destroyed him. I do

not mean that his mental faculties were in the least impaired, for he gave to the last moment proofs of a superior understanding, quick and clear perception, and solid judgment; but his nerves were so shattered as to render every little accident almost intolerable; his sensations were too keen to let him *enjoy life*, and though he frequently lamented that he had been unreasonably moved by trifles, yet he owned that he had not power to resist a sudden impulse either of joy or dissatisfaction, but yielded to both even to agony. These things considered, could I wish that to gratify me, he should have been still detained in this *vale of tears*. God forbid!—though the stroke was sudden and severe, and though in the first transport of my grief I was ready to say—“What good will my life give me?”—yet I now humbly kiss the rod and say—“Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not receive evil?”—“Not my will but thy will be done O Lord!”—“It is good for me that I have been afflicted;”—I do indeed now know that God is not less kind when he *takes away* than when he *gives*; such comfortable reflections will make me cheerfully acquiesce, and though the effusions of tenderness *will* flow in tears, those tears are my great relief, and I do not suffer them to excite sadness in those who by every friendly and affectionate effort, try to please and amuse me.

“Whilst my dear Doctor was ill, I received a billet which you sent, in which you proposed a difficulty concerning the effect of prayer, in consequence of your having inferred that the Divine Being was in the *preface* to the voyages, supposed to have guided the world by *immutable laws*; nothing was further *from the opinion*

which urged Dr. Hawkesworth to take so fit an opportunity of giving his sentiments on such an important subject. Upon a supposition that God was *perpetually operating*, and that he acted through all endurance, could it also be supposed that the world was guided by *immutable laws*? I wish you to reconsider the subject as contained in parts of page 19 and 20 in the first preface; and *what he says upon the subject* in consequence of the general mistake, *which will be found in the preface to the second edition*. As to the arguments; they are not to be imputed to him as his sentiments, but are supposed, that every objection or difficulty might be obviated to those who might be inclined to raise difficulties or objections. Had my dear Doctor been *well* when your billet came to hand, I know the receiving it would have given him pain, as he *had* flattered himself, that but few of his *friends*, particularly his *thinking friends*, would have mistaken the sublime tendency of doing justice to the Supreme Being, by considering every evil as *judicial*, not *accidental*; and *only alleviated* by his intervention; which I am sorry to say is among the lower people *too generally believed* to give that honour which is due to omniscience, omnipotence, and omnipresence, connected with divine goodness.

“As to the use and effect of prayer, as I could not verbally consult my dear Doctor, I refer you to the *Adventurer*, No. XXVIII, which contains his sentiments upon that important subject, and which strictly coincide with every principle which he has endeavoured to impress upon those readers who read for information, and are open to conviction. That all good may attend

your whole self, is the ardent wish of dear Madam,
your much obliged

"A. HAWKESWORTH."*

Is it possible that the man thus feelingly and beautifully lamented, and in the purest strain of Christian piety, by the beloved companion of his life, could have merited the appellation of an infidel and a libertine?

The following character of Dr. Hawkesworth is from the pen of the late Mrs. Duncombe, and we have adopted it for various reasons, in preference to any opinions of our own. It is the composition of one who knew him well, and judged him impartially, and whose comprehensive mind was equal to the task of faithfully delineating the mental faculties even of this superior being.

"A Character of Dr. Hawkesworth."

"The world has lost in Dr. Hawkesworth one of its first literary ornaments; who, before his late publication, was ranked in the first line of moral writers; whose perspicuity, force, and elegance of style, evinced in every page of his *Adventurer*, has scarce an equal in the English language, which language is much indebted to him for giving it a power not called forth before by any pen except that of Dr. Johnson, whose energy was harmonised by Dr. Hawkesworth's more easy dialect.

"His fugitive poetical pieces that have been published, must enroll his name among the best of English

* This excellent woman survived her husband many years; she continued to reside at Bromley, and died there in 1797. The lady from whom our information is derived, was personally acquainted with Mrs. Hawkesworth, and always admired her as a "very sensible and charming woman."

poets, and the morality, true taste, wit, and humour of his "Arachne," with the graver moral of the "Ode on Life," will mark his poetical abilities as long as poetry and sense united can charm the candid reader.

"His translation from Cambray will prove to all who read with pleasure Telemaque, that Fenelon's fine genius was not inimitable, since the spirit of the original is so justly transfused into the translation, that one elegant muse seems to have inspired both writers.

"All who know the value of a feeling heart, an affectionate friend, and an instructive and agreeable companion, must long lament the loss of Dr. Hawkesworth; of whose conversation to say it was entertaining is not sufficient, since he had talents peculiarly adapted to inform as well as please; having a ready easy elocution, intelligible on all subjects, with humour and vivacity that never failed to enliven his chosen guests at his ever hospitable board.—Yet, though alas! he is lost too soon to those who knew him intimately, and loved his virtues, he may have lived too long for reputation, since many of his warmest friends lament that the author of the justly esteemed *Adventurer*, should, when more advanced in life, publish what they apprehend to be questionable sentiments, in his introduction to the *South Sea Voyages*; which they cannot justify, however partial, on Christian principles, though it is hoped he might have reconciled the seeming difficulty to his own mind.—But further to remark is an invidious and a painful task, now the unhappy author can no longer explain or justify his sentiments to man, and is beyond the reach of human scrutiny.—And much it may be feared his dissolution was hastened by the unfeeling attacks so cruelly poured forth in public on

his character; as the sensibility of his mind was ever too keen for the strength of his constitution."

Dr. Hawkesworth has now been dead nearly half a century, and no literary monument has been raised to his memory; few men of equal eminence during the same period, have to complain of similar neglect. Something of the kind was intended to have been carried into effect by his widow, but on what account the design was dropped we have no means of judging. A letter to her Canterbury friend of the date of 1781, has the following remark:—"My intended publication is still unarranged, and Dr. Johnson, to whom I wish to submit the regulations, has been, and still is, so much employed that he has no time to spare."—Surely a memoir of the life of such a man, and a selection from his unpublished pieces,—many of which doubtless exist,—together with a complete collection of his poems, would form an acceptable present to the literary public.

Dr. Hawkesworth was buried at his favourite Bromley, in the church of which town an elegant monument has been erected with the following inscription:—

To the memory of
JOHN HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.
Who died the 16th of November, 1773,
Aged 58 years.

That he lived ornamental and useful
To society in an eminent degree,
Was among the boasted felicities
Of the present age;

That he laboured for the benefit of society,
Let his own pathetic admonitions
Record and Realize.

"The hour is hasting in which whatever praise or censure I have acquired will be remembered with equal indifference.—Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand which is now writing in the dust, and still the breast that now throbs at the reflection. But let not this be read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written."

[*Adventurer*, No. 140.]

Dr. Hawkesworth's character as a prose writer is well known, and we shall confine the few remarks we have to make to the examination of his claim to rank among the poets of his country. That he did not acquire eminence as a poet, was the effect not of his incapacity but of his choice; the same application which has elevated him to the highest place among prose writers, would have secured for him a situation not many degrees inferior on the British Parnassus. The character of his mind displays every trait peculiar to the *genus irritabile vatum*; he possessed strong passions, and exquisite sensibility, —was feelingly alive to every impression of pleasure or of pain; —was an enthusiastic admirer, and delighted to contemplate, beauty, mental or corporeal; —had looked upon the passing scenes of life with a poet's eye, and had selected for the objects of his peculiar meditation, what may be considered more appropriately the poetic portion of human existence. He delighted in allegory, and the ode on "Life," that on "Solitude," and the poem entitled "The origin of Doubt," are among the most beautiful and finished productions of their kind in the English language. That he had a talent for poetic narrative and possessed no mean share of humour, is also proved by the tale of "Arachne," before alluded to. His style of verse is like that of his prose, correct, fluent, harmonious, and elegant; that it is deficient in dignity, and does not attain to the character of energy, must be allowed, but cannot be advanced against it as defects. Hawkesworth made no attempts at elaborate composition in verse, and perhaps his genius was not exactly suited to such efforts; in fact the few pieces he left must be considered more as the relaxations of his leisure, than the sustained exertions of his intellectual

powers: as such they should be judged, and with that allowance will safely bear a comparison with any compositions of their kind that can be brought in competition with them.

To STELLA.

No more, my Stella, to the sighing shades,
Of blasted hope, and luckless love complain;
But join the sports of Dian's careless maids,
And laughing liberty's triumphant train.

And see with these is holy friendship found,
With christal bosom open to the sight;
Her gentle hand shall close the recent wound,
And fill the vacant heart with calm delight.

Nor prudence slow that ever comes too late,
Nor stern-brow'd duty checks her gen'rous flame,
On all her footsteps peace and honour wait,
And slander's ready tongue reveres her name.

Say Stella, what is love, whose tyrant power
Robs virtue of content, and youth of joy?
What nymph or goddess, in a fatal hour,
Gave to the world this mischief-making boy.

By lying bards in forms so various shewn,
Deck'd with false charms, and arm'd with terrors vain,
Who can his real attributes make known,
Declare his nature, or his birth explain?

Some say of idleness and pleasure bred,
The smiling babe on beds of roses lay,
There with sweet honey-dews by fancy fed,
His blooming beauties open'd to the day;

His wanton head with fading chaplets bound,
Dancing he leads his silly vot'ries on
To precipices deep, o'er faithless ground,
Then laughing flies, nor hears their fruitless moan.

Some say "from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
"More fierce than tigers on the Lybian plain,
"Begot in tempests, and in thunder born,
"Love wildly rages, like the foaming main."

With darts and flames some arm his feeble hands,
His infant brow with regal honours crown,
Whilst vanquish'd reason, bound with silken hands,
Meanly submissive falls before his throne.

Each fabling poet, sure, alike mistakes
The gentler power that reigns o'er tender hearts;
Soft love no tempest hurls, no thunder shakes,
Nor wields the flaming torch, nor poison'd darts.

Heav'n-born, the brightest seraph of the sky,
For Eden's bow'r he left his blissful seat,
When Adam's blameless suit was heard on high,
And Eve's wish'd presence cheer'd his lone retreat.

At love's approach all earth rejoic'd;—each hill,
Each grove, that learnt it from the whispering gale;
Joyous the birds their loudest chorus fill,
And richer fragrance breathes in ev'ry vale.

Well pleas'd, in paradise awhile he roves,
With innocence and friendship, hand in hand;
Till sin found entrance in the with'ring groves,
And frighted innocence forsook the land.

But love, 'still faithful to the guilty pair,
With them was driv'n amidst a world of woe;
Where oft he mourns his lost companion dear,
And trembling flies before his rigid foes.

Honour in burnish'd steel completely clad,
And hoary wisdom, oft against him arm;
Suspicion pale, and disappointment sad,
Vain hopes, and frantic fears, his peace alarm.

Then fly, dear Stella, from his fatal power,
His winning smiles that charm away thy peace,
Content shall meet thee in fair friendship's bower
And star-crown'd virtue lead to endless bliss.

This poem is copied from the manuscript of Dr.
Hawkesworth, and we have every reason to suppose
has not appeared in print before.

LIFE, AN ODE.

LIFE! the dear precarious boon!
Soon we lose;—alas! how soon!
Fleeting vision, falsely gay!
Grasp'd in vain, it fades away;
Mixing with surrounding shades,
Lovely vision! how it fades!

Let the mase, in faacy's glass,
Catch the phantoms as they pass:—

See, they rise!—a nymph behold
Careless, wanton, young, and bold;
Mark her devious, hasty pace,
Antic dress, and thoughtless face,
Smiling cheeks, and roving eyes,
Causeless mirth, and vain surprise.

Tripping at her side, a boy
 Shares her wonder and her joy ;
 This is FOLLY, CHILDHOOD's guide,
 That is CHILDHOOD at her side.

What is he succeeding now,
 Myrtles blooming on his brow,
 Bright and blushing as the morn,
 Not on earth a mortal born ?

Shafts to pierce the strong I view,
 Wings the flying to pursue ;—

Victim of his pow'r, behind
 Stalks a slave of human kind,
 Whose disdain of all the free
 Speaks his mind's captivity.

LOVE's the tyrant, YOUTH the slave ;
 Youth in vain is wise or brave ;
 Love with conscious pride defies
 All the brave and all the wise.

Who art thou with anxious mien
 Stealing o'er the shifting scene ?
 Eyes, with tedious vigils red,
 Sighs, by doubts and wishes bred ;
 Cautious steps, and glancing leer,
 Speak thy woes, and speak thy fear :
 Arm in arm, what wretch is he
 Like thyself, who walks with thee ?
 Like thy own his fears and woes,
 All thy pangs his bosom knows :—
 Well, too well, my boding breast
 Knows the names your looks suggest ;
 Anxious, busy, restless pair !
 MANHOOD, link'd by fate to CARE.

Wretched state! and yet 'tis dear—
 Fancy, close the prospect here!
 Close it, or recall the past,
 Spare my eyes, my heart, the last—
 Vain the wish! the last appears,
 While I gaze they swim in tears;
 AGE—my future self—I trace
 Moving slow with feeble pace,
 Bending with disease and cares,
 All the load of life he bears;
 White his locks, his visage wan,
 Strength and ease and hope are gone.
 Death!—the shadowy form I know!
 Death o'ertakes him, dreadful foe!
 Swift they vanish—mournful sight,
 Night succeeds, impervious night!—
 What these dreadful glooms conceal
 Fancy's glass can ne'er reveal;
 When shall time the veil remove?
 When shall light the scene improve?
 When shall truth my doubts dispel?
 Awful period!—who can tell?

The Midsummer Wish.

O Phœbus! down the western sky,
 Far hence, diffuse thy burning ray;
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,
 And wake them to the cares of day.
 Come, gentle eve, the friend of ease;
 Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
 Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
 And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground,
 Her living carpet nature spreads,
 Where the green bow'r with roses crown'd,
 In show'rs its fragrant foliage spreads.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
 Let music die along the grove,
 Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
 And ev'ry strain be tun'd to love.

Come Stella, queen of all my heart!
 Come, born to fill its vast desires!
 Thy looks perpetual joys impart;
 Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While all my wish and thine complete,
 By turns we languish and we burn,
 Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
 Our murmurs, murm'ring brooks return.

Let me, when nature calls to rest,
 And blushing skies the morn foretel,
 Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
 And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN; AN ODE.

Alas! with swift and silent pace,
 Impatient time rolls on the year;
 The seasons change, and nature's face
 Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas spring, 'twas summer, all was gay,
 Now autumn bends a cloudy brow,
 The flow'rs of spring are swept away,
 And summer's fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd in the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare ;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleasure, wanders there.

No more, while through the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay ;

From this capricious clime she soars ;—
O ! would some god but wings supply,
To where each morn the spring restores,
Companion of her flight, I'd fly.

Vain wish ! me fate compels to bear,
The downward season's iron reign ;—
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If gloom, and show'rs, and storms prevail,
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flow'rs, and fruits, and Phœbus fail ?

Oh ! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the dark'ning hour ?—
The grape remains ! the friend of wit,
In love and mirth of mighty power.

Haste, press the cluster, fill the bowl ;
Apollo! shoot thy parting ray ;
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still, still, the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat ;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

WINTER, AN ODE.

No more the morn with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flow'rs of various hue ;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The ling'ring hours prolong the night,
Usurping darkness shares the day,
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain ;
No more with devious steps I rove
Through verdant paths, now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd impetuous show'rs descend ;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,—
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
 With light and heat, my little sphere;
 Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high;
 Light up a constellation here :

Let music sound the voice of joy ;
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale :
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.—

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
 Nor music charm though Stella sings;
 Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.

Catch then, O ! catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies ;
 Life's a short summer, man a flow'r,—
 He dies ! alas !—how soon he dies !

SOLITUDE,

An Allegorical Ode.

From empty mirth and fruitless strife,
 The tumult and the pride of life,
 The craft of trade, the farce of state,
 From all the busy, all the great,—
 Bear me, ye sylvans ! quickly bear
 To peaceful scenes, and purer air :
 Come ! kindly lead my weary feet
 To sacred Solitude's retreat :—
 O ! through her silent groves to stray,
 And wind the sweetly devious way,

Where nature all her charms resumes,
And Eden still unfaded blooms!

While thus I pray'd, a sylvan came,
With placid looks, and generous aim :—
“How rare,” said he, or seem'd to say,
“Do mortals know for what they pray!
Hast thou attain'd a strength of mind,
That scorns the aid of human kind?
And will thy deeds of virtue past
Regale thy memory to the last?
Can warm imagination play,
In rural scenes from day to day?
Will meditation, strong to bless,
Protect thee still from idleness?
Canst thou from life's distracting views
More swiftly fly than care pursues?
With fearless eye look backward o'er
That youth which shall return no more?
Without a sigh look forward too,
And age and death contented view?”
He paus'd—nor time for thought deny'd ;—
Awhile I mus'd, and thus reply'd.

“That youth once past shall ne'er return
I know—to live I wish to learn ;—
On time's swift wings to death I fly,
And therefore wish to learn to die ;
I know that o'er a mortal's head
With all his hours some faults have fled ;—
But yet my pray'r I still repeat,
O ! lead to Solitude's retreat !”
“To Solitude's retreat,” he said,
“This hour thy wishful feet are led.”—

Graceful he turn'd, confess'd a God,
And joyful in his steps I trod;
Behind us sinks the glitt'ring spire,
And lofty domes in clouds retire;
Before us near and nearer still,
More lofty grows the approaching hill;
With painful patient steps, and slow,
We gain the height, and look below.

"Behold," said he, "the varied scene;
Here level lawns of lively green;
There blooming groves, where myrtles twine
Their amorous arms around the vine;
Where woodbines knit with roses blow,
And calm translucent waters flow;
Here Beauty, lovely child of Day!
Descends in light's refulgent ray,
Around her spreads a thousand dyes,
And paints the flow'rs that earth supplies;
Here music blends the varied strain,
And fragrance breathes along the plain;
A cloudless sky appears above,
And all is peace and all is love!

"Now to the left the prospect view,
What mournful groves of baleful yew!
No rising flow'rs the ground adorn,
Without the rose behold the thorn!
There stagnant lakes are green alone,
And only birds of night are known;
Thick noisome fogs pollute the sky,
Hoarse thunders roar, and lightnings fly;
Through the dread walks the furies rove,
And horror hovers o'er the grove.

“ Plac’d on the line that parts the scene,
Bifronted Solitude is seen ;
Each coast alike her rule obeys,
And each at once the queen surveys ;
On this she turns a smiling face,
Of dimpled youth, and matchless grace ;
And stretches here, with looks of love,
A sceptre ending in a dove ;
To that a mien severe appears,
Deform’d with frowns, inspiring fears,
A knotted scourge her hand sustains,
And threatens long inflicted pains.

“ Know then, that heaven or hell below
The power you seek must still bestow ;
To Vice and Virtue she divides
Her realm, so Fate itself decides ;
The test yon magic glass supplies,
Which Memory holds, and Conscience eyes ;
In that, if fair thy semblance be,
Yon scenes of bliss are all for thee :
If foul,—yon dreary haunts of woe :—
Go then, if yet ’tis best to go ?”

I answer’d not, but forward still
Pass’d silent, thoughtful, down the hill,
Approach’d the Queen, with hope and dread ;
Then took the glass :—the vision fled.

THE ORIGIN OF DOUBT.

When Jove at first from nothing call’d forth all,
And various beings fill’d this pendant ball ;
In rank superior to our boasted race,
Subaltern Gods, now seldom seen, had place ;

Immortal these, but of a doubtful birth,
And all with man joint sojourners on earth :
Sacred to some bright nymph was every tree,
To Naiads brooks, to Nereids all the sea.
By Jove in mercy to her care consign'd
Reason, bright empress ! claim'd the human mind.
Not the pure radiance that resides above,
And guides the councils of immortal Jove,
But humbler far, though honour'd with the name,
And less in pow'r, in essence though the same.
With man coeval time began to be,
Form'd from an atom of eternity.
Earth's genial pow'r produc'd a giant son
Ignorance his name, a wretch belov'd of none.
From these deriv'd, a motley race began,
Not kind with kind commixing as in man.

Time, in the youth of all that vig'rous pow'r
Which still sustains him in his waning hour,
Smit with fair Reason bright in blooming charms,
Clasp'd the consenting goddess in his arms ;
Nor barren joys the fond embrace bestows,
A lovely daughter hence, fair Knowledge, rose ;
Favor'd by both, of Time and Reason bred,
The father nurs'd her, and the mother fed ;
Her charms improving as her stature grew,
Unknown desir'd, and lov'd by all who knew.
Truth's radiant hand adorn'd her form with care,
And Virtue, fondly smiling, call'd her fair.

Fast by the foot of proud Parnassus stood,
Remote from vulgar view, a sacred wood ;
Here Contemplation keeps her hallow'd court,
And young ideas on the breezes sport ;

Celestial truths in holy dreams are taught,
And busy silence plumes the wings of thought.

Here Knowledge shelter'd from the noontide ray,
Frequent was wont with chaste delight to stray ;—
Yet none, not deities, if born below,
The fates exempt from violence and woe :
For here as once she sat in thought profound,
Her mind in heav'n, her eyes upon the ground,
And mus'd on man's free will, Jove's fixt decrees,
On choice, on prescience which all future sees,
On acts impell'd by motives strong as fate,
Rewarded, punished, in an endless state,
On chance, necessity, effect, and cause,
Great nature's end, and truth's eternal laws.—
Lo ! the huge form of Ignorance appear'd,
Whom known by instinct, she by instinct fear'd :
With terror wing'd the virgin flies the place,
The monster follows with unequal pace ;
Though, fir'd with brutal rage, he perseveres,
The wid'ning distance half dispell'd her fears ;
When now, too much elated with her speed ;
Her lifted eyes no more her footsteps heed ;
She stumbles, falls ;—the ravisher is nigh ;—
'Tis vain to plead, impossible to fly ;—
His idiot form compress'd the trembling maid,
And his rude joys profan'd the conscious shade :
But from the loath'd embrace the pregnant dame
Conceiv'd a son, and Doubt, when born, his name ;
Fond of his mother's virtues to partake,
Who shuns and hates him for his father's sake.

GOD IS LOVE.

Thou ! at whose touch the snow-clad mountains smoke,
Eternal wisdom ! touch my lips profane !
O ! touch my heart ! my heart, tho' cold shall glow,
My lips breathe eloquence divine ! for not
Of earth, in earth-born strains, I mean to sing
Adven'trous, but of thee, thy love, alone
Thy wisdom knows, thy love my awful theme !
Let me not err, low grov'ling in the dust ;—
Let me not fall, high tow'ring to the sky—
O ! where shall I begin ? how trace the source
Of all ! how fathom vast immensity !

Long as the God has been who ne'er began,
Trac'd back and backward still, but trac'd in vain,
Love has so long existed ; God is love !
Who name him other, know not yet his name ;
And if they seek him, lost in error's gloom,
Or superstition's lab'rynth, find him not.

Whate'er the glimm'ring lamp of reason show'd
Of God, through pagan darkness, all was love ;
Whate'er the bright effulgence of thy sun,
Blest revelation ! has display'd, all still
Is love ! this pendent world, those rolling orbs,
Nature's whole system speaks its maker kind.

The varied fruits and flow'rs, the pleasing change
Of day and night, the painted landscape round
Of hill and dale, clear fountain, shady wood,
The glitt'ring dew of morn, the crimson'd cloud
Of ev'ning mild, the sweetly varied song,
The peopled earth, and air, and sea, all parts
Of one stupendous whole, and fram'd for bliss,
Proclaim him good—Lord of this blest domain,

Not male alone, but male and female form'd,
When man receiv'd the breath of life, and took
The stamp divine, the image of the God,
What gift was each to each ! how lovely both !
Who can their form describe, or who conceive ?
Consummate beauty, test of skill divine.
Thrice happy pair—to late degen'rate times
Your morn and evening song had some blest bard
Transmitted fair, in strains by heav'n inspir'd.
These had the gloomy bigot read abash'd,
And own'd that God is love ; but man, alas !
Fell from the perfect beauty, pure desire,
Fell to deformity, and age, and death,
And hate, and envy, violence, and guilt.—
He fell ;—yet unremitted goodness spoke
To man, apostate as he was, the words
Of peace ; gave mis'ry hope, and show'd above
A brighter paradise, than Eden's grove,
His portion, when the woman's promis'd seed
Should bruise the serpent's head :—amazing grace !
The promis'd seed was giv'n ; the fullness then
Of Godhead dwelt in flesh ! high heaven itself
No more contains th' astonishment and joy,
But down its radiant hosts impatient pour
And peace proclaim on earth, good will to man.
Oh ! join the transports of th' angelic choir,
And sing, responding to the hallow'd strain
To God be glory—but, tremendous scene !
Whom do I see, in yon drear waste, forlorn !
Whom tempted there ! who stretch'd on earth sweats
blood !
What ruffian band is that ? whom do they drag
Betray'd, insulted, through a scoffing crowd ?

Whom do they scourge, whom crown with thorns,
remorseless?

Yet hold barbarians—snatch me from the sight
Ye whirlwinds! crush me mountains—dreadful!
Horrid! upon the cross, they strain, they nail
The Lord of Life! they rear it! hark he prays—
“Father forgive, they know not what they do!”—
Stupendous! what is language? what is thought?
Astonish’d nature trembles! from the graves
The dead come forth! rocks rend! the sun witholds
The day!—’tis past! the Saviour groans, and dies!—
Oh! let me bending to the dust, dissolve
In silent admiration! let my soul
Attest in unexpressive thought, that God
Is love! and dare I, dare a grov’ling worm
Rejoice in scenes like these? O teach me, thou
My Saviour! teach me to divide aright
My love, and awe; my joy, and grief; O teach
My soul the trembling hope, the humble trust,
To feel in gratitude that God is Love!

THE DEATH OF ARACHNE:

An heroi-comi-tragic-Poem.

The shrinking brooks and russet meads complain’d
That summer’s tyrant, fervid Sirius reign’d;
Full west the sun from heav’n descending rode,
And six the shadow on the dial show’d.

Philo, though young, to musing much inclin’d,
A shameless sloven in his gown had din’d,
From table sneaking with a sheepish face,
Before the circle was dismiss’d with grace;

And smoking now, his desk with books o'erspread,
 Thick clouds of incense roll around his head;
 His head, which save a quarter's growth of hair,—
 His woollen cap long since scratch'd off, was bare ;—
 His beard three days had grown, of golden hue :
 Black was his shirt, uncomely to the view ;
 Cross-legg'd he sat, and his ungarter'd hose
 Of each lean limb half hide, and half expose :
 His cheek he lean'd upon his hand, below
 His nut-brown slipper hung upon his toe.

Now with abstracted flight he climbs apace,
 High and more high, through pure unbounded space ;
 Now mere privation fails the wings of thought,
 He drops down headlong through the vast of nought !
 A friendly vapour Mathesis supplies,
 Borne on the surging smoke he joys to rise ;
 Matter through modes and qualities pursues,
 Now caught, entranc'd its naked essence views :
 Now wakes ; the vision fading from his sight
 Leaves doubts behind, the mists of mental night ;
 Existing not, but possible alone,
 He deems all substance, and suspects his own ;
 Like wave by wave impell'd, now questions roll :—
 Does soul in aught subsist, or all in soul ?
 Is space, extension, nothing but a name,
 And mere idea nature's mighty frame ?
 All pow'r, all forms, to intellect confin'd,
 Place, agent, subject, instrument combin'd ?
 Is spirit diverse, yet from number free,
 Conjoin'd by harmony in unity ?—
 Truth's spotless white what piercing eye descries,
 When the ray broken takes opinion's dyes !—

In vain now Philo seeks the sacred light,
In chaos plung'd, where embrio systems fight.

In this dark hour, unnotic'd Cloe came,
His study door admits the shining dame ;
With nature's charms she join'd the charms of art ;
Wife of his choice ; and mistress of his heart :
What on her head she wore erect and high,
Unnam'd above, is call'd on earth a fly ;
In wanton ringlets her fair tresses fell,
Her breasts beneath transparent muslin swell ;
Studded with flaming gems a buckle bound
Th' embroider'd zone her slender waist around ; ..
Thence to her feet a vast rotund display'd
The mingling colours of the rich brocade ;
This, aiding fancy, blending shame and pride,
Inflames with beauties it was meant to hide :
With careless ease the nymph first snapp'd her fan,
Roll'd round her radiant eyes, and thus began :—
“How cans't thou, Philo, here delight to sit,
Immers'd in learning, nastiness, and wit ?
Clean from the chest, where various odours breathe,
And dying roses their last sweets bequeath,
A shirt for thee, by my command, the maid
Three hours ago before the fire display'd ;
The barber waiting to renew thy face,
Holds thy wig powder'd in the pasteboard case ;
Thy silken breeches, and thy hose of thread,
Coat, waistcoat, all, lie ready on the bed.
Renounce that odious pipe, this filthy cell,
Where silence, dust, and pagan authors dwell :
Come ! shall the ladies wait in vain for thee ?
Come taste with us the charms of mirth and tea.”

As Philo heard confus'd the silver sound,
 His soul emerges from the dark profound ;
 On the bright vision full he turn'd his eyes,
 Touch'd, as he gaz'd, with pleasure and surprize ;
 The first faint dawnings of a smile appear'd,
 And now, in act to speak, he strok'd his beard ;
 When from a shelf just o'er the fair one's head,
 Down dropp'd Arachne by the viscous thread.—
 Back starts the nymph, with terror and dismay ;
 "The spider ! Oh !"—was all that she could say.

At this the sage resum'd the look severe ;—
 "Renounce, with woman's folly, woman's fear !"
 He said,—and careful to the shelf convey'd
 The hapless rival of the blue ey'd maid.

Th' enormous deed astonish'd Cloe view'd,
 And rage the crimson on her cheek renew'd.
 "Must then," said she, "such hideous vermin-crawl
 Indulg'd, protected, o'er the cobweb'd wall?
 Destroy her quickly—here her life I claim :
 If not for love or decency, for shame."
 "Shame be to guilt," replies the man of thought,
 "To slaves of custom, ne'er by reason taught,
 Who spare no life that touches not their own,
 By fear their cruelty restrain'd alone ;
 No blameless insect lives its destin'd hour,
 Caught in the murd'ring vortex of their pow'r ;
 For me,—the virtues of the mind I learn
 From sage Arachne, for whose life you burn :
 From her, when busy all the summer's day,
 She weaves the curious woof that snares her prey,
 I learn fair industry and art to prize,
 Admiring nature, providently wise ;

Who, though her bounty unexhausted flows,
Not daily bread on idleness bestows :
Arachne, still superior to despair,
Restores with art what accidents impair ;
The thousandth time the broken thread renews,
And one great end with fortitude pursues ;
To me her toil is ne'er renew'd in vain,
Taught what the wise by perseverance gain ;
Warm'd by example to the glorious strife,
And taught to conquer in the fight of life.
When now with rest amidst her labours crown'd,
She watchful, patient, eyes the circle round,
I learn, when toil has well deserv'd success,
Hope's placid, calm, expectance to possess ;
With care to watch, with patience still to wait
The golden moment, though delay'd by fate."

Impatient Cloe thus again reply'd;—

"How soon is error thro' each veil descri'd !
Still boasting reason's pow'r, how weak are we !
How blind, alas ! to all we would not see !
Else how could Philo, in a spider's cause,
Talk thus of mercy with deserv'd applause ?
Or call aught virtuous industry and skill,
Exerted only to surprise and kill ?

The blameless insect, whom no murder feeds,
For her, the victim of her cunning, bleeds ;
Cunning ! which when to wisdom we compare,
Is but to her, to men what monkeys are."

"Hold !" Philo cries, "and know, the same decree
Gave her the fly, which gives the lamb to thee ;
Or why these wings adapted to the snare,
Why interceptive hangs the net in air ?

As plain in these the precept kill and eat,
As in thy skill to carve the living treat."

"To this," she cries, "persuade me, if you can—
Man's lord of all, and all was made for man."

"Vain thought; the child of ignorance and pride!"
Disdainful smiling quickly he reply'd,

"To man, vain reptile! tell me of what use
Are all that Afric's peopl'd wastes produce!

The nameless monsters of the swarming seas,
The pigmy nations, wafted on the breeze?

The happy myriads, by his eyes unseen,

That bask in flow'rs and quicken all the green?

Why live these numbers blest in nature's state?

Why lives this spider object of thy hate?

Why man?—but life in common to possess,

Wide to diffuse the stream of happiness;

Blest stream! th' o'erflowing of the parent mind,

Great without pride, and without weakness kind!"

With downcast eyes, and sighs, and modest air,
Thus in soft sounds reply'd the wily fair:

"This fatal subtilty thy books impart

To baffle truth, when unsustain'd by art;

For this, when Cloe goes at twelve to bed,

Till three you sit, in converse with the dead;

No wonder then, in vain my skill's employ'd

To prove it best that vermin be destroy'd—

But though you proudly triumph o'er my sex,

Joy to confute, and reason but to vex,

Yet, if you lov'd me, to oblige your wife,

What could you less! you'd take a spider's life.

Once to prevent my wishes Philo flew;—

But time, that alters all, has alter'd you!

Yet still, unchang'd poor Cloe's love remains ;
These tears my witness, which your pride disdains ;
These tears, at once my witness, and relief."—
Here paus'd the fair, all eloquent in grief.

He, who had often, and alone, o'erturn'd
Witlings, and sophists, when his fury burn'd,
Now yields to love the fortress of his soul ;—
His eyes with vengeance on Arachne roll :—
"Curst wretch, thou pois'nous quintessence of ill,
Those precious drops unpunish'd shall thou spill ?"
He said ;—and stooping, from his foot he drew,
Black as his purpose, what was once a shoe ;
Now, high in air the fatal heel ascends ;
Reason's last effort now the stroke suspends ;
In doubt he stood—when, breath'd from Cloe's breast,
A struggling sigh her inward grief express'd ;
Fir'd by the sound,—“die, sorc'ress, die,”—he cry'd,
And to his arm his utmost strength apply'd :
Crush'd falls the foe, one complicated wound,
And the smote self returns a jarring sound.
On Ida's top thus Venus erst prevail'd,
When all the sapience of Minerva fail'd :
Thus to like arts a prey, as poets tell,
By Juno lov'd in vain, great Dido fell :—
And thus for ever beauty shall controul
The saint's, the sage's, and the hero's soul.

But Jove with hate beheld th' atrocious deed,
And vengeance follows with tremendous speed ;
In Philo's mind he quench'd the ray that fir'd
With love of science, and with verse inspir'd ;
Expung'd at once the philosophic theme,
All sages think, and all that poets dream ;

Yields him thus chang'd a vassal to the fair,
And forth she leads him, with a victor's air :
Drest to her wish, he mixes with the gay,
As much a trifler, and as vain as they ;
To fix their power, and rivet fast the chain,
They lead where pleasure spreads her soft domain ;
Where, drown'd in music reason's hoarser call,
Love smiles triumphant in thy groves, Vauxhall !



ELIZABETH CARTER.

BORN 1717.—DIED 1806.

*Time gently led
Her steady footsteps down the giddy steep
Of human life ; surrounded by the blaze
Of talents, fair desert, and high distinguish'd praise.*

*In early youth, from pleasure's train retir'd,
Willing she trod stern learning's rugged way ;
By praise undazzled, humble, though admir'd,
She tun'd her lyre to wisdom's moral lay ;
Even in that season when the sportive pow'r
Of fancy strews our path with many a blooming flow'r.*

*Mild in the even temper of her mind,
Benevolent to all, to merit just,
Still on the side of mercy most inclin'd,
Unwillingly she blam'd, where blame she must.
Pious as learned ; and in faith sincere,
Her trust was fix'd in heaven, her hope already there.*
(MRS. OPIE.)

This learned and excellent lady was born at Deal, where her father, the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D. D. was curate of the episcopal chapel ; he was also rector of Woodchurch and Ham, and one of the six preachers in the cathedral of Canterbury. Dr. Carter was a pious, learned, and highly respectable clergyman, and author of a volume of sermons, and some tracts on religious controversy. He gave all his children a learned education ; Elizabeth was the eldest, and she had the misfortune to lose her mother, who was the daughter of Richard Swayne, Esq. of Bere, in the county of Dorset, when she was only ten years old.

Mrs. Carter, for by that term she chose to be distinguished at a very early period of her life, evinced when yet a child; a determined resolution to become a scholar, but we are assured by her relation and biographer, that she acquired the rudiments of learning with much difficulty, and not without severe sacrifice of time, and it is to be feared even of health and comfort. She devoted herself to regular and intense study, and consumed in severe application to books, the hours which should have been devoted to repose. She accustomed herself to rise at four o'clock in the morning, and did not usually retire to rest until past midnight; to prevent sleep during this long period, she not only acquired the disgusting practice of snuff-taking, but she was also accustomed to chew green tea and coffee, and even to bind a wet towel round her head, or apply it to the region of the stomach. By these practices she laid the foundation of an incurable head-ache, which accompanied her through life, and in all probability prevented her from making the fair use of the learning so painfully acquired.

Though the ruling passion of this excellent woman's mind was certainly a fondness for acquiring languages, yet she did not absolutely neglect the accomplishments more peculiar to her sex. She acquired some proficiency in music, attempted to learn drawing, was fond of dancing, subscribed to assemblies, and once in her life acted a part in a play for the amusement of a family party. She had in her youth some share of beauty; her complexion was fair and clear, and her features regular, but she never possessed a good figure. She had offers of marriage, and formed at least one attachment, which does not appear to have been

very strong, as we are informed by her biographer that it gave way to an imprudent copy of verses written by her lover. It is probable that she had resolved early in life to devote herself to celibacy ;—she did not however seem to relish the compliment paid her by Mr. Hayley, when he dedicated to her his curious essay on old maids.

By incessant application Mrs. Carter acquired a knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, German, Portuguese and Arabic. She learned, we are told, without the use of grammars. Besides these several languages she was fond of astronomy, and acquired an intimate knowledge of it ; had some insight into mathematics ; and became a profound scholar in the science of ancient geography. As the means of retaining the languages she had acquired, it was her custom to read a portion of each every day, added to which she possessed by nature that peculiar kind of memory which retains permanently, what it admits with difficulty.

The first literary productions of this learned lady were poetical ; she is said to have translated an Ode of Anacreon in 1764, when she was only seventeen years of age. These attempts were first printed in the early volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine, the projector and publisher of which was a friend of her father's. By his means she became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, with whom she commenced an intimacy in 1738, which continued during his life. During this year also, she formed a small collection of her poems, which was printed by Cave, in a quarto pamphlet of twenty-four pages, and has been lately republished, together with her more mature efforts.

In 1739 she translated, and published without her name, a French critique on Pope's *Essay on Man*; and in the same year a translation from the Italian,—Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy explained for the use of Ladies, proceeded from her pen in two small volumes. Both these works are scarce from not having been reprinted; when advanced in life Mrs. Carter rarely spoke of them, and seemed to wish them to be forgotten.

In 1741 she contracted a friendship with Miss Talbot, which continued during the life of the latter. By means of this lady she was introduced to Archbishop Secker, and several other eminent characters.

In 1749 at the request of Miss Talbot she commenced her translation of *Epictetus*, which occupied her leisure hours for several years, and was not completed before 1756. It does not appear that she at first had any intention of publishing this laborious work, but she was prevailed upon principally by her friend the Archbishop to do so, and it was submitted to his correction for that purpose. This translation was printed in quarto in 1758, at the price of one guinea; 1250 copies were printed, and Mrs. Carter is said to have gained by the first impression the very handsome remuneration of £1000. Several other editions have since appeared.

During the time she was employed in this uncommon task, she was also actively engaged in educating one of her brothers, whom she prepared for the University.

The publication of *Epictetus* established Mrs. Carter's fame as a scholar, and procured her the intimate friendship of several distinguished characters, and the general notice of all friends of learning. Among these the most remarkable were the witty and accomplished

Mrs. Montague, her relation the Earl of Bath, and Lord Lyttleton. By the advice of these noblemen, when on a visit at Tunbridge, she was prevailed upon to form a second collection of poems. These were published in 1762 in a small volume dedicated to Lord Bath, and having an introductory copy of verses prefixed, from the pen of Lord Lyttleton.

These several publications rendered her easy in her circumstances. She purchased a house at Deal in 1762, which she hired to her father, with whom she continued to reside during the remainder of his life.

In 1763 she went abroad with Lord Bath and Mrs. Montague, and visited Spa, Germany, and Holland. Her letters written during this short tour, have been published in the memoir of her life by Mr. Pennington, and form the best part of that gentleman's work.

Lord Bath died in 1764, and contrary to general expectation, the name of Mrs. Carter was not to be found in his will. Ample amends was however made for this apparent neglect by Sir William Pulteney, when he became possessed of the Earl's property in 1767; his first care was to settle upon Mrs. Carter, in the most generous and handsome manner, an annuity of £100 a year, which was afterwards increased to £150. About this time her father's circumstances were also greatly improved by the death of a brother, who bequeathed to him and his family a considerable property.

In 1768 Mrs. Carter lost her great friend Dr. Secker, who also neglected to name her in his will. Two years after she sustained a greater loss in the death of her valuable friend Miss Talbot; the literary remains of this excellent lady were intrusted to Mrs. Carter who derived considerable benefit from their publication.

Mrs. Carter lost her father in 1774, but she continued to occupy the same residence at Deal to the end of her life, dividing her time between that town and London, where she generally passed the winter.

In 1778 her friend Mrs. Montague became a widow, immediately after which she settled an annuity upon Mrs. Carter of £100 a year; this was the last accession of property that she acquired, and with what she previously possessed, rendered her easy, and for a person of her pursuits, even opulent in her circumstances.

The remainder of Mrs. Carter's life was not marked by any events sufficiently important to demand our notice. She continued to improve her mind by study, enjoyed the best society in town and country, and was, as she well deserved to be, the object of universal reverence and esteem.

Mrs. Carter died in London, February 19th, 1806, and was buried there, in the burial ground of Grosvenor Chapel, where a monument exists to her memory.

Should it ever again become a question whether the intellect of women be inferior to that of men, English ladies may triumphantly appeal to the illustrious name of Elizabeth Carter. She possessed an understanding of that peculiar kind which has been distinguished by the term masculine; being firm, enduring, and determined; she delighted to encounter and subdue difficulties, and selected for her walk not the soft and flowery paths of literature, but the rough and thorny road of learning. Such was the profundity of her acquirements in the dead languages, that Dr. Johnson, no inadequate judge, and one who from prejudice was at all times unwilling to render justice to her sex, allowed

that she was the best Greek scholar within the range of his extensive knowledge.—A more convincing proof is perhaps her admirable translation of one of the most difficult of the Greek classics, which displays in every part a familiarity with the language, rarely exceeded by any modern scholar. This is however, but a small portion of the praise due to our admirable country-woman. During her painful advance over the rugged domain of classical learning, she practiced, and attained perfection in, a far more difficult study,—she acquired absolute command over her own mind; she learned to subdue her passions, and render them submissive to the dictates of prudential wisdom. She became a model both by precept and example, of every christian and moral virtue.

All illustrious characters, however, have their defects; perfection is not the lot of humanity:—

*Nam vitis nemo sine nascitur. Optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur.*

Elizabeth Carter was not free from that pride which proceeds from association with characters ennobled rather by circumstance than by desert. She valued herself on the trifling notices of royalty, and it is to be feared looked with too much complacency on the long list of her titled friends. Lord Bath, a doubtful character, was her intimate associate, and though in a degree, like poor Amhurst, the victim of his cold-hearted neglect, she defended his memory, and seemed blind to his political failings. Horace Walpole, no longer a doubtful character, was also her friend and correspondent, and she even ventured to justify and approve of his disgraceful conduct to the unfortunate Chatterton.

To the merits of Chatterton himself, and of Burns, the two most original, and, every thing considered, the greatest geniuses that appeared during the long period of her life, she was altogether a stranger; she considered them as low and profligate characters, and suffered her prejudices against the men, to influence her judgment of their works, impressed as they are with the stamp of immortality: this might however, proceed from defective taste.—Another of this excellent woman's failings was the perfect satisfaction with which she viewed the existing order of things. In her opinion every thing was perfect both in church and state, and she reprobated all attempts at innovation, though the object in contemplation might have been improvement. If all our patriots had resembled Elizabeth Carter, we should have been at this moment the victims of superstition and tyranny. All human institutions, however admirably framed at the commencement, degenerate in the progress of time; and who shall venture to say that even the British constitution in church and state, will never again demand the firm nerve of a Wickliff or a Hampden, to repair the breaches of that all devouring power.

With the exception of her translation of Epictetus, Mrs. Carter has left no proof of her extraordinary attainments for the benefit and admiration of posterity; like many other great scholars she reserved her learning for her own peculiar use; a degree of selfishness very much to be lamented, and which might lead some sceptical persons to doubt altogether, the utility or advantage of such severe studies. Four volumes of her letters, in conjunction with those of Miss Talbot and Mrs. Vesey, have been published since her death by

her nephew, the Rev. Mr. Pennington. Though by no means worthy of comparison with the unrivalled productions of her friend Mrs. Montague, these letters are excellent, and deserve a place in the library of every British lady.

It may be presumed from the slight view we have taken of the life and character of this learned and virtuous woman, that she did not possess in perfection the genuine poetic temperament. In her conduct we perceive

“No hair-brain’d sentimental traces,”

she was not of those

“Whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet run themselves life’s mad career,
Wild as the wave :”

In truth she possessed only two of the minor qualities that enter into the composition of the poet’s mind : she had some ear to harmony, and a memory well stored with poetic common places, the fruits of much reading, and continual study. She was a profound scholar, a learned and orthodox divine, a correct moralist, a fair critic, a decent lady philosopher,—but no poet : yet she prided herself upon her talent for verse, and in one of her letters describes herself as a poet but no philosopher. She was mistaken ; in the whole compass of what she has written in this department of literature, it would be difficult to find one original conception, or a single stanza which involuntarily attaches itself to the memory of the reader ; a certain test of poetic merit. — • Her verses are uniformly elegant, and seldom offend the ear by want of melody : they are invariably correct

in conception, and abound with the purest precepts of religion and morality. With this praise, slight as it is, her poetic memory must be content.

THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT.

While night in solemn shade invests the Pole,
 And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul ;
 While reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
 And life's deceitful colours fade away :
 To thee ! all-conscious presence ! I devote
 This peaceful interval of sober thought.
 Here all my better faculties confine,
 And be this hour of sacred silence thine.

If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
 My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd ;
 If, by example snar'd, by passion warm'd,
 Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd,
 My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
 And my best hopes are center'd in thy love :
 Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford !
 It's utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.

But, ah ! how oft' my lawless passions rove,
 And break those awful precepts I approve !
 Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
 And violate the virtue I adore !

Oft' when thy gracious spirit's guardian care
 Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
 My stubborn will his gentle aid repress,

- And check'd the rising goodness in my breast ;
- Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
 Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.

With grief oppress'd and prostrate in the dust,
Should'st thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
But, oh! thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by mercy's gentle name:
Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horrors of despair;
From rig'rous justice steals the vengeful hour;
Softens the dreadful attribute of power;
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.

All pow'rful grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey;
Lest lurking folly, with insidious art,
Regain my volatile inconstant heart.
Shall ev'ry high resolve devotion frames,
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
Or rather, while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this still hour each motion of my soul,
Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb.
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
'Till the last morn it's orient beam disclose:
Then, when the great Archangel's potent sound,
Shall echo through creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy survey
The op'ning splendors of eternal day.

TO THE MEMORY OF——

Could modest sense with softest manners join'd
Attract the due attention of mankind,
Unhappy Florio! thy ungentle fate
Had ne'er reproach'd the wealthy or the great.

In vain admir'd, applauded, and rever'd,
No gen'rous hand thy drooping genius cheer'd ;
It's useless talents destin'd to deplore,
And sink neglected on a foreign shore ;
There all thy prospects, all thy sufferings cease,
In death, the last kind refuge of distress,

Though by the world abandon'd and forgot,
Let one be just and mourn thy hapless lot ;
Unlike thy sex whom selfish views inspire,
To pain the guiltless object they admire,
Thy silent truth each teasing suit repress,
And only wish'd to see another blest,
Though cold to passion, true to thy desert,
Take the last tribute of a grateful heart,
Which not unconscious saw thy generous aim,
And gave thee, all it had to give, esteem ;
Still o'er thy tomb its pious sorrows rise,
And *virtue* sheds the tear which *love* denies.

ON THE SAME.

Oft has the wintry blast deform'd the year,
And zephyr oft restor'd the vernal bloom,
Florio ! since first I breath'd the sigh sincere,
And twin'd the cypress garland round thy tomb.

Though long compos'd thy peaceful ashes sleep
In worlds remote beneath the southern pole ;
Nor wide stretch'd lands, nor interposing deep,
Can check the progress of th' unfetter'd soul.

Perhaps thy gentle spirit still surveys,
With some regard the object once so dear,
Nor undelighted feels the honest praise
Which truth bestows on death's unflatter'd ear.

Yet no vain wish recalls thee from the tomb
 To tread the toilsome round of mortal years,
 But kind compassion, smiling, heard the doom,
 That stopt thy progress through a vale of tears.

A vale of tears to thee was all below,
 Where no glad prospect cheered the thorny way,
 Save that which virtue's piercing eyes bestow
 Through death's dark perspective to endless day.

TO MISS LYNCH.

Occasioned by an Ode written by Mrs. PHILIPS.

Narcissa † still through ev'ry varying name,
 My constant care and bright enliv'ning theme,
 In what soft language shall the muse declare
 The fond extravagance of love sincere?
 How all those pleasing sentiments convey,
 That charm my fancy, when I think on thee?
 A theme like this Orinda's thoughts inspir'd,
 Nor less by friendship than by genius fir'd:
 Then let her happier, more persuasive art
 Explain th' agreeing dictates of my heart:
 Sweet may her fame to late remembrance bloom,
 And everlasting laurels shade her tomb,
 Whose spotless verse with genuine force exprest
 The brightest passion of the human breast.

In what blest clime, beneath what fav'ring skies,
 Did thy fair form, propitious friendship! rise?
 With mystic sense, the poet's tuneful tongue
 Urania's birth in glit'ring fiction sung,
 That Paphos first her smiling presence own'd,
 Which wide diffus'd its happy influence round.

With hands united, and with looks serene,
Th' attending graces hail their now-born queen ;
The zephyrs round her wav'd their purple wing,
And shed the fragrance of the breathing spring :
The rosy hours, advanc'd in silent flight,
Led sparkling youth, and ever new delight.
Soft sigh the winds, the waters gently roll,
A purer azure vests the lucid pole,
All nature welcom'd in the beauteous train,
And heav'n and earth smit'd conscious of the scene.
But long ere Paphos rose, or poet sung,
In heav'nly breasts the sacred passion sprung ;
The same bright flames in raptur'd seraphs glow,
As warm consenting tempers here below :
While one attraction mortal, angel binds,
Virtue, which forms the unison of minds ;
Friendship her soft harmonious touch affords,
And gently strikes the sympathetic chords,
Th' agreeing notes in social measures roll,
And the sweet concert flows from soul to soul.

By heaven's enthusiastic impulse taught
What shining visions rose on Plato's thought !
While by the muses' gently winding flood,
His searching fancy trac'd the sovereign good !
The laurell'd sisters touch'd the vocal lyre,
And wisdom's goddess led their tuneful choir.
Beneath the genial plantane's spreading shade,
How sweet the philosophic music play'd !
Through all the grove, along the flow'ry shore,
The charming sounds responsive echoes bore.
Here from the cares of vulgar life refin'd,
Immortal pleasures open'd on his mind :

In gay succession to his ravish'd eyes
 The animating powers of beauty rise ;
 On every object round, above, below,
 Quick to the sight her vivid colours glow :
 Yet not to matter's shadowy forms confin'd,
 The fair and good he sought remain'd behind ;
 Till gradual rising through the boundless whole,
 He view'd the blooming graces of the soul ;
 Where, to the beam of intellectual day,
 The genuine charms of moral beauty play ;
 With pleasing force the strong attractions move
 Each finer sense and tune it into love.

TO ———.

The midnight moon serenely smiles,
 O'er nature's soft repose ;
 No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
 Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest,
 The throbbing heart lies still ;
 And varying schemes of life no more
 Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice,
 Attends each mental pow'r :—
 Come dear Emilia, and enjoy
 Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Comè :—while the peaceful scene invites,
 Let's search this ample round ;—
 Where shall the lovely fleeting form
 Of happiness be found ?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell?
Or hid beneath the solemn gloom,
That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals!
And through the cloister's deep recess,
Invading sorrow steals.

In vain through beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace;
It dwells not in the faithless smile,
That brightens Clodie's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
The heart in friendship finds:
Ah! dear delusion! gay conceit
Of visionary minds!

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one;—
To place its being in some state,
At distance from our own.

O! blind to each indulgent aim,
Of pow'r supremely wise,
Who fancy happiness in ought
The hand of heav'n denies.

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess;
Unless harmonious reason tunes
The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
Is happiness confin'd,
And deaf to folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.

TO ———

Say, dear Emilia, what untry'd delight
Has earth, or air, or ocean to bestow,
That checks thy active spirit's nobler flight,
And bounds its narrow views to scenes below?

Is life thy passion?—let it not depend
On flutt'ring pulses, and a fleeting breath:
In sad despair the fruitless wish must end,
That seeks it in the gloomy range of death.

This world, deceitful idol of thy soul,
Is all devoted to his tyrant pow'r;
To form his prey the genial planets roll,
To speed his conquests flies the rapid hour.

This verdant earth, these fair surrounding skies,
Are all the triumphs of his wasteful reign:
'Tis but to set,—the brightest suns arise;
'Tis but to wither,—blooms the flow'ry plain.

'Tis but to die, mortality was born;
Nor struggling folly breaks the dread decree:
Then cease the common destiny to mourn,
Nor wish thy nature's laws revers'd for thee.

The sun that sets, again shall gild the skies,
The faded plain reviving flow'rs shall grace;
But hopeless fall, no more on earth to rise,
The transitory forms of human race.

No more on earth :—but see, beyond the gloom,
Where the short reign of time and death expires,
Victorious o'er the ravage of the tomb,
Smiles the fair object of thy fond desires.

The seed of life below, imperfect lies,
To virtue's hand its cultivation giv'n;
Form'd by her care, the beauteous plant shall rise,
And flourish with unfading bloom in heav'n.

TO THE EARL OF BATH.

Bright are the beams meridian suns diffuse ;
Yet drooping nature mourns their force severe :
And hails the gentle fall of ev'ning dews,
Whose cooling drops the wither'd world repair.

Bright is our mortal being's noontide state,
The glowing breast when new-born spirits fire :
When vast designs th' aspiring soul elate,
And fair achievements ev'ry wish inspire.

While unrelax'd the springs of action play,
And gay success on raptur'd fancy smiles,
She bids all dangers, and all doubts give way,
To crown the hero's, or the statesman's toils.

Untaught what cross events the wise confound,
How time and chance the boast of pow'r deride,
Exulting hope o'erleaps the fatal bound,
By imperfection fix'd to human pride.

Subdu'd at length beneath laborious life,
With passion struggling, and by care deprest,
In peaceful age, that ends the various strife,
The harrass'd virtues gladly sink to rest.

Yet not in flow'ry indolence reclin'd,
They waste th' important gift of sober hours :
To ev'ry state has heav'n its task assign'd ;
To ev'ry task assign'd its needful pow'rs.

Within the fun'ral cypress' awful gloom,
Shall pleasure her fantastic garlands wreath ?
Shall giddy mirth profane the neighb'ring tomb,
And folly riot in the vale of death ?

For better purposes, to favour'd man
Is length of days, tremendous blessing ! giv'n ;
To regulate our life's disorder'd plan,
And purify the blemish'd soul for heav'n.

For oft, alas ! amidst our fairest aim,
The busy passions mix their fatal art ;
Perplex defective virtue's genuine scheme,
And sliely warp the unsuspecting heart.

Oft too, by inconsistent crouds misled,
Our devious steps through winding mazes stray :
How few the simple path of duty tread,
And steadfast keep their heav'n-directed way !

With calm severity, unpassion'd age
Detects the specious fallacies of youth ;
Reviews the motives, which no more engage,
And weighs each action in the scale of truth.

The soul no more on mortal good relies,
But nobler objects urge her hopes and fears,
And, sick of folly, views no tempting prize
Beneath the radiant circle of the stars.

How blest, who thus by added years improv'd,
With cautious steps their lengthen'd journey tread :
And, from the task of sultry life remov'd,
Converse with wisdom in it's ev'ning shade.

Such, gracious heav'n ! be Pult'ney's setting day,
And cheerful peace it's various labours close ;
May no dark cloud obscure it's soften'd ray,
Nor ruffling tempest shake it's calm repose :

Amidst the waste of years, preserve entire
The undecaying spirit's nobler part,
The vivid spark of intellectual fire,
And all the gentler graces of the heart.

When late he sinks beneath the common doom,
May sacred hope attend his parting breath :
May virtue gild his passage to the tomb,
And pow'rful faith disarm the dart of death.

TO MRS. VESEY.

Silent and cool the dews of ev'ning fall,
Hush'd is the vernal music of the groves,
From yon thick boughs the birds of darkness call,
And mark the walk that contemplation loves.

In shapeless grandeur through the dubious shade,
That Gothic structure rises unconfin'd :
Imagination feels a sacred dread,
And awes to sober thought th' astonish'd mind.

Successive seasons, as they roll, survey
Still unimpair'd these solid columns stand,
While cold and senseless moulder in decay
The limbs which rais'd them, and the head which
plan'd.

Not for themselves the toiling artists build,
Not for himself contrives the studious sage :
To distant views by mystic force compell'd,
All give the *present* to the *future* age.

Beneath the shelter of this reverend pile
The various schemes of busy care repose :
O'er the dark tombs, along each peopl'd aisle,
The moon's pale beam a faint reflection throws.

Here *death* his melancholy pomp displays,
And all his terrors strike on fancy's eye :
To fancy's ear each hollow gale conveys,
In chilling sounds, the last expiring sigh.

Mute is each syren passion's faithless song,
Check'd and suspended by the solemn scene :
Mute the wild clamours of the giddy throng,
And only heard the "still small voice" within.

Ambition sick'ning views the laurel'd bust,
The weak reward for years of rival strife :
While *pleasure's* garland with'ring in the dust,
Confutes the gayer hope of frolic life.

While folly dictates, and while reason scorns
The vain regrets of disappointed art,
E'en *virtue* sighs, while poor *affection* mourns
The blasted comforts of the desert heart.

Yet check that impious thought, my gentle friend,
Which bounds our prospects by our fleeting breath,
Which hopeless sees unfinish'd life descend
And even bars the prison gates of death.

Ah! what is friendship, if at once disjoin'd,
The sympathetic tie unites no more?
Ah! what is virtue, if below confin'd?—
The fruitless struggle of a toilsome hour.

To perfect good, through each progressive stage
The pow'rs of intellectual being tend,
Nor raging elements, nor wasting age,
Shall e'er defeat their heav'n-appointed end.

To perfect joy, from pain and chance secure,
The sighing heart springs upward from the dust,
Where safe from suff'ring, and from frailty pure,
Unite the social spirits of the just.

O'er the sad relics of our mortal clay,
No more let fancy sink in hopeless grief:
But, rais'd by faith to happier views, survey
The blooming forms of renovated life.

To nature rescu'd from corruption's pow'r,
The glad Archangel lifts his awful voice;
He swears that time and change shall be no more;—
Hear earth and heav'n!—and earth and heav'n re-
joice!

JAMES CAWTHORN.

BORN 1721.—DIED 1761.

This poet was born in or near Sheffield, and demands a place in our catalogue in consequence of his having been master of a Kentish grammar school.—By the inscription on his monument we are assured that he had been a graduate at one of the universities, though Dr. Johnson in the short account he has given of his life, does not appear to have known which. He seems to have devoted himself to the employment of tuition, and the earliest notice we have of him is as an usher in a private school in London ; he married the sister of his employer, whose name was Clare ; this lady died before him. The foundation school of Tunbridge is in the patronage of the Skinner's Company, and he was elected to the mastership in the year 1743. In conjunction with his patrons he afterwards founded a library which is annexed to the school. In his conduct as master he is said to have been singularly harsh and severe, though in the common intercourse of life, generous and friendly.

He appears to have indulged in some eccentric habits. He had a passion for music, though unacquainted with the science, and has been known to ride from Tunbridge to London, to be present at an evening's musical entertainment, though obliged to return to his duties so early as seven o'clock the next morning. He

also delighted in hunting, and severe horse exercise, though little skilled in horsemanship; and to this propensity he fell a victim, for he lost his life by a fall from his horse, April 15th, 1761. He was buried in Tunbridge church, where a monument erected by his sister, with a latin inscription, is devoted to his memory.

In 1746 he published a poem of considerable merit on the subject of the romantic history of Abelard and Eloisa; this, with two sermons, constitute all the compositions he printed in his life time. His poems were afterwards collected and inserted in the series published in the name of Dr. Johnson.

The poetry of Cawthorn though deficient in originality, is very good of its kind; few writers have reasoned better, or more elegantly, in verse. In his graver pieces he imitated with effect the style and manner of Pope; and in his lighter compositions Swift was his model. We will select a specimen of each kind, which is all our limits will admit, and will be sufficient to indicate his poetic talent.

OF TASTE.

An Essay.

Well—though our passions riot, fret, and rave,
Wild and capricious as the wind and wave,
One common folly, say whate'er we can,
Has fix'd at last the mercury of man;
And rules, as sacred as his father's creed,
O'er every native of the Thames and Tweed.

Ask ye what pow'r it is that dares to claim
So vast an empire, and so wide a fame?

What God unshrin'd in all the ages past?—
I'll tell you, friend! in one short word—'tis Taste;
Taste that, without or head, or ear, or heart,
One gift of nature, or one grace of art,
Ennobles riches, sanctifies expence,
And takes the place of spirit, worth, and sense.
In elder time, ere yet our fathers knew
Rome's idle arts, or panted for virtù,
Or sat whole nights Italian songs to hear,
Without a genius, and without an ear;
Exalted sense, to warmer climes unknown,
And manly wit was nature's, and our own.
But when our virtues, warp'd by wealth and peace,
Began to slumber in the lap of ease—
When Charles return'd to his paternal reign,
With more than fifty taylor's in his train,
We felt for Taste—for then obliging France
Taught the rough Briton how to dress, and dance;
Politely told him all were brutes, and fools,
But the gay coxcombs of her happier schools;
That all perfection in her language lay,
And the best author was her own Rabelais.
Hence, by some strange malignity of fate,
We take our fashions from the land we hate:
Still slaves to her, howe'er her taste inclines,
We wear her ribbands, and we drink her wines;
Eat as she eats, no matter which or what,
A roasted lobster, or a roasted cat;
And fill our houses with an hungry train
Of more than half the scoundrels of the Seine.

Time was, a wealthy Englishman would join
A rich plumb-pudding to a fat sirloin;

Or bake a pasty, whose enormous wall
Took up almost the area of his hall :
But now, as art improves, and life refines,
The dæmon Taste attends him when he dines ;
Serves on his board an elegant regale,
Where three stew'd mushrooms flank a larded quail ;
Where infant turkies, half a month resign'd
To the soft breathings of a southern wind,
And smother'd in a rich ragout of snails,
Outstink a lenten supper at Versailles.
Is there a saint that would not laugh to see
The good man piddling with his fricassee ;
Forc'd by the luxury of taste to drain
A flask of poison, which he calls champagne !
While he, poor idiot ! though he dare not speak,
Pines all the while for porter and ox-cheek.

Sure 'tis enough to starve for pomp and show,
To drink, and curse the clarets of Bourdeaux :
Yet such our humour, such our skill to hit
Excess of folly through excess of wit,
We plant the garden, and we build the seat,
Just as absurdly as we drink and eat.
For is there aught that nature's hand has sown
To bloom and ripen in her hottest zone ?
Is there a shrub which ere its verdure blow,
Asks all the suns that beam upon the Po ?
Is there a flowret whose vermilion hue
Can only catch its beauty in Peru ?
Is there a portal, colonnade, or dome,
The pride of Naples, or the boast of Rome ?
We raise it here, in storms of wind and hail,
On the bleak bosom of a sunless vale ;

Careless alike of climate, soil, and place,
The cast of nature, and the smiles of grace.

Hence all our stucco'd walls, mosaic floors,
Palladian windows, and Venetian doors;
Our Grecian fronts, whose Attic wings unfold
Fluted pilasters, tipp'd with leaves of gold;
Our massy ceilings, grac'd with gay festoons,
The weeping marbles of our damp saloons,
Lawns fring'd with citron, amaranthine bow'rs,
Expiring myrtles, and unop'ning flow'rs.
Hence the good Scotsman bids th' anana blow
In rocks of chrystal, or in Alps of snow;
On Orcus' steep extends his wide arcade,
And kills his scanty sunshine in a shade.

One might expect a sanctity of style
August and manly in an holy pile,
And think an architect extremely odd
To build a playhouse for the church of God;
Yet half our churches, such the mode that reigns,
Are Roman theatres, or Grecian fanes;
Where broad-arch'd windows to the eye convey
The keen diffusion of too strong a day;
Where in the luxury of wanton pride,
Corinthian columns languish side by side,
Clos'd by an altar exquisitely fine,
Loose and lascivious as a Cyprian shrine.

Of late, 'tis true, quite sick of Rome and Greece,
We fetch our models from the wise Chinese;
European artists are too cool and chaste,
For Mand'rin only is the man of taste;
Whose bolder genius fondly wild to see
His grove a forest, and his pond a sea,

Breaks out, and, whimsically great, designs
Without the shackles or of rules or lines ;
Form'd on his plans, our farms and seats begin
To match the boasted villas of Pekin,
On every hill a spire-crown'd temple swells,
Hung round with serpents, and a fringe of bells ;
Junks and balons along our waters sail,
With each a gilded cock-boat at his tail ;
Our choice exotics to the breeze exhale
Within the enclosure of a zig-zag rail ;
In Tartar huts our cows and horses lie,
Our hogs are fatten'd in an Indian sty ;
On ev'ry shelf a joss divinely stares,
Nymphs laid on chintzes sprawl upon our chairs ;
While o'er our cabinets Confucius nods,
'Midst porcelain elephants, and China Gods.

Peace to all such—but you whose chaster fires
True greatness kindles, and true sense inspires,
Or ere you lay a stone, or plant a shade,
Bend the proud arch, or roll the broad cascade,
Ere all your wealth in mean profusion waste,
Examine nature with the eye of Taste ;
Mark where she spreads the lawn, or pours the rill,
Falls in the vale, or breaks upon the hill,
Plan as she plans, and where her genius calls,
There sink your grottos, and there raise your walls.
Without this Taste, beneath whose magic wand
Truth and correctness guide the artist's hand,
Woods, lakes, and palaces are idle things,
The shame of nations, and the blush of kings.
Expence and Vanbrugh, vanity and show,
May build a Blenheim, but not make a Stowe.

But what is Taste, you ask, this heav'n-born fire
We all pretend to, and we all admire?
Is it a casual grace? or lucky hit?
Or the cool effort of reflecting wit?
Has it no law but mere misguided will?
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill?
It has——true Taste, when delicately fine,
Is the pure sunshine of a soul divine,
The full perfection of each mental pow'r ;—
'Tis sense, 'tis nature, and 'tis something more.
Twin-born with Genius of one common bed,
One parent bore them, and one master bred.
It gives the lyre with happier sounds to flow,
With purer blushes bids fair beauty glow ;
From Raphael's pencil calls a nobler line,
And warms, Corregio ! every touch of thine.

And yet, though sprung from one paternal flame,
Genius and Taste are different as their name :
Genius, all sun-beam, where he throws a smile,
Impregnates nature faster than the Nile ;
Wild, and impetuous, high as heav'n aspires,
All science animates, all virtue fires ;
Creates ideal worlds, and there convenes
Aerial forms, and visionary scenes.
But Taste corrects, by one ethereal touch,
What seems too little, and what seems too much ;
Marks the fine point where each consenting part
Slides into beauty with the ease of art ;
This bids to rise, and that with grace to fall,
And bounds, unites, refines, and hieghtens all.

THE ANTIQUARIANS.

A Tale.

Some antiquarians grave and loyal,
 Incorporate by charter royal,
 Last winter, on a Thursday night, were
 Met in full senate at the Mitre.
 The president, like Mr. Mayor,
 Majestic took the elbow chair;
 And gravely sat in due decorum
 With a fine gilded mace before him.
 Upon the table were display'd
 A British knife without a blade,
 A comb of Anglo-Saxon real,
 A patent with King Alfred's seal
 Two rusted mutilated prongs,
 Suppos'd to be St. Dunstan's tongs,
 With which he, as the story goes,
 Once took the devil by the nose.

Awhile they talk'd of ancient modes,
 Of manuscripts, and Gothic codes,
 Of Roman altars, camps and urns,
 Of Caledonian shields and churns;
 Whether the Druid slipt or broke
 The misletoe upon the oak?
 If Hector's spear was made of ash?
 Or Agamemnon wore a sash?
 If Cleopatra dress'd in blue,
 And wore her tresses in a queue?

At length a dean who understood
 All that had pass'd before the flood,
 And could in half a minute shew ye
 A pedigree as high as Noah,

Got up, and with a solemn air,
First humbly bowing to the chair,
"If aught," says he, "deserves a name
Immortal as the roll of fame,
This venerable group of sages
Shall flourish in the latest ages,
And wear an amaranthine crown
When kings and empires are unknown.
Perhaps e'en I whose humbler knowledge
Ranks me the lowest of your college,
May catch from your meridian day
At least a transitory ray :
For I, like you, through ev'ry clime,
Have trac'd the step of hoary Time,
And gather'd up his sacred spoils
With more than half a cent'ry's toils.
Whatever virtue, deed, or name,
Antiquity has left to fame,
In ev'ry age, and ev'ry zone,
In copper, marble, wood, or stone,
In vases, flow'r-pots, lamps, and sconces,
Intaglios, cameos, gems, and bronzes,
These eyes have read through many a crust
Of lacker, varnish, grease, and dust;
And now, as glory fondly draws
My soul to win your just applause,
I here exhibit to your view
A medal fairly worth Peru,
Found, as tradition says, at Rome,
Near the Quirinal Catacomb."

He said, and from a purse of satin,
Wrapp'd in a leaf of monkish latin,

And taught by many a clasp to join,
Drew out a dirty copper coin.
Still as pale midnight when she throws
On heaven and earth a deep repose,
Lost in a trance too big to speak,
The Synod ey'd the fine antique;
Examin'd ev'ry point and part,
With all the critic skill of art;
Rung it alternate on the ground,
In hopes to know it by the sound;
Apply'd the tongue's acuter sense
To taste its genuine excellence,
And with an animated gust
Lick'd up the consecrated rust:
Nor yet content with what the eye
By its own sun-beams could descry,
To ev'ry corner of the brass
They clapp'd a microscopic glass;
And view'd in raptures o'er and o'er
The ruins of the learned ore.
Pythagoras, the learned sage,
As you may read in Pliny's page,
With much of thought, and pains, and care,
Found the proportions of a square,
Which threw him in such frantic fits
As almost robb'd him of his wits,
And made him, awful as his name was,
Run naked through the streets of Samos.
With the same spirits Doctor Romans,
A keen civilian of the Commons,
Fond as Pythagoras to claim
The wreath of literary fame,

Sprung in a phrensy from his place
Across the table and the mace,
And swore by Varo's shade that he
Conceiv'd the medal to a T.
"It rings," says he, "so pure, and chaste,
And has so classical a taste,
That we may fix its native home
Securely in imperial Rome.
That rascal, Time, whose hand purloins
From science half her kings and coins,
Has eat, you see, one half the tale,
And hid the other in a veil :
But if, through cankers, rust, and fetters,
Mishapen forms, and broken letters,
The critic's eye may dare to trace
An evanescent name, and face,
This injur'd medal will appear,
As mid-day sunshine, bright and clear.
The female figure on a throne
Of rustic work in Tiber' stone,
Without a sandal, zone, or boddice,
Is Liberty's immortal goddess ;
Whose sacred fingers seem to hold
A taper wand, perhaps of gold ;
Which has, if I mistake not, on it.
The Pileus, or Roman bonnet :
By this the medallist would mean
To paint that fine domestic scene,
When the first Brutus nobly gave
His freedom to the worthy slave."

When a spectator's got the jaundice,
Each object, or by sea, or land, is

Discolour'd by a yellow hue,
Though naturally red, or blue :
This was the case with 'squire Thynne,
A barrister of Lincoln's Inn,
Who never lov'd to think or speak
Of any thing but ancient Greek :
In all disputes his sacred guide was
The very venerable Suidas ;
And though he never deign'd to look
In Salkeld, Littleton, or Coke,
And liv'd a stranger to the fees
And practice of the Common-Pleas ;
He studied with such warmth, and awe,
The volumes of Athenian law,
That Solon's self no better knew
The legislative plan he drew ;
Nor cou'd Demosthenes withstand
The rhet'ric of his wig, and band ;
When, full of zeal, and Aristotle,
And fluster'd by a second bottle,
He taught the orator to speak
His periods in correcter Greek.

" Methinks," quoth he, " this little piece
Is certainly a child of Greece :
Th' Ærugo has a tinge of blue
Exactly of the Attic hue ;
And, if the taste's acuter feel
May judge of medals as of veal,
I'll take my oath the mould and rust
Are made of Attic dew and dust.
Critics may talk, and rave, and foam,
Of Brutus, and imperial Rome,

But Rome, in all her pomp and bliss,
Ne'er struck so fine a coin as this.
Besides, though Time, as is his way,
Has eat the inscription quite away,
My eye can trace, divinely true,
In this dark curve a little Mu :
And here, you see, there seems to lie
The ruins of a Doric Xi.
Perhaps, as Athens thought, and writ
With all the pow'rs of style, and wit,
The nymph upon a couch of mallows
Was meant to represent a Pallas ;
And the baton upon the ore
Is but the olive-branch she bore."

He said—but Swinton, full of fire,
Asserted that it came from Tyre :
A most divine antique he thought it,
And with an empire wou'd have bought it,
He swore the head in full profile was
Undoubtedly the head of Belus ;
And the reverse, though hid in shade,
Appear'd a young Sidonian maid,
Whose tresses, buskins, shape, and mien,
Mark'd her for Dido at sixteen ;
Perhaps the very year when she was
First married to the rich Sichæus.
The rod, as he could make it clear,
Was nothing but a hunting spear,
Which all the Tyrian ladies bore,
To guard them when they chac'd the boar.
A learned friend, he could confide on,
Who liv'd full thirty years at Sidon,

Once shew'd him, 'midst the seals and rings
Of more than thirty Syrian kings,
A copper piece, in shape and size,
Exactly that before their eyes,
On which in high relief was seen
The image of a Tyrian queen ;
Which made him think this other dame
A true Phœnician, and the same.

The next a critic, grave and big,
Hid in a most enormous wig,
Who in his manners, mien, and shape was
A genuine son of Esculapius,
Wonder'd that men of such discerning
In all th' abstruser parts of learning,
Could err, through want of wit or grace,
So strangely in so plain a case.

"It came," says he, "or I will be whipt,
From Memphis in the Lower Egypt ;
Soon as the Nile's prolific flood
Has fill'd the plains with slime and mud,
All Egypt in a moment swarms
With myriads of abortive worms,
Whose appetites would soon devour
Each cabbage, artichoke, and flow'r,
Did not some birds, with active zeal,
Eat up whole millions at a meal,
And check the pest, while yet the year
Is ripening into stalk and ear.
This blessing, visibly divine,
Is finely pourtray'd on the coin ;
For here this line, so faint and weak,
Is certainly a bill or beak ;

Which bill or beak, upon my word,
In hieroglyphics means a bird,
The very bird whose num'rous tribe is
Distinguish'd by the name of Ibis.
Besides the figure with the wand,
Mark'd by a sistrum in her hand,
Appears, the moment she is seen,
An Isis, Egypt's boasted queen.
Sir, I'm as sure as if my eye
Had seen the artist cut the die,
That these two curves which wave and float thus,
Are but the tendrils of the Lotus,
Which, as Herodotus has said,
Th' Egyptians always eat for bread."

He spoke, and heard, without a pause,
The rising murmur of applause ;
The voice of admiration rung
On ev'ry ear from ev'ry tongue :
Astonish'd at the lucky hit,
They star'd, they deify'd his wit.

But ah ! what arts by fate are tried
To vex, and humble human pride ?
To pull down poets from Parnassus,
And turn grave doctors into asses !
For whilst the band their voices raise
To celebrate the sage's praise,
And echo through the house convey'd
Their pæans loud to man and maid ;
Tom, a pert waiter, smart, and clever,
Adroit pretence who wanted never,
Curious to see what caus'd this rout,
And what the doctors were about,
Slyly stepp'd in to snuff the candles,
And ask whate'er they pleas'd to want else.

Soon as the Synod he came near,
 Loud dissonance assail'd his ear ;
 Strange mingled sounds, in pompous style,
 Of Isis, Ibis, Lotus, Nile :
 And soon in Romans' hand he spies
 The coin, the cause of all their noise.
 Quick to his side he flies amain,
 And peeps, and snuffs, and peeps again ;
 And though antiques he had no skill in,
 He knew a sixpence from a shilling ;
 And, spite of rust, or rub, could trace
 On humble brass Britannia's face.
 Soon her fair image he discories,
 And, big with laughter, and surprise,
 He burst—" And is this group of learning
 So short of sense, and plain discerning,
 That a mere halfpenny can be
 To them a curiosity ?
 If this is your best proof of science,
 With wisdom Tom claims no alliance ;
 Content with nature's artless knowledge ;
 He scorns alike both school and college."
 More had he said—but, lo ! around
 A storm in ev'ry face he found :
 On Roman's brow black thunders hung,
 And whirlwinds rush'd from Swinton's tongue ;
 Thynne lightning flash'd from ev'ry pore,
 And reason's voice was heard no more.
 The tempest ey'd, Tom speeds his flight,
 And, sneering, bids 'em all good night ;
 Convinc'd that pedantry's allies
 May be too learned to be wise.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

BORN 1722.—DIED 1771.

*Next Shipbourne, though her precincts are confin'd
To narrow limits, yet can shew a train
Of village beauties pastorally sweet
And rurally magnificent. Fairlawn
Opens her delightful prospect; dear Fairlawn!
There where at once at variance and agreed,
Nature and art hold dalliance; there, where vills
Kiss the green drooping herbage; there, where trees,
The tall trees tremble at the approach of heaven,
And bow their salutation to the sun,
Who fosters all their foliage;—these are thine!
Yes, little Shipbourne, boast that these are thine!
And if,—but oh!—and if 'tis no disgrace,—
The birth of him who now records thy praise.
(HOP-GARDEN.)*

The village of Shipbourne in Kent, was then the birth place of Christopher Smart, who was born April 11th, 1722. His father possessed an estate of some value in the neighbourhood, and was steward to the Kentish property of Lord Barnard, afterwards Earl of Darlington. He had been originally destined for the church, and had acquired in consequence a taste for literature, which induced him to give his son a learned education.

Christopher Smart, suffered from his birth, which was premature, under a feeble constitution of body, which was not improved by his subsequent habits, but he displayed we are informed, at a very early period of his life, a taste and a talent for poetry. He lisped in

verse; and composed a poem when only four years old; another in his thirteenth year, he deemed worthy a place in the collection he afterwards offered to the public; and he was capable of latin metrical composition when only sixteen years old.

He was educated first at Maidstone, and afterwards at Durham, from whence he was removed in his seventeenth year, and placed at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he acquired a fellowship, and remained many years. He appears to have led a life of dissipation and extravagance during his residence at Cambridge, neither creditable to himself nor to the university of which he was a member. He was the wit and poet laureate of the place; his company was courted by strangers and residents, and like a poet of superior order in later times, he became a frequenter of taverns, and was weak enough to afford to every idle inviter "a slice of his constitution." By these practices he contracted debts, involved himself in difficulties and disgrace, and acquired habits which in the end deprived him of reason, and every enjoyment of life.

While at Cambridge he wrote and published several poems on various subjects; among others a latin version of Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, and by that poet's particular recommendation, another of the "Essay on Criticism."

In the year 1750 he became a candidate for the Seatonian prize for the best poem on the subject of the Supreme Being, and was successful in that and four succeeding years.

In 1752 he married the daughter of Mrs. Newbery, wife of the bookseller of that name, by a former husband, and lost his fellowship in consequence;

immediately after which he removed to London, and commenced the life of an author by profession. In this pursuit he might have been successful, as he possessed by nature and cultivation many of the most essential requisites for an author, but unfortunately he also derived partly from nature, but principally from habit, a more than equal number of counteracting propensities. He was not deficient in learning nor in genius; but he was indolent, profuse, and drunken.*

In 1753 he published a collection of his poems in one volume quarto, which he dedicated to the Earl of Middlesex, as a "Man of Kent." He engaged subsequently in a great variety of literary undertakings, none of which appear to have been in any eminent degree successful.

His bad habits during this interval ruined his health, involved his affairs in frequent embarrassment, and finally deprived him of his reason. He was in consequence of this calamity confined for two years in a receptacle for mad patients, after which he regained his liberty, and returned to his former literary habits; but he never seems to have recovered the entire possession of his mental powers.

The following letter, written by Dr. Hawkesworth to his sister Mrs. Hunter, is strikingly characteristic of his habits, at this period of his life:—

"I have, since my being in town, called on my old friend, and seen him. He received me with an ardour of kindness natural to the sensibility of his temper;

* "Indeed before his confinement," says Dr. Johnson, "he used to walk for exercise to the alehouse; but he was carried back again."

and all were soon seated together by his fire-side. I perceived on his table a quarto book in which he had been writing, a prayer-book, and a Horace. After the first compliments, I said I had been at Margate, had seen his mother and his sister, who expressed great kindness for him, and made me promise to come and see him. To this he made no reply, nor did he make any enquiry after those I mentioned. He did not even mention the place, nor ask me any question about it, or what carried me thither. After some pause, and some indifferent chat, I returned to the subject, and said that Mr. Hunter and you would be very glad to see him in Kent. To this he replied very quick, "I cannot afford to be idle." I said he might employ his mind as well in the country as in town; at which he only shook his head, and I entirely changed the subject. Upon my asking him when we should see the Psalms, he said they were going to press immediately: as to his other undertakings, I found he had completed a translation of Phædrus, in verse, for Dodsley, at a certain price; and that he is now busy in translating all Horace into verse; which he sometimes thinks of publishing on his own account, and sometimes of contracting for it with a bookseller. I advised him to the latter; and he then told me he was in treaty about it, and believed it would be a bargain. He told me his principal motive for translating Horace into verse, was to supersede the prose translation which he did for Newbery, which he said would hurt his memory. He intends, however, to review that translation, and print it at the foot of the page in his poetical version; which he proposes to print in quarto, with the latin, both in verse and prose, on the opposite page. He told me he

once had thoughts of publishing it by subscription; but as he had troubled his friends already, he was unwilling to do it again, and had been persuaded to publish it in numbers; which, though I rather dissuaded him, seemed at last to be the prevailing bent of his mind. He read me some of it: it is very clever; and his own poetical fire sparkles in it very frequently; yet upon the whole, it will scarcely take place of Francis's; and therefore, if it is not adopted as a school book, which perhaps may be the case, it will turn to little account. Upon mentioning his prose translation, I saw his countenance kindle; and snatching up the book, "what," says he, "do you think I had for this?" I said I could not tell. "Why," says he, with great indignation, "thirteen pounds!" I expressed very great astonishment, which he seemed to think he should increase, by adding—"but I gave a receipt for a hundred." My astonishment was now over; and I found that he received only thirteen pounds because the rest had been advanced for his family. This was a tender point; and I found means immediately to divert him from it. He is with very decent people, in a house most delightfully situated, with a terrace that overlooks St. James's Park, and a door into it. He was going to dine with an old friend of my own, Mr. Richard Dalton, who has an appointment in the King's library; and if I had not been particularly engaged I would have dined with him. He had lately received a very genteel letter from Dr. Lowth, and it is by no means considered in any light, that his company as a gentleman, a scholar, and a genius, is less desirable."

After his release from the mad-house, he applied himself for some time with apparent diligence to various

literary tasks, but we are informed that he subsisted partly by private benefactions, and partly by a payment of fifty pounds a year out of the treasury. His bad habits were however inveterately fixed; he contracted debts for which he suffered an arrest, became a prisoner in the King's Bench, and afterwards obtained what is called the rules of that prison. Here he endured the utmost distress, amounting even to the occasional want of common necessities, and finally died of a liver complaint, May 22d, 1771 in the 49th year of his age. He left a widow and two children, who were provided for by the care of their relation Mr. Newbery.

We have passed hastily over the life and misfortunes of poor Smart, there being no one circumstance in his history upon which the mind can rest with satisfaction. He was a strong instance of the too common faults and failings of men of genius. His talents however were not of the first order, and though he has published on almost every subject, and in every kind of metre and style, it would be difficult to make a pleasing selection from the mass of his productions. One poem, the Hop Garden, is in a peculiar manner Kentish, and on that account we cannot pass it by, though it is entitled to very little praise as a composition in any sense of the word. The best of his pieces are perhaps those to which the university prizes were adjudged; on these probably he bestowed most pains, for negligence and want of correction are too apparent in all that he has written. One or two of his fables are elegant, and an occasional vein of humour displays itself in his minor pieces, which is perhaps his most distinguishing characteristic.

THE HOP GARDEN,

A Georgic, in Two Books.

"*Me quoque Parnassæ per labrica culmina raptat
 Laudis amor : studium sequor insanabile vatis,
 Ausus non operam, non formidare poetæ
 Nomen, adoratum quondam, nunc pæne procaci
 Monstratum digito.*"—*Van. Præd. Rust.*

BOOK I.

The land that answers best the farmer's care,
 And silvers to maturity the-hop ;
 When to inhume the plants, to turn the glebe,
 And wed the tendrils to th' aspiring poles ;
 Under what sign to pluck the crop, and how
 To cure, and in capacious sacks infold,
 I teach in verse Miltonian—smile the muse,—
 And meditate an honor to that land
 Where first I breath'd, and struggled into life,
 Impatient, Cantium, to be call'd thy son.

Oh ! could I emulate skill'd Sidney's muse,
 Thy Sidney, Cantium !—he, from court retir'd,
 In Penshurst's sweet elysium sung delight—
 Sung transport—to the soft-responding streams
 Of Medway, and enliven'd all her groves ;
 While ever near him, goddess of the green,
 Fair Pembroke sat, and smil'd immense applause :—
 With vocal fascination charm'd, the hours
 Unguarded left heav'n's adamant gate,
 And to his lyre, swift as the winged sounds
 That skim the air, danc'd unperceiv'd away.
 Had I such pow'r, no peasant's humble toil
 Should e'er debase my lay ; far nobler themes,
 The high achievements of thy warrior kings
 Should raise my thoughts, and dignify my song.

But I, young rustic, dare not leave my cot,
 For so enlarg'd a sphere—ah! muse beware
 Lest the loud 'larums of the braving trump,
 Lest the deep drum should drown thy tender reed,
 And mar its puny joints: me, lowly swain,
 Ev'ry unshaven arboret, me the lawns,
 Me the voluminous Medway's silver wave,
 Content inglorious, and the hopland shades!

Yeomen and couptrymen, attend my song:—
 Whether you shiver in the marshy Weald,*
 Egregious shepherds of unnumber'd flocks,
 Whose fleeces, poison'd into purple, deck
 All Europe's kings; or in fair Madum's † vale
 Imparadis'd, blest denizons! ye dwell;
 Or Dorovernia's ‡ awful tow'rs ye love;
 Or plough Tunbridgia's salutiferous hills
 Industrious, and with draughts chalybeate heal'd,
 Confess divine Hygeia's blissful seat;
 The muse demands your presence e'er she tune
 Her monitory voice; observe her well,
 And catch the wholesome dictates as they fall.

'Midst thy paternal acres, farmer, say,
 Has gracious heav'n bestow'd one field, that basks
 Its loamy bosom in the mid-day sun,
 Emerging gently from the abject vale,
 Nor yet obnoxious to the wind?—secure
 There shalt thou plant thy hop. This soil, perhaps,
 Thou'lt say, will fill my garners. Be it so.—
 But Ceres, rural goddess, at the best
 Meanly supports her vot'ry; enough for her
 If ill-persuading hunger she repel,

* Commonly, but improperly called the Wild. † Maidstone.
 ‡ Canterbury.

And keep the soul from fainting : to enlarge,
 To glad the heart, to sublimate the mind,
 And wing the flagging spirits to the sky,
 Require th' united influence and aid
 Of Bacchus, god of hops, with Ceres join'd :
 'Tis he shall generate the buxom beer :
 Then on one pedestal, and hand in hand,
 Sculptur'd in Parian stone,—so gratitude
 Indites,—let the divine co-partners rise.
 Stands eastward in thy field a wood ? 'tis well—
 Esteem it as a bulwark of thy wealth,
 And cherish all its branches ; though we'll grant,
 Its leaves umbrageous may intercept
 The morning rays, and envy some small share
 Of Sol's beneficence to th' infant germ.
 Yet grudge not that : when whistling Eurus comes,
 With all his worlds of insects, in thy lands
 To hyemate, and monarchise o'er all
 Thy vegetable riches, then thy wood
 Shall ope its arms expulsive, and embrace
 The storm reluctant, and divert its rage.
 Armies of animalcules urge their way
 In vain ; the ventilating trees oppose
 Their airy march :—they blacken distant plains.

This site for thy young nursery obtain'd,
 Thou hast begun auspicious, if the soil,
 As sung before, be loamy ; this the hop
 Loves above others ; this is rich, is deep,
 Is viscous, and tenacious of the pole.
 Yet, maugre all its native worth, it may
 Be meliorated with warmth compost, See,
 Yon craggy mountain*, whose fastidious head

* Boxley-Hill, which extends through great part of Kent.

Divides the star-set hemisphere above,
And Cantium's plains beneath ; the Apennine
Of a free Italy, whose chalky sides,
With verdant shrubs dissimilarly gay,
Still captivate the eye; while at his feet
The silver Medway glides, and in her breast
Views the reflecting landscape, charm'd she views,
And murmurs louder, ecstasy below :
Here let us rest a while, pleas'd to behold
Th' all beautiful horizon's wide expanse,
Far as the eagle's ken. Here tow'ring spires
First catch the eye, and turn the thoughts to heav'n ;
The lofty elms in humble majesty
Bend with the breeze to shade the solemn grove,
And spread a holy darkness ; Ceres there
Shines in her golden vesture ; here the meads,
Enrich'd by Flora's dedal hand, with pride
Expose their spotted verdure. Nor are you,
Pomona ! absent ; you 'midst hoary leaves,
Swell the vermillion cherry ; and on yon trees
Suspend the pippin's palatable gold.
There old Sylvanus, in that moss-grown grot,
Dwells with his wood-nymphs : they with chaplets green,
And russet mantles oft bedight, aloft
From yon bent oaks, in Medway's bosom fair,
Wonder at silver bleak, and prickly perch,
That swiftly through their floating forests glide.
Yet not ev'n these—these ever-varied scenes
Of wealth and pleasure can engage my eyes
To oerlook the lowly hawthorn, if from thence
The thrush, sweet warbler, chants th' unstudied lays,
Which Phœbus' self, vauking from yonder cloud,
Refulgent, with enliv'ning rays inspires.

But neither tow'ring spires, nor lofty elms,
 Nor golden Ceres, nor the meadows green,
 Nor orchards, nor the russet-mantled nymphs,
 Which to the murmurs of the Medway dance,
 Nor sweetly warbling thrush, with half those charms
 Attract my eyes, as yonder hop-land close ;
 Joint work of art and nature, which reminds
 The muse, and to her theme the wanderer calls.

Here, then, with pond'rous vehicles and teams
 Thy rustics send, and from the caverns deep
 Command them bring the chalk ; thence to the kiln
 Convey, and temper with Vulcanian fires.
 Soon as 'tis form'd, thy lime with bounteous hand
 O'er all thy lands disseminate ; thy lands
 Which first have felt the soft'ning spade, and drank
 The strength'ning vapours from nutritious marl.

This done, select the choicest hop, t' insert
 Fresh in the opening glebe. Say then, my muse,
 Its various kinds, and from the effete and vile,
 The eligible separate with care.

The noblest species is by Kentish wights
 The master-hop y'clep'd. Nature to him
 Has given a stouter stalk ; patient of cold,
 Or Phœbus ev'n in youth, his verdant blood
 In brisk saltation circulates and flows
 Indefinitely vigorous : the next
 Is arid, fetid, infecund, and gross,
 Significantly styl'd the Friar : the last
 Is call'd the Savage, who in ev'ry wood,
 And ev'ry hedge, un introduc'd, intrudes.
 When such the merit of the candidates,
 Easy is the election ; but my friend,
 Would'st thou ne'er fail, to Kent direct thy way,
 Where no one shall be frustrated that seeks

Ought that is great or good.—Hail, Cantium, hail !
Illustrious parent of the finest fruits !
Illustrious parent of the best of men !
For thee antiquity's thrice sacred springs,
Placidly stagnant, at their fountain-head
I rashly dare to trouble, if from thence
I ought for thy utility can drain,
And in thy towns adopt the Ascræan muse.
Hail heroes ! hail invaluable gems !
Fav'rites of Heav'n, to whom the general doom
Is all remitted, who alone possess
Of Adam's sons fair Eden—rest ye here,
Nor seek an earthly good above the hop ;
A good untasted by your ancient kings,
And to your very sires almost unknown.

In those blest days when great Eliza reign'd
O'er the adoring nation, when fair peace
O'erspread an unstain'd olive round the land,
Or laurell'd war did teach our winged fleets
To lord it o'er the world ; when our brave sires
Drank valour from uncauponated beer ;
The hop, before an interdicted plant,
Shunn'd like fell acônite, began to hang
Its folded floscles from the golden vine,
And bloom'd a shade to Cantium's sunny shores
Delightsome, and in cheerful goblets laught
Potent, what time Aquarius' urn impends,
To kill the dulsome day ; potent to quench
The Sirian ardour, and autumnal ills
To heal with mild potations, sweeter far
Than those which erst the subtile Hengist mix'd
T' enthrall voluptuous Vortigern. He, with love
Emasculate, and wine, the toils of war

Neglected; and to dalliance vile and sloth
Emancipated, saw th' encroaching Saxons
With unaffected eyes; his hand which ought
To have shook the spear of justice, soft and smooth
Play'd ravishing divisions on the lyre:
This Hengist mark'd, and,—for curs'd insolence
Soon fattens on impunity, and rises
Briareus from a dwarf,—fair Thanet gain'd.
Nor stopt he here: but to immense attempts
Ambition, sky-aspiring, led him on
Advent'rous. He an only daughter rear'd,
Roxena, matchless maid! nor rear'd in vain.
Her, eagle-ey'd callidity, deceit,
And fairy fiction, rais'd above her sex,
And furnish'd with a thousand various wiles,
Prepost'rous, more than female—wond'rous fair
She was, and docile, which her pious nurse
Observ'd, and early in each female fraud
Her 'gan initiate: well she knew to smile
Whene'er vexation gall'd her; did she weep?
T'was not sincere, the fountains of her eyes
Play'd artificial streams, yet so well forc'd,
They look'd like nature; for ev'n art to her
Was nat'ral, and contrarieties
Seem'd in Roxena congruous and allied.
Such was she when brisk Vortigern beheld,
Ill-fated prince! and lov'd her. She perceiv'd,
Soon she perceiv'd her conquest: soon she told,
With hasty joy transported, her old sire.
The Saxon inly smil'd, and to his isle
The willing youth invited: but first bade
The nymph prepare the potions; such as fire
The blood's meand'ring rivulets, and depress

To love the soul. Lo ! at the noon of night,
Thrice Hecate invok'd the maid—and thrice
The goddess stoop'd assent ; forth from a cloud
She stoop'd, and gave the philters pow'r to charm.
These in a splendid cup of burnish'd gold
The lovely sorceress mix'd, and to the prince
Health, peace, and joy propin'd ; but to herself
Mutter'd dire exorcisms, and wish'd effect
To the love-creating draught ; lowly she bow'd
Fawning insinuation bland, that might
Deceive Laertes' son ; her lucid orbs
Shed copiously the oblique rays ; her face
Like modest Luna's shone, but not so pale,
And with no borrow'd lustre ; on her brow
Smil'd fallacy, while summoning each grace
Kneeling she gave the cup. The prince,—for who,
Who could have spurn'd a suppliant so divine?—
Drank eager, and in ecstasy devour'd
Th' ambrosial perturbation ; mad with love
He clasp'd her, and in hymeneal bands
At once the nymph demanded and obtain'd.
Now Hengist, all his ample wish fulfill'd,
Exulted, and from Kent the uxorious prince
Exterminated, and usurp'd his seat.
Long did he reign ; but all-devouring time
Has raz'd his palace walls—perchance on them
Grows the green hop, and o'er his crumbled dust
In spiral twines ascends the scantile pole.—
But how to plant, to dig, to dung, to weed ;—
Tasks humble but important, ask the muse.

Come, fair magician ! sportive fancy, come !
With wildest imag'ry, thou child of thought,
From thy ærial citadel descend,

And, for thou canst, assist me. Bring with thee
Thy all-creative talisman ; with thee
The active spir'ts ideal, tow'ring flights,
That hover o'er the muse-resounding grove,
And all thy colourings, all thy shapes display.
Thou, too, be here, experience ! so shall I
My rules, nor in low prose jejunely say,
Nor in smoth numbers musically err :
But vain is fancy, and experience vain,
If thou, O Hesiod, Virgil, of our land,
Or hear'st thou rather, Milton, bard divine,
Whose greatness who shall imitate, save thee?
If thou, O Philips ! fav'ring deign'st to hear
Me, inexpert of verse ; with gentle hand
Uprear th' unpinion'd muse, high on the top
Of that immeasurable mount, that far
Exceeds thine own Plinlimmon, where thou tun'st
With Phœbus' self thy lyre. Give me to turn
Th' unwieldy subject with thy graceful ease,
Extol its baseness with thy art ; but chief
Illumine, and invigorate with thy fire.

When Phœbus' looks through Aries on the spring,
And vernal flow'rs teem with the dulcet fruit,
Autumnal pride ! delay not then thy sets
In Tellus' facile bosom to depose
Timely ; if thou art wise the bulkiest choose ;
To every root three joints indulge, and form
The quincunx with well-regulated hills.
Soon from the dung-enriched earth, their heads
The young plants will uplift, their virgin arms
They'll stretch, and marriageable claim the pole.
Nor frustrate thou their wishes, so thou may'st
Expect a hopeful issue, jolly mirth,

Sister of taleful Momus, tuneful song,
And fat good-nature with her honest face.
But yet in the novitiate of their love,
And tenderness of youth, suffice small shoots
Cut from the widow'd willow, nor provide
Poles insurmountable as yet. 'Tis then,
When twice bright Phœbus' vivifying ray,
Twice the cold touch of winter's icy hand,
They've felt; 'tis then we fell sublimer props;
'Tis then the sturdy woodman's axe from far
Resounds, resounds, and hark! with hollow groans
Down tumble the big trees, and rushing roll
O'er the crush'd crackling brake, while in his cave
Forlorn, dejected, midst the weeping Dryads
Laments Sylvanus for his verdant care.
The ash or willow for thy use select,
Or storm-enduring chesnut; but the oak
Unfit for this employ, for nobler ends
Reserve untouch'd. She, when by time matur'd,
Capacious of some British demigod,
Vernon or Warren, shall with rapid wing
Infuriate, like Jove's armour-bearing bird,
Fly on thy foes; they, like the parted waves,
Which to the brazen beak murmuring give way
Amaz'd and roaring from the fight recede.—
In that sweet month, when to the list'ning swains
Fair Philomel sings love, and every cot
With garlands blooms bedight, with bandage meet
The tendrils bind, and to the tall pole tie,
Else soon, too soon, their meretricious arms
Round each ignoble clod they'll fold, and leave
Averse the lordly prop. Thus, have I heard,
Where there's no mutual tie, no strong connection

Of love-conspiring hearts, oft the young bride
Has prostituted to her slaves her charms,
While the infatuated lord admires
Fresh-butting sprouts, and issue not his own.
Now turn the glebe : soon, with correcting hand,
When smiling June in jocund dance leads on
Long days and happy hours, from every vine
Dock the redundant branches, and once more
With the sharp spade thy numerous acres till.
The shovel next must lend its aid, enlarge
The little hillocks, and erase the weeds.
This in that month its title which derives
From great Augustus' ever sacred name !
Sov'reign of science ! master of the muse !
Neglected genius' firm ally ! of worth
Best judge and best rewarder, whose applausè
To bards was fame and fortune. O ! 'twas well ;—
Well did you too in this, all glorious heroes !
Ye Romans !—on time's wing you've stamp'd his praise,
And time shall bear it to eternity.

Now are our labours crown'd with their reward,
Now bloom the florid hops, and in the stream
Shine in their floating silver, while above
Th' embow'ring branches culminate, and form
A walk impervious to the sun ; the poles
In comely order stand ; and while you cleave
With the small skiff the Medway's lucid wave,
In comely order still their ranks preserve,
And seem to march along th' extensive plain.
In neat arrangement thus the Men of Kent,
With native oak at once adorn'd and arm'd,
Intrepid march'd ; for well they knew the cries
Of dying freedom, and Astræa's voice,

Who as she fled, to echoing woods complain'd
Of tyranny and William; like a God,
Refulgent stood the conqueror, on his troops
He sent his looks enliv'ning as the sun's,
But on his foes frown'd agony and death.
On his left side in bright emblazonry
His falchion burn'd; forth from his sev'n-fold shield
A basilisk shot adamant; his brow
Wore clouds of fury:—there, with plumage crown'd,
Of various hue sat a tremendous cone:
Thus sits high canopied above the clouds,—
Terrific beauty of nocturnal skies,—
Northern Aurora; she through the azure air
Shoots, shoots her trem'lous rays in painted streaks
Continual, while waving to the wind
O'er night's dark veil her lucid tresses flow:
The trav'ler views th' unseasonable day
Astound, the proud bend lowly to the earth,
The pious matrons tremble for the world!
But what can daunt th' insuperable souls
Of Cantium's matchless sons? on they proceed,
All innocent of fear; each face express'd
Contemptuous admiration, while they view'd
The well-fed brigades of embroider'd slaves
That drew the sword for gain. First of the van
With an enormous bough, a shepherd swain
Whistl'd with rustic notes; but such as show'd
A heart magnanimous: the Men of Kent
Follow the tuneful swain, while o'er their heads
The green leaves whisper, and the big boughs bend.
'Twas thus the Thracian, whose all-quick'ning lyre
The floods inspir'd, and taught the rocks to feel,
Enchanted dancing Hæmus; to the tune

The lute's soft tune,—the flut'ring branches wave,
 The rocks enjoy it, and the rivalets hear,
 The hillocks skip, emerge the humble vales,
 And all the mighty mountain nods applause.
 The conqueror view'd them, and as one that sees
 The vast abrupt of Scylla, or as one
 That from the oblivious streams of Lethe's pool
 Has drank eternal apathy, he stood.
 His host an universal panic seiz'd
 Prodigious, inopine; their armour shook,
 And clatter'd to the trembling of their limbs;
 Some to the walking wilderness 'gan run
 Confus'd, and in th' inhospitable shade
 For shelter sought,—wretches they shelter find,—
 Eternal shelter in the arms of death!
 Thus when Aquarius pours out all his urn
 Down on some lonesome heath, the traveller
 That wanders o'er the wintry waste, accepts
 The invitation of some spreading beech
 Joyous; but soon the treach'rous gloom betrays
 Th' unwary visitor, while on his head
 Th' enlarging drops in double showers descend.
 And now no longer in disguise the men
 Of Kent appear; down they all drop their boughs,
 And shine in brazen panoply divine.
 Enough!—great William,—for full well he knew
 How vain would be the contest,—to the sons
 Of glorious Cantium, gave their lives, and laws,
 And liberties, secure, and to the prowess
 Of Cantium's sons, like Cæsar deign'd to yie'd.
 Cæsar and William! hail immortal worthies!
 Illustrious vanquish'd! Cantium, if to them
 Posterity, with all her chiefs unborn,

Ought similar, ought second has to boast,
 Once more,—so prophecies the muse,—thy sons
 Shall triumph, emulous of their sires :—till then
 With olive, and with hop-land garlands crown'd,
 O'er all thy land reign plenty, reign fair peace.

BOOK II.

*"Omnia quæ multo ante memor provisa repones,
 Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris."*

Virg. Geor. lib. 2.

At length the muse her destin'd task resumes
 With joy ; again o'er all her hop-land groves
 She seeks t' expatiate free of wing. Long while
 For a much-loving, much-lov'd youth she wept,
 Sorrowing in silence o'er th' untimely urn.
 Hush then, effeminate sobs ; and thou, my heart,
 Rebel to grief no more—and yet a while,
 A little while, indulge the friendly tears.
 O'er the wild world, like Noah's dove in vain
 I seek the olive peace, around me wide
 See ! see ! the wa'try waste—in vain forlorn
 I call the Phoenix fair sincerity ;
 Alas !—extinguish'd to the skies she fled,
 And left no heir behind her. Where is now
 Th' eternal smile of goodness ? where is now
 That all-extensive charity of soul,
 So rich in sweetness that the classic sounds
 In elegance Augustan cloth'd, the wit
 That flow'd perennial, hardly were observ'd,
 Or, if observ'd, set off that brighter gem.
 How oft,—and yet how seldom did it seem !—
 Have I enjoy'd his converse ! when we met,
 The hours how swift they sweetly fled, and 'till

Again I saw him, how they loiter'd. Oh!
Theophilus thou dear departed soul,
What flattering tales thou told'st me? how thou'dst hail
My muse, and took'st imaginary walks
All in my hop-land groves; stay yet, oh stay!
Thou dear deluder, thou hast seen but half—
He's gone! and ought that's equal to his praise
Fame has not for me, though she prove most kind;
Howe'er—this verse be sacred to thy name,
These tears, the last sad duty of a friend,
Oft I'll indulge the pleasureable pain
Of recollection; oft on Medway's banks
I'll muse on thee full pensive; while her streams
Regardful ever of my grief, shall flow
In sullen silence silverly along
The weeping shores—or else accordant with
My loud laments, shall ever and anon
Make melancholy music to the shades,
The hop-land shades, that on her banks expose
Serpentine vines and flowing locks of gold.

Ye smiling nymphs th' inseparable train
Of saffron Ceres; ye, that gamesome dance,
And sing to jolly Autumn, while he stands
With his right hand poising the scales of heav'n,
And while his left grasps Amalthea's horn:
Young chorus of fair bacchanals, descend,
And leave awhile the sickle; yonder hill,
Where stand the loaded hop-poles, claims your care.
There mighty Bacchus seated 'cross the bin,
Waits your attendance;—there he glad reviews
His paunch approaching to immensity
Still nearer, and with pride of heart surveys
Obedient mortals, and the world his own.

See from the great metropolis they rush,
Th' industrious vulgar: they, like prudent bees,
In Kent's wide garden roam, expert to crop
The flow'ry hop, and provident to work,
Ere winter numb their sunburnt hands, and winds
Engoal them, murmuring in their gloomy cells.
From these, such as appear the rest t' excel
In strength and young agility, select.
These shall support with vigour and address
The bin-man's weighty office; now extract
From the sequacious earth the pole, and now
Unmarry from the closely clinging vine.
O'er twice three pickers, and no more, extend
The bin-man's sway; unless thy ears can bear
The crack of poles continual, and thine eyes
Behold unmov'd the hurrying peasant tear
Thy wealth, and throw it on the thankless ground.
But first the careful planter will consult
His quantity of acres, and his crop,
How many and how large his kilns; and then
Proportion'd to his wants the hands provide.
But yet of greater consequence and cost,
One thing remains unsung, a man of faith
And long experience, in whose thund'ring voice
Lives hoarse authority, potent to quell
The frequent frays of the tumultuous crew.
He shall preside o'er all thy hop-land store,
Severe dictator! his unerring hand,
And eye inquisitive, in heedful guise,
Shall to the brink the measure fill, and fair
On the twin registers the work record.
And yet I've known them own a female reign,

And gentle Marianne's * soft Orphean voice
 Has hymn'd sweet lessons of humanity
 To the wild brutal crew. Oft her command
 Has sav'd the pillars of the hop-land state,
 The lofty poles from ruin, and sustain'd
 Like Anna, or Eliza, her domain,
 With more than manly dignity. Oft I've seen,
 E'en at her frown the boist'rous uproar cease,
 And the mad pickers, tam'd to diligence,
 Cull from the bin the sprawling sprigs, and leaves
 That stain the sample, and its worth debase.

All things thus settled and prepar'd, what now
 Can stop the planter's purposes? unless
 The heav'n's frown dissent, and ominous winds
 Howl through the concave of the troubled sky :
 And oft, alas ! the long-experienc'd wights,—
 Oh ! could they too prevent them,—storms foresee.
 For, as the storm rides on the rising clouds,
 Fly the fleet wild-geese far away, or else
 The heifer towards the zenith rears her head,
 And with expanded nostrils snuffs the air :
 The swallows too their airy circuits weave,
 And screaming skim the brook : and fen-bred frogs
 Forth from their hoarse throats their old grudge recite :
 Or from her earthly coverlets the ant
 Heaves her huge eggs along the narrow way :
 Or bends Thaumantia's variegated bow
 Athwart the cope of heav'n : or sable crows
 Obstreperous of wing, in clouds combine :
 Besides, unnumber'd troops of birds marine,
 And Asia's feather'd flocks, that in the muds

* The author's youngest sister.

Of flow'ry edged Cayster wont to prey,
Now in the shallows duck their speckled heads,
And lust to lave in vain ; their unctious plumes
Repulsive balk their efforts : hearken next
How the curs'd raven, with her harmful voice,
Invokes the rain, and croaking to herself,
Struts on some spacious solitary shore.
Nor want thy servants and thy wife at home
Signs to presage the show'r ; for in the hall
Sheds Niobe her prescient tears, and warns
Beneath the leaden tubes to fix the vase,
And catch the falling dew-drops, which supply
Soft water and salubrious, far the best
To soak thy hops, and brew thy generous beer.
But though bright Phœbus smile, and in the skies
The purple-rob'd serenity appear ;
Though every cloud be fled, yet if the rage
Of Boreas, or the blasting east prevail,
The planter has enough to check his hopes,
And in due bonds confine his joys ; for see
The ruffian winds in their abrupt career,
Leave not a hope behind, or at the best
Mangle the circl'ing vine, and intercept
The juice nutritious : fatal means, alas !
Their colour and condition to destroy.
Haste then, ye peasants ; pull the poles, the hops :
Where are the bins ? run, run, ye nimble maids,
Move ev'ry muscle, ev'ry nerve extend,
To save our crop from ruin, and ourselves.
Soon as bright chanticleer explodes the night
With flutt'ring wings, and hymns the new-born day,
The bugle-horn inspire, whose clam'rous bray
Shall rouse from sleep the rebel rout, and tune

To temper for the labours of the day.
Wisely the several stations of the bins
By lot determine ; justice this, and this
Fair prudence does demand ; for not without
A certain method could'st thou rule the mob
Irrational, nor every where alike
Fair hangs the hop to tempt the picker's hand.

Now see the crew mechanic might and main
Labour with lively diligence, inspir'd
By appetite of gain and lust of praise :--
What mind so petty, servile, so debas'd,
As not to know ambition ? Her great sway
From Colin Clout to Emp'rors she exerts.
To err is human, human to be vain ;
'Tis vanity and mock desire of fame,
That prompts the rustic on the steeple top
Sublime, to mark the area of his shoe,
And in the outline to engrave his name.
With pride of heart the churchwarden surveys,
High o'er the bellfry, girt with birds and flow'rs,
His story wrote in capitals :-- " 'Twas I
That bought the font, and I repair'd the pews."
With pride like this, the emulating mob
Strive for the mastery—who first may fill
The bellying bin, and cleanest cull the hops ;
Nor ought retards, unless invited out
By Sol's declining, and the evening's calm,
Leander leads Letitia to the scene
Of shade and fragrance—then th' exulting band
Of pickers male and female, seize the fair
Reluctant, and with boistr'ous force and brute,
By cries unmov'd, they bury her i' th' bin :
Nor does the youth escape—him too they seize,

And in such posture place as best may serve
 To hide his charmer's blushes; Then, with shouts
 They rend the echoing air, and from them both,—
 So custom has ordain'd,—a largess claim.

Thus much, be sung of picking;—next succeeds
 The important care of curing:—quit the field,
 And at the kiln th' instructive muse attend.

On your hair-cloth, eight inches deep, nor more,
 Let the green hops lie lightly; next expand
 The smoothest surface with the toothy rake,
 Thus far is just above; but more it boots
 That charcoal flames burn equally below;
 The charcoal flames, which from thy corded wood,
 Or antiquated poles, with wond'rous skill,
 The sable priests of Vulcan shall prepare.
 Constant and moderate let the heat ascend;
 Which to effect, there are who with success
 Place in the kiln the ventilating fan.
 Hail, learned, useful man! * whose head and heart
 Conspire to make us happy; deign t' accept
 One honest versè; and if thy industry
 Has serv'd the hop-land cause, the muse forebodes
 This sole invention both in use and fame,
 The mystic fan of Bacchus shall exceed.

When the fourth hour expires, with careful hand
 The half-bak'd hops turn over. Soon as time
 Has well exhausted twice two glasses more,
 They'll leap and crackle with their bursting seeds,
 For use domestic, or for sale mature.

There are, who in the choice of cloth t' enfold
 Their wealthy crop, the viler, coarser sort,

With prodigal economy prefer :

All that is good is cheap, all dear that's base.

Besides, the planter should a bait prepare,

T' entrap the chapman's notice, and divert

Shrewd observation from her busy pry.

When in the bag thy hops the rustic treads,

Let him wear heelless sandals ; nor presume

Their fragranc y barefooted to defile :

Such filthy ways for slaves in Malaga

Leave we to practice—whence I've often seen

When beautiful Dorinda's iv'ry hands

Have built the pastry-fabric,—food divine

For Christmas gambols and the hour of mirth !—

As the dry'd foreign fruit, with piercing eye

She culls suspicious—lo ! she starts, she frowns

With indignation at—a negro's nail.

Shouldst thou thy harvest for the mart design,

Be thine own factor ; nor employ those drones

Who've stings, but make no honey, selfish slaves !

That thrive and fatten on the planter's toil.

What then remains unsung ? Unless the care

To stock thy poles oblique in comely cones,

Lest rot or rain destroy them—'tis a sight

Most seemly to behold, and gives, O winter !

A landscape not unpleasing, e'en to thee.

And now, ye rivals of the hop-land state,

Madum and Dorovernia, now rejoice,

How great amidst such rivals to excel !

Let Grenovicum * boast, for boast she may

The birth of great Eliza.—Hail my queen !

And yet I'll call thee by a dearer name ;

* Greenwich, where Queen Elizabeth was born.

My countrywoman hail ! thy worth alone
Gives fame to worlds, and makes whole ages glorious !
Let Se'noaks vaunt the hospitable seat
Of Knoll* most ancient ; awfully my muse
These social scenes of grandeur and delight,
Of love and veneration let me tread.
How oft beneath yon oak has am'rous Prior
Awaken'd echo with sweet Cloe's name !
While noble Sackville heard, hearing approv'd,
Approving greatly recompens'd. But he,
Alas ! is number'd with th' illustrious dead,
And orphan merit has no guardian now !

Nor shalt thou, Mereworth, remain unsung,
Where noble Westmoreland, his country's friend,
Bids British greatness love the silent shade ;
Where piles superb, in classic elegance,
Arise, and all is Roman, like his heart.
Nor Chatham, though it is not thine to show
The lofty forest, or the verdant lawns,
Yet niggard silence shall not grudge thee praise !
The lofty forests, by thy sons prepar'd,
Become the warlike navy, brave the floods,
And give Sylvanus empire in the main.
Oh. that Britannia, in the day of war,
Would not alone Minerva's valour trust,
But also hear her wisdom ! Then her oaks,
Shap'd by her own mechanics, would alone
Her island fortify, and fix her fame ;
Nor would she weep like Rachel, for her sons,
Whose glorious blood, in mad profusion,
In foreign lands is shed—and shed in vain !

* The seat of the Duke of Dorset.

ELIJAH FENTON.

BORN ABOUT 1680.—DIED 1730.

*"Why art thou slow to strike th' harmonious shell,
Averæ to sing, who know'st to sing so well?
If thy proud muse the tragic buskin wears,
Great Sophocles revives, and re-appears;
If by thy hand the Homeric lyre be strung.
The lyre returns such sounds as Homer sung;—
Then let the list'ning groves repeat the sound,
And Grecian muses chant on British ground."*

(Epistle to Fenton, by Dr. W. Broome.)

*"As when the King of Peace, and Lord of Love,
Sends down some brighter angel from above,
Pleas'd with the beauties of the heavenly guest,
Awhile we view him in full glory drest;
But he, impatient from his heaven to stay,
Soon disappears, and wings his airy way;—
So didst thou vanish, eager to appear,
And live triumphant in thy native sphere."*

(Lines on the death of Fenton, by the same.)

Instead of apologizing for the omission of this writer in the chronological rank in which we ought to have placed him, we should perhaps rather ask excuse for giving him a place at all, having had but a slight connection with the county of Kent; but Dr. Johnson thought him worthy of a niche in his temple of poetical fame; Pope made choice of him as a coadjutor in his great work; and he appears to have been loved and honoured by his contemporaries. From these we have gathered the following memorial,

ELIJAH FENTON was born at Shelton, near Newcastle-under-line, of an ancient family of considerable property, but being the youngest of twelve children, he was destined for the clerical profession, and after leaving school, was sent to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he took a Batchelor's degree, in 1704. At that time of discord and debate, many wise and virtuous men consulted conscience rather than interest, and Fenton, among these, doubting the legality of the government, declined to qualify himself for public employment by taking the oaths required, and left the university, with no other prospect of a livelihood than such as he could derive from his literary talents.

"The life that passes in penury," says Dr. Johnson, "must necessarily pass in obscurity." His biographer adds that it was impossible to trace Fenton from year to year, or to discover what means he used for his support, as enquiry of his relations in Staffordshire had been made in vain. We find him usher at one time to Mr. Bonwicke, a celebrated schoolmaster, at Headley in Surrey, and he was afterwards master of the free grammar school of Sevenoaks; this he left in 1710, for a more lucrative employment, becoming under the patronage of St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, secretary to Charles, Earl of Orrery in Flanders, and tutor to his only son, who always mentioned him with great esteem and tenderness. At the termination of this engagement, he obtained through the recommendation of Pope, a desirable situation with the Hon. James Craggs, Secretary of State, (about 1720,) the advantages of which he was soon deprived of, in consequence of the death of that minister by the small pox. His industry then met with

an employment which engaged rather his versifying, than his poetical powers.

"When Pope," says Dr. Johnson, "after the great success of his *Iliad*, undertook the *Odyssey*, being, as it seems, weary of translating, he determined to engage auxiliaries. Twelve books he took himself, and twelve he distributed between Broome and Fenton; the books attributed to the latter, were the 1st, the 4th, the 10th, and the 20th. How the two associates performed their parts is well known to the readers of poetry, who have never been able to distinguish their books from those of Pope."

For this task he received £300; and by his tragedy of "*Mariamne*," which was brought on the stage in 1723, and met with great applause, he is said to have gained £1000, which he very honourably employed to discharge a debt contracted during his attendance at court. As Fenton's exertions appear to have been rather the products of necessity than choice, it is not wonderful that he is little to be traced as a writer after this period; for having obtained an easy situation as tutor to the son of Sir William Trumbull, whom he accompanied to Cambridge, and afterwards resided in the family, he had recourse to the press only as an amusement. To an edition of Milton's *Poems*, in which he undertook to revise the punctuation, he prefixed a short and elegant account of the author: he also published in 1729, a very splendid edition of Waller.

He died in 1730, at East-hamstead Park, near Oakingham, in Berkshire, the seat of Lady Trumbull, and like his employer Craggs, was

"Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the muse he lov'd."

Pope, who had been always his friend, wrote his epitaph; and Lord Orrery adds this attestation to the character of his tutor,—“He was one of the worthiest and honestest men that ever belonged to the court of Apollo. Tears arise when I think of him, though he has been dead above twenty years.”

As specimens of the poetical powers of Fenton, we will give the Ode to Lord Gower, which Pope pronounced “the next ode in the English language to Dryden’s Cecilia,” with extracts from his Epistles; also two or three pieces from a volume published by Lintot, under the title of “Oxford and Cambridge Verses.” He also wrote some lighter poems, which should never have seen the light.

ODE.

To the Rt. Hon. JOHN LORD GOWER; written in the Spring, 1716.

O'er Winter's long inclement sway,
At length the lusty Spring prevails;
And, swift to meet the smiling May,
Is wafted by the western gales.
Around him dance the rosy hours,
And damasking the ground with flowers,
With ambient sweets perfume the morn:
With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
A sudden youth the groves enjoy;
Where Philomel laments forlorn.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
To hail the coming god prepares;
And tempts me to resume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.

Yet once more, O ye Muses! deign,
For me the meanest of your train,
Unblam'd t' approach your blest retreat;
Where Horace wantons at your spring,
And PiNDAR sweeps a bolder string,
Whose notes th' Aonian hills repeat.

Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides
Slow through the vale in silver volumes play;
Now your own Phæbus o'er the month presides,
Gives Love the night, and doubly gilds the day:
Thither, indulgent to my prayer,
Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,
To swell the notes I feebly raise;
So with inspiring ardors warm'd,
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd
To listen to my lays.

Beneath the Pole on hills of snow,
Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede
To dint of sword defies the foe;
In fight unknowing to recede:
From Volga's banks, the imperious Czar
Leads forth his furry troops to war,
Fond of the softer southern sky:
The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coast;
But soon the miscreant moony host
Before the victor-cross shall fly.

But here no clarion's thrilling note
The Muse's green retreat can pierce;
The grove, from noisy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verse:

Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the soft hours that o'er me fly
Drop freedom, health, and gay desires;
While the bright Seine, t' exalt the soul,
With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
And wit and social mirth inspires.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,—
The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train—
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain :
There secret in her sapphire cell
He with the Nais wont to dwell,
Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove;
And where her mazy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine to grow,
A trophy to his love.

Shall man from nature's sanction stray,
With blind opinion for his guide;
And, rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd ?
Fool ! Time no change of motion knows;
With equal speed the torrent flows,
To sweep fame, power, and wealth away :
The past is all by Death possess'd ;
And frugal Fate that guards the rest,
By giving bids him live to-day.

O Gower ! through all that destin'd space,
What breath the powers allot to me,
Shall sing the virtues of thy race,
United and complete in thee.

O flower of ancient English faith,
Pursue the unbeaten patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father shone :
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A lustre equal to its own.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume ;
Loud pæans echoing round the roof are heard,
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland seated near his side,
Fix'd by the Muse the temple grace :
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter space.

To MR. SOUTHERNE, from Kent. January 28, 1710-11*

Bold is the Muse to leave her humble cell,
And sing to thee, who know'st to sing so well :
Thee ! who to Britain still preserv'st the crown,
And mak'st her rival Athens in renown.
Could Sophocles behold in mournful state
The weeping Graces on Imoinda wait ;
Or hear thy Isabella's moving moan,
Distress'd and lost for vices not her own ;
If envy could permit, he'd sure agree,
To write by nature were to copy thee :

* Author of the tragedies of *Oroonoko*, *Isabella*, and the *Spartan Dame*.

So full, so fair, thy images are shown,
He by thy pencil might improve his own.

There was an age,—its memory will last!—
Before Italian airs debauch'd our taste,
In which the sable muse with hopes and fears
Fill'd every breast, and every eye with tears.
But where's that art which all our passions rais'd,
And mov'd the springs of nature as it pleas'd?
Our poets only practise on the pit
With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.
Howe'er 'tis well—the present times can boast
The race of Charles's reign not wholly lost;
Thy scenes, immortal in their worth, shall stand
Among the chosen classics of our land:
And whilst our sons are by tradition taught
How Barry spoke what thou and Otway wrote,
They'll think it praise to relish and repeat,
And own thy works inimitably great.

Shakespear, the genius of our isle, whose mind,—
The universal mirror of mankind,—
Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,
But sometimes stoop'd to please a barbarous age:
When his immortal bays began to grow,
Rude was the language, and the humour low:
He, like the God of day, was always bright,
But rolling in its course the orb of light
Was sully'd, and obscur'd, though soaring high,
With spots contracted from the nether sky.—
But whine is th' adventurous muse betray'd?
Forgive her rashness, venerable shade!
May spring, with purple flowers, perfume thy urn,
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:

Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee.

Some scions shot from this immortal root,
Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit:
Jonson the tribute of my verse might claim,
Had he not strove to blemish Shakespear's name.
But, like the radiant twins that gild the sphere,
Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear;
The first, a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,
Had been by superfluity destroy'd,
But that his friend, judiciously severe,
Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care;
On various sounding harps the muses play'd,
And sung, and quaff'd their nectar in the shade.

Few moderns in the list with these may stand,
For in those days were giants in the land:
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
And bow with filial awe to Shakespear's fame;
The second honours are a glorious name.
Achilles dead, they found no equal lord
To wear his armour, or to wield his sword.

An age most odious and accurs'd ensu'd,
Discolour'd with a pious monarch's blood;
Whose fall, when first the tragic virgin saw,
She fled, and left her province to the law.
Her merry sister still pursu'd the game,
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same.
She first reform'd the muscles of her face,
And learnt the solemn screw for signs of grace;
Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
By humming to a tabor and a drone;
Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the white;

Thus banish'd from the stage, she gravely next
Assum'd a cloke, and quibbled o'er a text.

But when by miracles of mercy shown,
Much-suffering Charles regain'd his father's throne;
When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
She straight pull'd off her satin cap and band;
Bade Wycherley be bold in her defence,
With pointed wit, and energy of sense :
Etherege and Sedley join'd him in her cause,
And all deserv'd, and all receiv'd applause.

Restor'd with less success, the tragic muse
Had quite forgot her style by long disuse;
She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,
Mistaking rattling nonsense for sublime;
Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taste,
And sneering shap'd her into sense at last.
But now relaps'd, she dwindles to a song,
And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue;
And with her minstrelsy may still remain,
Till Southerne court her to be great again.
Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan dame,
Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
Shall, with superior majesty avow'd,
Shine like a goddess breaking from a cloud;
Once more may reinstate her on the stage,
Her action graceful, and divine her rage.

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Pardon me, friend! I own my muse too free,
To write so long on such a theme to thee:
To play the critic here—with equal right
Bid her pretend to teach Argall to fight;
Instruct the unerring sun to guide the year,
And Harley by what schemes he ought to steer;

Give Harcourt eloquence t' adorn the seal,
 Maxims of state to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal;
 Try to correct what Orrery shall write,
 And make harmonious St. John more polite;
 Teach law to Isla for the crown's support,
 And Jersey how to serve and grace a court;
 Dictate soft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,
 When Venus and her Loves around him stand;
 In sage debates to Rochester impart
 A searching head, and ever faithful heart;
 Make Talbot's finish'd virtue more complete,
 High without pride, and amiably great,
 Where nature all her powers with fortune join'd,
 At once to please and benefit mankind.

When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,
 My fancy free, and all my hours my own;
 I lov'd along the laureat grove to stray,
 The paths were pleasant, and the prospect gay:
 But now my genius sinks, and hardly knows
 To make a couplet tinkle in the close.
 Yet when you next to Medway shall repair,
 And quit the town to breathe a purer air;
 Retiring from the crowd to taste the sweets
 Of easy life in Twysden's calm retreats;—
 As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come,
 And in Campania scorn'd the pomp of Rome;
 Where Lambard, form'd for business, and to please;
 By sharing, will improve your happiness;
 In both their souls imperial reason sways,
 In both the patriot and the friend displays;
 Belov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit love and praise.
 With bright ideas there inspir'd anew,
 By them excited, and inform'd by you,

I may with happier skill essay to sing
Sublimier notes, and strike a bolder string.

Languid and dull, when absent from her cave,
No oracles of old the Sibyl gave ;
But when beneath her sacred shrine she stood,
Her fury soon confess'd the coming god ;
Her breast began to heave, her eyes to roll,
And wondrous visions fill'd her labouring soul.

To THOMAS LAMBARD, Esq.

Slow though I am to wake the sleeping lyre,
Yet should the muse some happy song inspire,
Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
That favourite verse to Lambard I decree :
Such may the muse inspire ; and may it prove
A pledge and monument of lasting love !

Meantime intent the fairest plan to find,
To form the manners, and improve the mind ;
Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens please,
By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in ease ;
Whom all the rival muses strive to grace
With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.
Now truth's bright charms employ my serious thought,
In flowing eloquence by Tully taught :
Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove,
And studious wander in the Grecian grove ;
While wonder and delight the soul engage
To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page ;
Where science in attractive fable lies,
And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.
Transported thence, the flowery heights I gain
Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,

Whose wings the muse in better ages prun'd,
 And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
 As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
 The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid;
 As weary'd hinds accuse the lingering sun,
 And heirs impatient wish for twenty-one :
 So dull to Horace * did the moments glide,
 'Till his free muse her sprightly force employ'd
 To combat vice, and follies to expose,
 In easy numbers near ally'd to prose ;
 Guilt blush'd and trembled when she heard him sing,
 He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sting.
 With such a graceful negligence express,
 Wit, thus applied, will ever stand the test ;
 But he, who blindly led by whimsy strays,
 And from gross images would merit praise,
 When nature sets the noblest stores in view,
 Affects to polish copper in Peru :
 So while the seas on barren sands are cast,
 The saltiness of their waves offends the taste ;
 But when to heaven exhal'd, in fruitful rain,
 In fragrant dews they fall to cheer the swain,
 Revive the fainting flow'rs, and swell the meagre grain.

Be this their care, who, studious of renown,
 Toil up the Aonian steep to reach the crown ;
 Suffice it me, that having spent my prime
 In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme,
 To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose,
 And prize ideas clad in honest prose.
 Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,
 Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays ;

* Epist. 1. Lib. 1.

And death perhaps, to spoil poetic sport,
Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short :
His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,
For the smooth cadence of a golden line :
Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the man
To run the trifling race the boy began,
Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see
My circle end in second infancy.
I might ere long an awkward humour have,
To wear my bells and coral to the grave,
Or round my room alternate take a course,
Now mount my hobby, then the muses' horse :
Let others wither gay, but I'd appear
With sage decorum in my easy chair ;
Grave as Libanius, slumbering o'er the laws,
Whilst gold and party zeal decide the cause.

A nobler task our riper age affords
Than scanning syllables, and weighing words.
To make his hours in even measures flow,
Nor think some fleet too fast, and some too slow ;
Still equal in himself, and free to taste
The Now, without repining at the Past ;
Nor the vain prescience of the spleen t' employ,
To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy ;
To live tenacious of the golden mean,
In all events of various fate serene ;
With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey
Age, death, disease, or want, without dismay :
These arts, my Lambard ! useful in their end,
Make man to others and himself a friend.

Happiest of mortals he, who, timely wise,
In the calm walks of truth his bloom enjoys ;
With books and patrimonial plenty blest,
Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast !

Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
Nor the gay servitude of courts enthral;
Unknowing how to mask concerted guile
With a false cringe, or undermining smile;
His manners pure, from affectation free,
And prudence shines through clear simplicity.
Though no rich labours of the Persian loom,
Nor the nice sculptor's arts adorn his room,
Sleep unprovok'd will softly seal his eyes,
And innocence the want of down supplies;
Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
Himself unseen, he sees the labouring crowd,
Where all industrious to their ruin run,
Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.
Some by the sordid thirst of gain controul'd,
Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for gold,
Preserve the precious bane with anxious care
In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir;
Others devour ambition's glittering bait,
To sweat in purple, and repine in state;
Devote their powers to every wild extreme
For the short pageant of a pompous dream;
Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
The fruits it early promis'd in the spring,
But in a public sphere those virtues fade,
Which open'd fair, and flourish'd in the shade:
So while the night her ebon sceptre sways,
Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant* displays;
But the full day the short-liv'd beauties shun,
Elude our hopes, and sicken at the sun.

* The nure-tree.

Fantastic joys in distant views appear,
And tempt the man to make the rash career.
Fame, power, and wealth, which glitter at the goal,
Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul ;
For these are ease and innocence resign'd,
For these he strips ; farewell the tranquil mind !
Headstrong he urges on 'till vigour fails,
And grey experience,—but too late !—prevails :
But in his evening view the hoary fool,
When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool ;
When joy and blushy youth forsake his face,
Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace ;
No flavour then the sparkling cups retain,
Music is harsh, the siren sings in vain ;
To him what healing balm can art apply,
Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die ?
In that last scene by fate in sables drest,
Thy power, triumphant Virtue is confest ;
Thy vestal flames diffuse celestial light
Through death's dark vale, and vanquish total night ;
Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail,
When the gay toys of flattering fortune fail.
Such, happy Twisden !—ever be thy name
Mourn'd by the muse, and fair in deathless fame !—
While the bright effluence of her glory shone,
Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own :
So Cassia bruise'd, exhales her rich perfumes,
And incense in a fragrant cloud consumes.

* * * * *

But most among the brethren of the bays,
Th' enchantress Flattery, all her charms displays,
In the sly commerce of alternate praise.

If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,
 Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,
 And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,
 Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior would explode;
 Though every stanza glitter thick with stars,
 And goddesses descend in iv'ry cars :
 Is it for me to prove in every part
 The piece irregular, by laws of art?
 His genius looks but awkward, yet his fate
 May raise him to be premier bard of state ;
 I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,
 Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame:
 Then cry, in seeming transport while I speak,
 'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek !
 He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,
 And courteous, with increase the debt repays :
 Boileau's a mushroom if compar'd to me,
 And, Horace, I dispute the palm with thee !
 Both ravish'd, sing Te Phœbus for success ;
 Rise swift, ye laurels ! boy ! bespeak the press.—
 Thus on imaginary praise we feed ;
 Each writes till all refuse to print or read :
 From the records of fame condemn'd to pass
 To Brisquet's * calendar, a rubrick ass.

Few, wondrous few ! are eagle-ey'd to find
 A plain disease, or blemish in the mind :
 Few can, though wisdom should their health insure,
 Dispassionate and cool attend a cure.
 In youth disus'd t' obey the needful rein,
 Well pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,
 We sate the kind desire of every sense,
 And lull our age in thoughtless indolence :

* Brisquet, Jester to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of fools.

Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,
Though, to supply the vacancy of wit,
Folly and Pride, impatient of controul,
The sister-twins of Sloth, possess the soul.
By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,
Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn,
I scarcely think his picture would have power
To make him fight the champions of the Tower;
Though lions there are tolerably tame,
And civil as the court from whence they came.
But yet, without experience, sense, or arts,
Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts;
Imagines he alone is amply fit

To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit:
Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there,

When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,
And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring,
Th' aerial songsters listening to the lays,
By silent ecstasy confest her praise.
At length, to rival her enchanting note,
The peacock strains the discord of his throat,
In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful prove;
But the nice audience hoot him through the grove.
Conscious of wonted worth, and just disdain,
Lowering his crest, he creeps to Juno's fane:

To his protectress there reveals the case;
And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.
Then thus reply'd the radiant goddess, known
By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone:

“ My favourite bird! of all the feather'd kind,
Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd:

The towering eagles to the realms of light
 By their strong pounces claim a regal right ;
 The swan, contented with a humbler fate,
 Low on the fishy river rows in state :
 Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
 And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck ,
 But the poor nightingale in mean attire,
 Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir ;
 These various bounties were dispos'd above,
 And ratify'd the unchanging will of Jove :
 Discern thy talent and his laws adore ;
 Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more."

Prologue to SOUTHERN'S Spartan Dame.

When realms are ravag'd with invasive foes,
 Each bosom with heroic ardour glows ;
 Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,
 Disdain to rust with batter'd invalids ;
 But active in the foremost ranks appear,
 And leave young smock-faced beaux to guard the rear.
 So, to repel the Vandals of the stage,
 Our veteran bard resumes his tragic rage :
 He throws the gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,
 And calls for Englishmen to judge the field :
 Thus arm'd, to rescue nature from disgrace,
 Messieurs ! lay down your minstrels and grimace :
 The brawniest youths of Troy the combat fear'd,
 When old Etellus in the lists appear'd.
 Yet what avails the champion's giant size,
 When pigmies are made umpires of the prize ?

Your fathers (men of sense, and honest bowlers)
Disdain'd the mummery of foreign strollers :
By their examples would you form your taste,
The present age might emulate the past,
We hop'd that art and genius had secur'd you ;
But soon facetious Harlequin allur'd you :
The muses blush'd, to see their friends exalting
Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting :
So charm'd you were, you ceas'd awhile to dote
On nonsense, gurgled in an eunuck's throat :
All pleas'd to hear the chattering monsters speak,
As old wives wonder at the parson's Greek.
Such light ragoûts and mushrooms may be good,
To wet your appetites for wholesome food :
But the bold Briton ne'er in earnest dines
Without substantial haunches and surloins.
In wit, as well as war, they give us vigour ;
Cressy was lost by kickshaws and soup-meagre.
Instead of light desserts and luscious froth,
Our poet treats to-night with Spartan broth ;
To which, as well as all his former feasts,
The ladies are the chief-invited guests.
Crown'd with a kind of Glastonbury bays,
That bloom amid the winter of his days,
He comes, ambitious in his green decline
To consecrate his wreath at beauty's shrine.
His Orponoko never fail'd t' engage
The radiant circles of the former age :
Each bosom heav'd, all eyes were seen to flow,
And sympathise with Isabella's woe :
But Fate reserv'd, to crown his elder fame,
The brightest audience for the Spartan Dame.

On the First Fit of the Gout.

Welcome, thou friendly earnest of four-score,
Promise of wealth, that hast alone the power
T' attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor !
Thou that dost *Æsculapius* deride,
And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride ;
Thou that art us'd t' attend the royal throne,
And under-prop the head that bears the crown ;
Thou that dost oft in privy counsel wait,
And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of state ;
Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
And warn'st the judges how they tread awry ;
Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
Emphatically urge the pains below ;
Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace ;
Thou that art us'd to set on ladies' knee,
To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea ;
Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free ;
Whence comes this unsought honour unto me ?
Whence does this mighty condescension flow ?
To visit my poor tabernacle, O—!

As Jove vouchsaf'd on *Ida's* top, 'tis said,
At poor *Philemon's* cot to take a bed ;
Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,
Jove bid him ask, and granted his request ;
So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,
Begot on *Venus* by the God of Wine)
My humble suit!—And either give me store
To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.

CLAUDIAN's Old Man of Verona.

Happy the man who all his days does pass
In the paternal cottage of his race ;
Where first his trembling infant steps he try'd,
Which now supports his age, and once his youth employ'd.

This was the cottage his forefathers knew,
It saw his birth, shall see his burial too ;
Unequal fortunes and ambition's fate
Are things experience never taught him yet.
Him to strange lands no rambling humour bore,
Nor breath'd he ever air but of his native shore.
Free from all anxious interests of trade,
No storms at sea have e'er disturb'd his head :
He never battle's wild confusions saw,
Nor heard the worse confusions of the law :
A stranger to the town and town-employs,
Their dark and crowded streets, their stink and noise ;
He a more calm and brighter sky enjoys.
Nor does the year by change of consuls know,
The year his fruits returning seasons show ;
Quarters and months in nature's face he sees,
In flowers the spring, and autumn on his trees.
The whole day's shadows, in his homestead drawn,
Point out the hourly courses of the sun.
Grown old with him, a grove adorns his field,
Whose tender setts his infancy beheld.
Of distant India, Erythræan shores,
Benacus' lake, Verona's neighbouring towers,
Alike unseen, from common fame has heard,
Alike believes them, and with like regard.

Yet, firm and strong, his grandchildren admire
The health and vigour of their brawny sire.
The spacious globe let those that will survey,
This good old man, content at home to stay,
More happy years shall know, more leagues and
countries they.

POPE'S EPITAPH ON FENTON.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say—"HERE LIES AN HONEST MAN:"
A Poet bless'd beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

FRANCIS FAWKES.

BORN ABOUT 1721.—DIED 1777.

*"Fawkes, to thy classic fame new trophies rise,
And various tongues applaud thy vent'rous song;
To thee the strains of gratitude belong,
To thee, the laurels of thy bold emprise!*

*See Apollentus' venerable shade
To thee commits his argonautic lyre,
To sing how Jason caught th' heroic fire,
And how the threat'ning flood-Medea stay'd!*

*Hail, Apollonius of a later day!
Hail, blithe Anacreon, Bion, Moschus hail!
Each at thy birth, propitious, mark'd thy way,
And smooth'd thy path through Cray's sequester'd vale:
Around thy grave may flowers spontaneous spring,
May Fairies dance, and Philomela sing."*

(A. Highmore, jun.
Nichol's Collection, vol. 8, 1782.)

*"That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line;
A new, and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations, and translators new,
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to thy author's sense, but truer to his fame"*
(Sir J. Denham on Fanshaw.)

The REV. FRANCIS FAWKES, better known as a translator, than as a poet in his own right, was the friend and contemporary of Dr. Hawkesworth and Mr. Duncombe, the latter of whom has given us the following account of him:—"He was a native of Yorkshire, and had his school education at Leeds, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Cookson, Vicar of that Parish, from

whence he was translated to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he took a degree in arts. Entering early into holy orders, he settled first at Bramham, in Yorkshire, near the elegant seat of that name, (Mr. Lane's,) which he celebrated in verse, in 1745. Removing afterwards to the curacy of Croydon, in Surrey, he recommended himself to the notice of Archbishop Herring, then resident there on account of his health, to whom he addressed an "Ode on his Recovery," in 1754, printed with other pieces, in Dodsley's collection. In 1755 he was collated by his Grace to the Vicarage of Orpington, with St. Mary Cray, in Kent; and two years afterwards lamented his patron's death in a pathetic elegy styled "Aurelius," first printed with that Prelate's seven sermons, in 1763. He married about the same time, Miss Purrier, of Leeds. In April 1774, by the late Dr. Plumptre's favour, he exchanged his vicarage for the neighbouring rectory of Hayes. He was also one of the Chaplains to the Princess Dowager of Wales. His first poetical publication was *Gawen Douglas's "Description of May and Winter"* modernized. In 1761 he published a volume of poems in 8vo. by subscription. In 1763 and 1764, the "*Poetical Calendar*," and "*Poetical Magazine*," in conjunction with Mr. William Woty; and "*Partridge Shooting*," an Eclogue to the Hon. Charles Yorke, 4to. 1767. He also compiled a 4to Family Bible, with notes. But his great strength lay in translation, in which, since Pope, few have equalled him. Witness his "*Fragments of Menander*," in his poems; his "*Works of Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moschus, and Musæus*," 12mo. 1760; his "*Idylliums of Theocritus*," by subscription, 8vo. 1767; and his "*Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius*,"

by subscription also, (a posthumous publication completed by the Rev. Mr. Moon, of Emanuel College, Cambridge,) in 8vo. 1780. He died at Hayes, August 26, 1777."

It has been suggested that Fawkes, from his exchanging his livings rather late in life, and publishing his last works by subscription, seems to have suffered in consequence of a want of due attention to pecuniary matters; this is not improbable;—the good-humoured pleasantry of his more familiar original verses, whilst they are irreproachable in moral tendency, characterise their author rather as a "careless gay son of the muse," than a rigid economist:—instances of the latter virtue indeed, among the votaries of the muses, are of rare occurrence.

The character given above of Mr. Fawkes's principal works, was written forty years ago. Later translations of the Sicilian Poet, and of the Grecian Lyrics, have as far surpassed him in spirit, and sometimes in elegance, as his harmonious numbers exceeded "the rough music" of Creech: but his works will always be esteemed for their faithfulness, as well as their beauty; a great merit, which recent and still more polished versions cannot always boast.*

* Fawkes, in his preface to his Theocritus, says, "However Creech may have approved himself in Lucretius or Manilius, I shall venture to pronounce his translation of Theocritus very bald and hard, and more rustic than any of the rustics of the Sicilian bard. He himself modestly entitles his book, "The Idylliums of Theocritus done into English:" and they are done as well as can be expected from Creech, who had neither an ear for numbers, nor the least delicacy of expression."

His "Poetical Calendar," although the work bears little reference to the title, was a periodical collection of many of the best minor poems of the day, and included some of his own, and of his friend and coadjutor, William Woty. It forms an agreeable sequel to the collections of Dodsley and Pearch.

As specimens of his manner, the following extracts will perhaps suffice.

THE LAUNCHING AND SAILING OF THE SHIP ARGO.

(From Apollonius.)

He * said, and instant to the task he flew :—

Example fir'd his emulative crew ;

They heap'd their vestments on a rock that stood

Far from the insults of the roaring flood,

But in times past, when wintry storms prevail'd,

Th' encroaching waves its towering top assail'd.

As Argus counsel'd, with strong ropes they bound,

Compacting close, the vessel round and round ; †

Then with stout nails the sturdy planks they join'd,

To brave the fury of the waves and wind ;

Next delv'd with spades a channel deep and wide,

Through which the ship might launch into the tide.

Near to the water deeper was the way,

Where wooden cylinders transversely lay ;

* Jason, the son of Æson, King of Thessaly, and the leader of the Argonautic expedition. This celebrated event is generally supposed to have occurred in the first era of true history. Sir I. Newton places it about 43 years after the death of Solomon, and 937 years before the birth of Christ.

† "This warlike ship was made
By skilful Argus with Minerva's aid,"

On these they heav'd the vessel from the plain,
 To roll her, smoothly gliding, to the main.
 Then to the benches tapering oars they fix'd;—
 A cubit's measure was the space betwixt;—
 This was the station for the labouring bands
 To tug with bending breasts, and out-stretch'd hands.
 First Tiphys mounted on th' aerial prow,
 To issue orders to the train below,
 That, at his word their strength uniting, all
 Might join together, and together haul.
 With eager look th' attentive heroes stand,
 And wait impatient 'till he gives command;
 Then all at once with full exerted sway,
 They move her from the station where she lay,
 And pushing instant, as the pilot guides,
 On smooth round rollers Pelian Argo glides.
 Glibly she glides;—loud shouts the jovial band;—
 They haul, they pull, they push her from the strand.
 Beneath the large bulk groan the rollers strong;
 Black smoke arises as she moves along;
 With swift descent she rushes to the main,—

.
 To watchful Tiphys was the helm assign'd,
 To stem the waves, and catch the fav'ring wind.

.
 Soon as the bright-ey'd morning's splendid ray,
 On Pelion's summit pour'd the welcome day,
 Light skimm'd the breezes o'er the liquid plain,
 And gently swell'd the fluctuating main;
 Then Tiphys rose, and summon'd by his care,
 Embark the heroes, and their oars prepare.

Portentous now along the winding shores,
 Hoarse-sounding Pegasæan Neptune roars :
 From Pelian Argos' keel loud murmurs broke,
 Urgent to sail ;—the keel of sacred oak,
 Endu'd with voice, and marvellously wrought,
 Ithonian Pallas from Dodona brought,
 Now on their destin'd ports arrang'd along,
 In seemly order sat the princely throng ;
 Fast by each chief his glitt'ring armour flames :
 The midmost station bold Ancæus claims,
 With great Alcides, (whose enormous might
 Arm'd with a massy club provokes the fight,)
 Close plac'd beside him :—in the yielding flood
 The keel deep sinking owns the demi-god.

Their hawsers now they loose, and on the brine
 To Neptune pour the consecrated wine ;
 Then from his native shores sad Jason turns
 His oft-reverted eyes, and silent mourns.
 As in Ortygia, or the Delphic fane,
 Or where Ismenus laves Bœotia's plain,
 Apollo's altar round, the youthful choir,
 The dance according with the sounding lyre,
 The hallow'd groves with equal cadence beat
 And move in measure their alternate feet ;—
 Together so Thessalia's Princes sweep
 With well-tim'd oars the silver-curling deep :
 While, raising high the Thracian harp, presides
 Melodious Orpheus, and the movement guides.
 Dash'd by their oars the foaming billows broke,
 And loud re-murmur'd to each mighty stroke.
 Swift sail'd the ship, the sun refulgent beam'd,
 And bright as flame their glittering armour gleam'd.

While to their out-stretch'd oars the heroes bow,
The parted ocean whitening foams below.
So shines the path along some grassy plain,
Worn by the footsteps of the village swain.

Th' immortal powers that Jove's proud palace
crown,

All on that memorable day look'd down,
The godlike chiefs, and Argo to survey,
As through the deep they urg'd their daring way.
Then too, on Pelion's cloud-capt summit stood
The nymphs that wander in that sacred wood;
Wond'ring they view'd below the sailing pine,—
Ithonian Pallas fram'd the work divine,—
And bold Thessalia's labouring heroes sweep
With stretching oars the navigable deep.
Lo! from the mountain's topmost cliff descends
The centaur Chiron; to the shore he bends
His hasty footsteps, on the beach he stood,
And dipp'd his fetlocks in the briny flood.
He hail'd the heroes with his big broad hand,
And wish'd them safe to gain their native land.
With Chiron came Chariclo to the shore;
The young Achilles in her arms she bore;
Peleus, his sire, with secret pleasure smil'd,
As high in air she rais'd the royal child.

And now the winding bay's safe precincts past,
Thessalian Argo plough'd the wat'ry waste;
On Tiphys care the valiant chiefs rely'd
To steer the vessel through the foaming tide;
The small well-modell'd rudder to command
Obsequious to the movement of his hand,
And next inserting in the keel below
The mast tall tapering, to the stern and prow,

With ropes that through the rolling pulleys glide,
 They rear upright and firm on ev'ry side ;
 Then high in air the swelling sails they raise,
 While on their bosoms buxom zephyr plays ;
 With favouring gales their steady course they keep
 To where Tisæum frowns upon the deep.
 Meanwhile sweet Orpheus, as they sail'd along,
 Rais'd to Diana the melodious song,
 Who sav'd them where her guardian power presides,
 From treach'rous rocks that lurk beneath the tides.
 The fish in shoals, attentive to his lay,
 Pursu'd the poet o'er the wat'ry way ;
 And oft emerging from their liquid sphere,
 Strove more distinct his heavenly notes to hear.
 As sheep in flocks thiek pasturing on the plain
 Attend the footsteps of the shepherd swain,
 His well-known call they hear, and fully fed,
 Pace slowly on, their leader at their head ;
 Who pipes melodious, as he moves along,
 On sprightly reeds his modulated song ; —
 Thus, charm'd with tuneful sounds, the scaly train
 Pursu'd the flying vessel o'er the main.
 And now the winds with fav'ring breezes blew,
 Corn-crown'd Thessalia lessen'd to the view ;
 By Pelion's steep they pass. —————

THE HONEY-STEALER.

(*From Theocritus.*)

As Cupid, the slyest young wanton alive,
 Of its hoard of sweet honey was robbing a hive,
 The centinel bee buzz'd with anger and grief,
 And darted its sting in the hand of the thief.

He sobb'd, blew his fingers, stamp'd hard on the ground,
 And leaping with anguish, shew'd Venus the wound;
 Then began in a sorrowful tone to complain,
 That an insect so little should cause so great pain.
 Venus smiling, her son in such taking to see,
 Said, "Cupid you put me in mind of a Bee;
 "You're just such a busy-diminutive thing,
 "Yet you make woeful wounds with a desperate sting."

THE SILVER BOWL.

(From Anacreon.)

Maleiber, this silver take,
 And a curious goblet make:
 Let thy utmost skill appear,
 Not in radiant armour there;
 Let me there no battles see,
 What are wars or arms to me?
 Form it with a noble sweep,
 Very wide, and very deep.
 Carve not there the northern team,
 Nor Orion's dreadful beam;
 Pleiads, Hyads, Bears displease;
 What have I to do with these?
 Why should slow Boötes roll,
 Why should horrid monsters prowl,
 On the margin of my bowl?
 Draw me, what I value more,
 Vines with purple clusters store.
 Bacchus ever young and fair,
 Cupid with the golden hair;—
 Gay Bathyllus too be there.

See that beautiful and bold,
 All these figures rise in gold;
 In the wine-press let them join,
 Hand in hand to tread the vine.

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

(From Anacreon.)

If the treasur'd gold could give
 Man a larger term to live,
 I'd employ my utmost care
 Still to keep, and still to spare;
 And when Death approach'd, would say,
 "Take thy fee, and walk away."
 But since riches cannot save
 Mortals from the gloomy grave,
 Why should I myself deceive,
 Vainly sigh, and vainly grieve?
 Death will surely be my lot,
 Whether I am rich or not.

Give me—freely—while I live,
 Generous wines, in plenty give.
 Soothing joys my life to cheer
 Beauty kind, and friends sincere;
 Happy, could I ever find
 Friends sincere, and beauty kind!

TO THE EVENING STAR.

(From Moschus.)

Hail, golden star, of ray serene,
 Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian Queen.
 O Hesper! glory of the night,
 Diffusing through the gloom delight;
 Whose beams all other stars outshine,
 As much as silver Cynthia's thine;
 Oh! guide me, speeding o'er the plain,
 To him I love, my shepherd swain;
 He keeps the mirthful feast, and soon
 Dark shades will cloud the splendid moon.
 Of lambs I never robb'd the fold,
 Nor the lone traveller of gold;
 Love is my crime:—Oh! lend thy ray
 To guide a lover on her way!
 May the bright star of Venus prove
 The gentle harbinger of love!

THE FIFTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK
 OF HORACE, IMITATED.

To John Hawkesworth, L. L. D.

If you, dear Sir, will deign to pass a day
 In the fair vale of Orpington and Cray,
 And live for once as humble Vicars do,
 On Thursday I'll expect you here by two.
 Expect no niceties with me to pick,
 But Banstead mutton, and a barn-door chick.

My friends with generous liquors I regale,
Good port, old hock, or if they like it, ale.
Plain is my furniture, as is my treat,
For 'tis my best ambition, to be neat.
Leave then, all sordid views, and hopes of gain,
To mortals, miserable, mad, or vain;
Put the last polish to th' historic page,
And cease awhile to moralize the age.
By your sweet converse cheer'd, the live-long day
Will pass unnotic'd, like the stream, away.
Why should kind Providence abundance give,
If we, like niggards, can't afford to live?
The wretched miser, poor 'midst heaps of pelf,
To cram his heir, most madly starves himself—
So will not I—give me good wine and ease,
And let all misers call me fool that please.
What cannot wine? it opens all the soul;
Faint hope grows brilliant o'er the sparkling bowl:
Wine's generous spirit makes the coward brave,
Gives ease to kings, and freedom to the slave;
Bemus'd in wine, the bard his duns forgets,
And drinks serene oblivion to his debts.
Wine drives all cares and anguish from the heart,
And dubs us connoisseurs of ev'ry art.
Whom does not wine with elegance inspire:
The bowzy beggar struts into a squire.
This you well know—to me belongs to mind
That neatness with frugality be join'd:
That no intruding blab, with itching ears,
Darken my doors, who tells whate'er he hears.
Two Duncombs, each a poet, with me dine,
Your friends, and decent Colman, a Divine:

There's room for more ; so to compleat the band,
 Your wife shall bring fair Innocence * in hand.
 Should Cave† want copy, let the teaser wait,
 While you steal secret through the garden gate.

DECEMBER.

(From the Poetical Calendar.)

Last of the months, severest of them all,
 Woe to the regions where thy terrors fall!
 Hail to thy tempests, which the deep deform,
 Thrice hail, thy ruthless hurricane and storm!
 Now Eolus, let forth thy mightiest blast,
 By land to rock the spire, by sea the mast;
 Let earth and ocean feel thy potent sway,
 And give thy blasts their full impetuous way.
 For lo! the fiery horses of the sun
 Through the twelve signs their rapid course have run;
 Time, like a serpent, bites his forked tail,
 And winter on a goat bestrides the gale:
 Rough blows the north wind near Arcturus' star,
 And sweeps, unrein'd, across the polar bar,
 On the world's confines, where the sea-bears prowls,
 And Greenland whales, like moving islands, roll:
 There, through the skies, on brooms, are seen to ride,
 The Lapland wizard, and his hellish bride;
 There on a sledge, the rein-deer bears the swain
 To meet his mistress on the frost-bound plain:
 Have mercy, Winter!—for we own thy power,
 Thy flooding deluge, and thy drenching shower;

* A young lady then resident with Dr. H.

† The Printer of the Gentleman's Magazine.

Yes,—we acknowledge what thy prowess can,
But oh! have pity on the toils of man!
And though the floods thy adamant chain
Submissive wear, yet spare the treasur'd grain:
The peasants to thy mercy now resign
The infant seed, their hope and future mine:
Not always Phœbus bends his vengeful bow;
Oft in mid-winter placid breezes blow;
Oft tinctur'd with the bluest transmarine,
The fretted canopy of heaven is seen;
Girded with argent lamps, the full orb'd moon
In mild December emulates the noon;
Though short the respite, if the sapphire blue
Stains the bright lustre with an inky hue:
Then a black wreck of clouds is seen to fly,
In broken shatters, through the frightened sky:
But if fleet Eurys scour the vaulted plain,
Then all the stars propitious shine again.



JOHN DUNCOMBE.

BORN 1729, DIED 1786.

"An intimacy with our late ingenious and worthy friend, Mr. Duncombe, for forty years, entitles me to say, that in addition to a strong natural, and highly cultivated understanding, he possessed a consummate sweetness of temper, and thorough goodness of heart."

(Mr. Nichols, Gent. Mag. for March, 1786.)

*"The same desires, the same ingenious arts
Delighted both;—we own'd and bless'd the Power
That join'd at once, our studies and our hearts."*

(Mason, Elegy 3d.)

As we approach the end of our journey we feel that we are treading upon tender ground. Time has not yet sprinkled his dust upon the tombs of those we are now to notice, and they survive fresh in the "mind's eye" of the remainder of a circle which they but lately delighted. Broken as the continuity of this circle is by the hand of death, it yet consists of some near relatives, and of many admiring and affectionate friends. Happily for our concluding pages, the fair report that has survived them for solid virtues, well-employed talents, amiable manners, and exemplary habits, is confirmed by their writings, and would render praise from us unnecessary, were it not delightful to pay that tribute wherever we think it due.

The Rev. John Duncombe was the only son of William Duncombe, Esq. a man of learning, literary habits,

and as his published works attest, of considerable talent for poetry,* by Elizabeth, the sister of John Hughes, Esq. author of the "Siege of Damascus," the friend and literary associate of Addison, Steele, and Pope; an elegant writer, and a worthy and amiable man.

John Duncombe was born in London, and baptised by Dr. Herring, an intimate friend of his family, and at that time officiating clergyman of the parish in which his father resided. From school he was removed in 1745 at the recommendation of the same worthy divine, then Archbishop of York, to Benet College, Cambridge, where he took his degree, and under the patronage of Dr. Herring obtained a fellowship. He entered into holy orders in 1755, and appears to have officiated as curate of Sundrich in Kent, immediately afterwards. During his residence upon this cure, he addressed to his patron, now at the head of the church, the following imitation of the 31st ode of the 1st book of Horace.

To his Grace THOMAS, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury

What place, my Lord, in church or choir,

Does your much-honour'd friend desire?

While your indulgent converse cheers

His hopes, and dissipates his fears?

No sine-cure to feed his pride,

On which he never can reside;

No stall prebendal, every year

By fines and rents three hundred clear;

* He was the author of a tragedy on the subject of the elder Brutus, of which a late writer has availed himself to good purpose. A curious account of the reception of this play may be found in the third volume of "Letters by several eminent persons deceased," published by Mr. J. Duncombe, page 141.—

No high arch-deaconry, whose station
Confers the power of visitation;
Nor for those livings does he sigh
That in your rich peculiars lie,
Where his slow stream old Medway leads
Through western Kent's embroider'd meads.—
Let others wish at each repast,
Tokay or Burgundy to taste,
And see each day their costly board
With soups, ragouts, or ven'son stor'd;
All my ambition is to find
True friendship, health, and peace of mind;
On Stour's fair banks to live unknown,
My villa neat, my time my own;
With that prime bliss of social life,
Th' endearing converse of a wife. *

Sundrich, Kent, 1766.

His worthy patron was not slow in gratifying the modest and well expressed wishes of the poet; within a few months of the date affixed to the above poem, he promoted him to the united rectories of St. Andrew and St. Mary Bredman, in the City of Canterbury. This preferment was conferred upon him in the most flattering manner, as an earnest only of the future intentions of the friendly prelate, and in his own words as "a good thing to begin with." Within three months, however, from the time of his induction, it was his great misfortune to lose this excellent friend by death,

* Duncombe's Horace, vol. 1, page 123.

and with him, consequently, all hopes of rapid promotion in the church. *

Such a calamity as this too frequently casts a gloom over all the future life of a young clergyman, damps his ardour in his profession, and reduces him to the condition of a melancholy hypochondriac.† That it failed to produce such effects upon the newly instituted rector of Saint Andrew and Saint Mary Bredman, must be attributed to the goodness of his heart, and the

* This excellent prelate obtained, and deserved, from the Earl of Cork, the following brief, but admirable eulogy: "He was what a Bishop ought to be, and is, I doubt not, where all Bishops ought to be. Honour and reverence will attend his name while this world lasts: happiness and glory will remain with his spirit for ever."

† In the account of Mr. Duncombe inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1786, there is an unfounded assertion, which as it implies something like censure upon the conduct of Archbishop Herring, deserves to be put right. Mr. Duncombe it is remarked "was presented in 1757 by Archbishop Herring, to the united livings of St. Mary and St. Andrew, Canterbury. This benefice was bestowed in the most friendly manner by his patron, who called it *only something to begin with*: but the Archbishop lived not above *two years afterwards*; and with his life, the prospect of future advancement seemed to disappear. However no *complaint against the slow preferment from his respected friend and patron*, ever was suffered to escape in conversation." Mr. Duncombe was too just to the kindness of his patron, to suffer any complaint to escape him. He was presented to the Canterbury living in 1757, and his patron died March 13th following, consequently he did not live more than *two months*, instead of *two years afterwards*. At the time of his obtaining this living, Mr. Duncombe was only 28 years of age, and could not justly complain of slow preferment. The good prelate acted upon the best and purest motives: something was owing to friendship, more was demanded from the rank and station he so worthily filled. Had the Archbishop lived, Mr. Duncombe would have been preferred; as it was, considering his age, and that he had been ordained only two years when he obtained a living, this writer, whoever he might be, should not have mentioned the words "*slow preferment*."

cheerfulness of his disposition : he was moreover a poet and a lover. A friendship had long subsisted between Mr. Duncombe the elder, and Joseph Highmore Esq. who in addition to his well known acquirements in the delightful art he practised, indulged a taste for general literature, and enjoyed the intimacy of many of the learned men with whom he was a contemporary. Mr. Highmore had an only daughter who had been educated with the greatest care, and under every possible advantage : she possessed great personal beauty, considerable talent, and all the accomplishments that adorn her sex. She wrote verses when yet a child ; and very early, shewed also great taste in her father's art ; she was a perfect mistress of the French language, and acquired a considerable proficiency in the Italian, of which she was very fond.* As a proof of her uncommon merit, it is only necessary to observe that she obtained at a very early period of her life, the intimate friendship of Young, Hawkesworth, and Richardson, † a triumvirate rarely to be matched in any age or country ; and among her own sex, that of Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Carter, names equally dear to virtue and to learning. The friendship that existed between Mr.

* She made drawings for the title pages of most of her husband's publications, but no opinion should be formed of the merit of her designs from the execution of these plates, which like all works of that kind in the early part of last century, is a disgrace to the arts. Of the miserable engraving of those designed to ornament the four volumes of Horace, she very justly complains in a manuscript now before the writer.

† Of the estimation in which she was held by Dr. Hawkesworth some proofs have been given before in our account of that elegant writer. A very characteristic letter of Richardson's of the date of 1754, addressed to her, may be found in the third volume of "Letters by Eminent Persons deceased," page 6.

Duncombe and Mr. Highmore, led to a more ardent attachment between their children. After a courtship which had subsisted during the greater part of their previous lives, John Duncombe and Susanna Highmore were married at Saint Ann's Church, Soho, April 20th, 1763. "A similarity of taste," says one who probably knew them well, "and love of literature had long endeared their companionship; and a mutual affection, was the natural consequence, which ensured them twenty-three years of happiness, rather increased than diminished by the hand of time." * At once to exhibit the poetic talent of this accomplished lady, and her correct feeling at this period of her life, we select the following imitation of the fourteenth ode of the fifth book of Horace, written by her in the year following her happy marriage.

To Miss B———vs.

I hear my friend you oft enquire
Why thus neglected sleeps my lyre ?
And why the pencil I no more
Inventive use, as heretofore ?
As if, when Hymen wreath'd my brow,
To quit the arts he made me vow.
'Tis true far other tasks employ
Maternal hours with anxious joy ;
No more the muses I pursue,
Nor draw for friendship and for you ;
And since this fate most sure attends
Or soon or late all married friends,
How well so e'er you pass your hours,
Improving all your mental pow'rs,

* Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 56, page 180.

May you be caught ; and may your heart
In wedlock meet its counterpart !—
For greater worth it cannot find,
Than in your own exalted mind ;
And may you then with me rejoice,
And join a grateful mother's voice,
While I, my infant in my arms,
Contemplate all her opening charms,
And fondly fancy in her face,
I every wish'd endearment trace !

Mr. Duncombe appears to have been at this period of his life, for a short time, chaplain to John Earl of Cork and Orrery, with whom he and his father had long enjoyed a friendship of the most intimate kind, and were very frequent visitors in the family. In 1773, more than ten years after the death of that accomplished nobleman, he collected and published a series of letters written by him when abroad, principally in Italy, which have been much admired for their ease and elegance. To this collection Mr. Duncombe prefixed a memoir of the earl.

Soon after his marriage Mr. Duncombe came to reside at Canterbury, upon his living ; in addition to which he was appointed to hold for a minor, the rectory of West Thurrock, in the county of Essex. In 1766 he became one of the six preachers in Canterbury Cathedral, by the nomination of Archbishop Secker ; and in 1773 received from Archbishop Cornwallis, to whom he had also been appointed chaplain, his last clerical preferment, which was the vicarage of Herne near Canterbury, where he afterwards occasionally resided.

In 1785 he had a paralytic affection, from which he partially recovered, but lost his life by a second attack on the 18th of January, in the following year.

For a longer account of this very respectable clergyman, we must refer our readers to an article in the *Biographia Britannica*, written certainly with the partiality and warmth of a friend, and probably of a near relation, but amply confirmed, as far as the goodness of his private character is concerned, by the general report of those who knew him personally and yet survive him. Our business is more particularly with his literary life.

John Duncombe was the author and publisher of many works, a complete catalogue of which would occupy too much space; it may be found in the article in the *Biographia Britannica*, above alluded to, and in the 56th volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The principal of these is perhaps the translation of Horace, in conjunction with his father, an edition of which was published in 1766, and a second in the following year. This work was not entirely original, but composed by adopting such translations of different parts as had already appeared, and which the editors "despaired to equal," and completing the whole by "attempting to trace the original as closely as was consistent with the genius and elegance of the English tongue." This translation, although upon the whole not equal to the recent attempt of Francis in the same line, has several spirited and successful versions both original and selected. The greater part of the literal translations are from the pen of the elder Duncombe, and are inferior to the parts selected for execution by his son; many of these are imitations, in which he has ingeniously, but

unfortunately for the permanent interest of his work, selected temporary subjects.—The following is a fair specimen.

THE SIXTEENTH ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE IMITATED.

To the Honourable James Yorke.

For quiet on Newmarket's plain,
The shivering Curate prays in vain,
When wintry show'rs are falling;
And stumbling steed and whistling wind,
Quite banish from his anxious mind,
The duties of his calling.

With thoughts engross'd by routs and plays
The gallant Soph for quiet prays,
Confuted and confuting;
And quiet is alike desir'd
E'en by the king's professor, tir'd
With wrangling and disputing.

In crowded senates, on the chair
Of our Vice-Chancellor sits Care,
Undaunted by the mace;
Care climbs the yacht when adverse gales
Detain or tear our patron's sails,
And ruffles ev'n his Grace.

How bless'd is he whose annual toil
With well-rang'd trees improves a soil,
For ages yet unborn!
Such as at humble Bailey, plann'd
By mitred Herring's youthful hand,
The cultur'd glebe adorn.

From place to place we still pursue
Content, and hope in each to view
The visionary guest :
Vainly we shun intruding Care ;
Not all, like you, the joys can share
Of Wimple and of Wrest.

Then let us snatch, while in our pow'r,
The present transitory hour,
And leave to heav'n the morrow ;
Youth has its griefs ; a friend may die,
Or nymph deceive ; for none can fly
The giant hand of sorrow.

His country's hope, and parent's pride
In bloom of life young Blandford died ;
His godlike father's eyes
Were dimm'd in age by helpless tears ;
And heav'n to me may grant the years,
Which it to you denies.

Your rising virtues soon will claim
A portion of your brother's fame
And catch congenial fire :
They shine in embassy and war ;
They grace the senate and the bar ;
And emulate their sire.

Invested with the sacred gown,
You soon to rival their renown,
The glorious task shall join ;
And while they guard Britannia's laws
You, steady in religion's cause,
Shall guard the laws divine.

Besides the letters of Lord Corke before mentioned, Mr. Duncombe published a volume of correspondence between Archbishop Herring and his father; and a more valuable selection of letters by various writers, including a considerable number by his maternal uncle, John Hughes, Esq. His latest works were some topographical contributions to a periodical publication by Mr. Nichols, comprising a history of Reculver and Herne in Kent, and an account of three hospitals in Canterbury of which he was master. In the same year, 1784, he published select works of the Emperor Julian in 2 volumes 8vo. He printed at different times, three sermons: one preached in St. Ann's Church, Westminster, where he was for some time, in the early part of his life assistant preacher, and two delivered to his congregation at St. Andrew's Church in Canterbury. These were all printed at the request of the hearers, and are creditable to him as a careful and diligent student and expositor of holy writ. He was concerned in the publication of the Gentleman's Magazine for more than twenty years, having succeeded his friend Dr. Hawkesworth in the reviewer's department of that work; he also contributed a variety of papers in biography, poetry, and criticism; some of these have the signature of Crito, others are anonymous.

The poems written by Mr. Duncombe at different periods of his life, would form a volume of handsome dimensions, but they have never been collected. Some of them were printed in the form of pamphlets, but the greater number were inserted in the various miscellanies of the day, and are to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, the Poetical Calendar, Dodsley's and Pearch's Collections, Nichol's Selections, and the

Cambridge Repository. Most of these compositions were the amusement of his early life, and written during his residence at Cambridge. His distinguishing talent was chastened humour, and he was very happy in his attempts at parody, of which there are few better specimens than the "Evening Contemplation in a College;" his application of the old ballad of Chevy Chase, is also excellent of its kind. His more elaborate pieces are not his best; he was a disciple of the school of Pope, and though he wrote generally with elegance, and occasionally with the peculiar harmony and spirit of his great master, the labour of composition is too often apparent. Generally speaking, he was unfortunate in his selection of subjects; most of his poems, being on temporary topics, or addressed to persons eminent only during their lives, have now lost their interest, and cannot be read with the same pleasure at the present day, as at the period of their first appearance.

THE FEMINEAD;

Or Female Genius. 1754.

Shall lordly Man, the theme of every lay,
 Usurp the muse's tributary bay;
 In kingly state on Pindus' summit sit,
 Tyrant of verse, and arbiter of wit?
 By Salic law the female right deny,
 And view their genius with regardless eye?
 Justice forbid! and every muse inspire
 To sing the glories of a sister-choir!
 Rise, rise, bold swain; and to the list'ning grove
 Resound the praises of the sex you love,

Tell how, adorn'd with every charm, they shine
 In mind and person equally divine,
 Till man, no more to female merit blind,
 Admire the person, but adore the mind.

To these weak strains, O thou ! the sex's friend
 And constant patron, *Richardson* ! attend !
 Thou, who so oft with pleas'd, but anxious care,
 Hast watch'd the dawning genius of the fair,
 With wonted smiles wilt hear thy friend display
 The various graces of the female lay ;
 Studious from folly's yoke their minds to free,
 And aid the generous cause espous'd by thee.

Long o'er the world did Prejudice maintain,
 By sounds like these, her undisputed reign :
 " Woman ! she cry'd, to thee, indulgent heaven
 Has all the charms of outward beauty given :
 Be thine the boast unrival'd to enslave
 The great, the wise, the witty, and the brave ;
 Deck'd with the Paphian rose's damask glow,
 And the vale-lily's vegetable snow,
 Be thine, to move majestic in the dance,
 To roll the eye, and aim the tender glance ;
 Or touch the strings, and breathe the melting song,
 Content to emulate that airy throng,
 Who to the sun their painted plumes display,
 And gaily glitter on the hawthorn spray,
 Or wildly warble in the beechen grove,
 Careless of ought but music, joy, and love."—
 Heavens ! could such artful, slavish sounds beguile
 The freeborn sons of Britain's polish'd isle ?
 Could they, like fam'd Ulysses' dastard crew,
 Attentive listen, and enamour'd view,

Nor drive the syren to that dreary plain,
In loathsome pomp, where eastern tyrants reign;
Where each fair neck the yoke of slav'ry galls,
Clos'd in a proud seraglio's gloomy walls,
And taught, that level'd with the brutal kind,
Nor sense, nor souls to women are assign'd.

Our British nymphs with happier omens rove,
At freedom's call, through wisdom's sacred grove,
And as, with lavish hand, each sister grace
Shapes the fair form and regulates the face,
Each sister muse, in blissful union join'd,
Adorns, improves, and beautifies the mind.
Ev'n now fond fancy in our polish'd land
Assembled shows a blooming, studious band;
With various arts our reverence they engage,
Some turn the tuneful, some the moral page:
These, led by contemplation, soar on high,
And range the heav'ns with philosophic eye;
While those, surrounded by a vocal choir,
The canvas tinge, or touch the warbling lyre.
Here, like the stars' mix'd radiance, they unite
To dazzle and perplex our wand'ring sight.
The muse each charmer singly shall survey;
Thus may she best their vary'd charms display,
And tune to each her tributary lay.
So when, in blended tints, with sweet surprize
Assembled beauties strike our ravish'd eyes,
Such as in *Lely's* melting colours shine,
Or spring, great *Kneller!* from a hand like thine;
On all with pleasing awe at once we gaze,
And lost in wonder know not which to praise,
But, singly view'd, each nymph delights us more,
Disclosing graces unperceived before.

First let the muse with generous ardor try
 To chase the mist from dark opinion's eye :
 Nor mean we here to blame that father's care,
 Who guards from learned wives his booby heir,
 Since oft that heir with prudence has been known,
 To dread a genius that transcends his own :
 The wise themselves should with discretion chase,
 Since letter'd nymphs their knowledge may abuse,
 And husbands oft experience, to their cost,
 The prudent housewife in the scholar lost :
 But those incur deserv'd contempt, who prize
 Their own high talents, and their sex despise,
 With haughty mien each social bliss defeat,
 And sully all their learning with conceit :
 Of such the parent justly warns his son,
 And such the muse herself will bid him shun.

But lives there one, whose unassuming mind,
 Though grac'd by nature, and by art refin'd,
 Pleas'd with domestic excellence, can spare
 Some hours to studious ease from social care,
 And with her pen that time alone employs
 Which others waste in visits, cards, and noise ;
 From affectation free, though deeply read,
 " With wit well natur'd, and with books well bred !"
 With such,—and such there are,—each happy day
 Must fly improving and improv'd away ;
 Inconstancy might fix and settle there,
 And wisdom's voice approve the chosen fair,

Nor need we now from our own Britain rove,
 In search of genius, to the Lesbian grove,
 Though Sappho there her tuneful lyre has strung,
 And am'rous griefs in sweetest accents sung ;

Since here, in Charles's days, amidst a train
 Of shameless bards, licentious and profane,
 The chaste *Orinda* * rose; with purer light,
 Like modest *Cynthia*, beaming through the night :
 Fair friendship's lustre, undisguis'd by art,
 Glows in her lines, and animates her heart ;
 Friendship, that jewel, which, though all confess
 Its peerless value, yet how few possess !
 For her the never-dying myrtle weaves
 A verdant chaplet of her od'rous leaves ;
 Her praise, re-echo'd by the muse's throng,
 Will reach far distant times, and live as long
 As *Cowley's* wit, or fam'd *Roscommon's* song.

Who can unmov'd hear *Winchelsea* † reveal
 Thy horrors, spleen ! which all who paint must feel ?
 My praises would but wrong her sterling wit,
 Since Pope himself applauds what she has writ.

But say, what matron now walks musing forth
 From the bleak mountains of her native north ?
 While round her brows two sisters of the nine
 Poetic wreaths with philosophic twine !
 Hail, *Cockburn*, ‡ hail ! even now from reason's bow'rs
 Thy Locke delighted culls the choicest flow'rs
 To deck his great, successful champion's head ;
 And Clarke expects thee in the laurel shade.
 Though long to dark oblivious want a prey,
 Thy aged worth pass'd unperceiv'd away,
 Yet Scotland now shall ever boast thy fame,
 While England mourns thy undistinguish'd name,
 And views with wonder, in a female mind,
 Philosopher, divine, and poet join'd !

* Mrs. Catherine Philips. † Anne, Countess of Winchelsea
 ‡ Mrs. Catherine Cockburn, the wife of a clergyman ; she
 lived obscurely, and died at an advanced age, in Northumberland

The modest muse a veil with pity throws
 O'er vice's friends and virtue's female foes:
 Abash'd she views the bold, unblushing mien
 Of modern *Manley*, *Centlivre*, and *Behn*;
 And grieves to see one nobly born disgrace
 Her modest sex, and her illustrious race.
 Though harmony through all their numbers flow'd,
 And genuine wit its every grace bestow'd,
 Nor genuine wit, nor harmony excuse
 The dangerous sallies of a wanton muse:
 Nor can such tuneful, but immoral, lays
 Expect the tribute of impartial praise:
 As soon might *Philips*, *Pilkington*, and *Vane*,*
 Deserv'd applause for spotless virtue gain.

But hark! what nymph in Frome's embroider'd vale?
 With strains seraphic, swells the vernal gale?
 With what sweet sounds the bordering forest rings?
 For sportive Echo catches as she sings
 Each falling accent, studious to prolong
 The warbled notes of *Rowe's* ecstatic song.
 Old Avon pleas'd his reedy forehead rears,
 And polish'd Oratory delighted hears.
 See with what transport she resigns her breath,
 Snatch'd by a sudden, but a wish'd-for, death!
 Releas'd from earth, with smiles she soars on high
 Amidst her kindred spirits of the sky,
 Where faith and love those endless joys bestow,
 That warm'd her lays, and fill'd her hopes below.

Nor can her noble friend † escape unseen,
 Or from the muse her modest virtues screen;

* Who endeavoured to immortalize their shame by writing and publishing their own memoirs.

† Frances, Countess of Hertford, and afterwards Duchess of Somerset.

Here, sweetly blended, to our wond'ring eyes,
 The Peeress, Poetess, and Christian rise :
 And though the nine her tuneful strains inspire,
 We less her genius, than her heart, admire ;
 Pleas'd, 'midst the great, one truly good to see,
 And proud to tell that *Somerset* is she:

By generous views, one Peeress * more demands
 A grateful tribute from all female hands ;
 One, who to shield them from the worst of foes,
 In their just cause dar'd Pope himself oppose.
 Their own dark forms deceit and envy wear,
 By *Irwin* touch'd with truth's celestial spear :—
 By her disarm'd, ye wittings ! now give o'er
 Your empty sneers, and shock the sex no more.
 Thus bold Camilla, when the Trojan chief
 Attack'd her country, flew to its relief ;
 Beneath her lance the bravest warriors bled,
 And fear dismay'd the host which great *Æneas* led.

But ah ! why heaves my breast this pensive sigh ?
 Why starts this tear unbidden from my eye ?
 What breast from sighs, what eye from tears refrains,
 When sweetly-mournful, hapless *Wright*† complains ?
 And who but grieves to see her generous mind,
 For nobler views, and worthier guests design'd,
 Admit the hateful form of black despair,
 Wan with the gloom of superstitious care ?
 In pity-moving lays, with earnest cries,
 She call'd on Heaven to close her weary eyes,
 And long on earth by heart-felt woes oppress
 Was borne by friendly death to welcome rest.

* Anne, Viscountess Irwin, sister to the Earl of Carlisle.

† Mrs. Wright, sister to the famous Wesleys.

In nervous strains *Cornelia's** polish'd taste
 Has poetry's successive progress trac'd
 From ancient Greece, where first she fix'd her reign,
 To Italy, and Britain's happier plain.
 Praise well-bestow'd, adorns her glowing lines,
 And manly strength, with female softness joins.
 So female charms and manly virtues grace,
 By her example form'd, her blooming race,
 And fram'd alike to please our ears and eyes,
 There new *Cornelias* and new *Gracchi* rise.
 O that you now, with genius at command,
 Would snatch the pencil from my artless hand,
 And give your sex's portraits, bold and true,
 In colours worthy of themselves and you!

Now in ecstasies let me rove,
 By Cynthia's beams, through Brackley's glimmering
 grove ;

Where still each night by startled shepherds seen,
 Young *Leapor's* † form flies shadowy o'er the green.
 Those envy'd honours nature loved to pay
 The briar-bound turf, where erst her *Shakespeare* lay,
 Now on her darling *Mira* she bestows ;
 There o'er the hallow'd ground she fondly strows
 The choicest fragrance of the breathing spring.
 And bids each year her favourite linnet sing.
 Let cloister'd pedants, in an endless round,
 Tread the dull mazes of scholastic ground ;
 Brackley unenvying views the glittering train,
 Of learning's useless trappings idly vain ;
 For spite of all that vaunted learning's aid,
 Their fame is rival'd by her rural maid.

* Mrs. Madan, daughter of Spencer Cowper, Esq. and author
 of a poem entitled "the Progress of Poetry."

† Mrs. Mary Leaper, of Brackley, in Northamptonshire.

So while, in our Britannia's beechen sprays,
Sweet Philomela trills her mellow lays,
We to the natives of the sultry line
Their boasted race of parrots pleas'd resign :
For though on citron boughs they proudly glow
With all the colours of the wat'ry bow,
Yet no soft strains are warbled by the throng,
But through the grove harsh discord they prolong,
Though rich in gaudy plumage, poor in song.

New bear me, Clio, to that *Kentish* strand,
Whose rude o'erhanging cliffs, and barren sand
May challenge all the myrtle-blooming bow'rs
Of fam'd Italia, when, at evening hours,
Thy own *Eliza* * muses on the shore
Serene, though billows beat, and tempests roar.
Eliza, hail ! your favourite name inspires
My raptur'd breast with sympathetic fires ;
Ev'n now I see your lov'd Illyssus lead
His mazy current through the Athenian mead ;
With you I pierce through Academic shades,
And join in Attic bowers th' Aonian maids ;
Beneath the spreading plane with Plato rove,
And hear his morals echo through the grove.
Joy sparkles in the sage's looks, to find
His genius glowing in a female mind ;
Newton admiring sees your searching eye
Dart through his mystic page, and range the sky ;
By you his colours to your sex are shown,
And Algarotti's name to Britain known.
While undisturbed by pride, you calmly tread
Through life's perplexing paths, by wisdom led :

* Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, of Deal.

And, taught by her, your grateful muse repays
 Her heavenly teacher in nocturnal lays.
 So when Prometheus from th' Almighty Sire,
 As sings the fable, stole celestial fire,
 Swift through the clay the vital current ran,
 In look, in form, in speech resembling man ;
 But in each eye a living lustre glow'd,
 That spoke the heavenly source from whence it flow'd.

“ What magic powers in *Cælia's* * numbers dwell
 Which thus th' unpractis'd breast with ardor swell
 To emulate her praise, and tune that lyre,
 Which yet no bard was able to inspire !
 With tears her suffering virgin we attend,
 And sympathise with father, lover, friend !
 What sacred rapture in our bosom glows
 When at the shrine she offers up her vows !
 Mild majesty and virtue's awful power
 Adorn her fall, and grace her latest hour.”

Transport me now to those embroider'd meads,
 Where the slow Ouze his lazy current leads !
 There, while the stream soft-dimpling steals along,
 And from the groves the green-hair'd Dryads throng,
 O bear me swift to some embowering spray,
 For Clio's self, or *Flavia*,† tunes a lay,
 Sweet as the darkling Philomel of May.
 Haste, haste, ye nine, and hear a sister sing
 The charms of Cynthia, and the joys of spring :
 See ! night's pale goddess with a grateful beam
 Paints her lov'd image in the shadowy stream,

* Mrs. Brooke, author of the Tragedy of Virginia. This character was added to the second edition (published in 1757); and communicated to the author from “ a sister muse.”

† Miss Ferrar, afterwards Mrs. Peckard.

While round his vot'ry, spring profusely showers:
 "A snow of blossoms and a wild of flowers."
 O happy nymph, though winter o'er thy head,
 Blind to that form, the snow of age shall shed;
 Though life's short spring and beauty's blossoms fade,
 Still shall thy reason flourish, undecay'd;
 Time, though he steals the roseate bloom of youth,
 Shall spare the charms of virtue and of truth,
 And on thy mind new charms, new bloom bestow,
 Wisdom's best friend, and only beauty's foe.

Nor shall thy much lov'd *Florimel* * remain
 Unsung, unhonour'd in my votive strain.
 See where the soft enchantress, wand'ring o'er
 The fairy ground that Philips trod before,
 Exalts her chymic wand, and swift behold
 The basest metals ripen into gold.
 Beneath her magic touch, with wond'ring eye,
 We view vile copper with pure sterling vie;
 Nor shall the Farthing, sung by her, forbear
 To claim the praises of the smiling fair,
 'Till chuck and marbles shall no more employ
 The thoughtless leisure of the truant boy.

Returning now to Thames's flow'ry side,
 See how his waves in still attention glide!
 And bark! what songstress shakes her warbling throat
 Is it the nightingale, or *Delia's* † note?
 The balmy zephyrs, hov'ring o'er the fair,
 On their soft wings the vocal accents bear;

* Miss Pennington, Daughter of the Rev. Mr. P. rector of Huntingdon.

† Miss Mulso, afterwards Mrs. Chapone.

Through Sunbury's low vale the strains rebound,
 Ev'n neighbouring Chertsey hears the cheerful sound,
 And, wondering, sees her Cowley's laurell'd shade
 Transported listen to the tuneful maid.

O may those nymphs whose pleasing power she sings
 Still o'er their suppliant wave their fostering wings!

O long may health, and soft-ey'd peace impart
 Bloom to her cheek, and rapture to her heart!

Beneath her roof the redbreast shall prolong,

Unchill'd by frosts, his tributary song;

For her the lark shall wake the dappled morn,

And linnet twitter from the blossom'd thorn.

Sing on, sweet maid! thy Spenser smiles to see

Kind fancy shed her choicest gifts on thee,

And bids his Edwards, on the laurel spray

That shades his tomb, inscribe thy rural lay.

With lovely mien *Eugenia** now appears,

The muse's pupil from her tenderest years;

Improving tasks her peaceful hours beguile,

The sister arts on all her labours smile,

And while the nine their votary inspire,

"One dips the pencil, and one strings the lyre."—

O may her life's clear current smoothly glide,

Unruffled by misfortune's beistrous tide!

So while the charmer leads her blameless days

With that content which she so well displays,

Her own *Honoriat*† we in her shall view,

And think her allegoric vision true.

* Miss Highmore, afterwards the wife of the author.

† Alluding to an unpublished Allegory, wherein the Pilgrims *Fidelio* and *Honoriat*, after a fruitless search for the Palace of Happiness, are at last conducted to the House of Content.

Thus, wandering wild among the golden grain
 That fruitful floats on Bansted's airy plain,
 Careless I sung, while summer's western gale
 Breath'd health and fragrance thro' the dusky vale,
 When, from a neighbouring hawthorn, in whose shade
 Conceal'd she lay, up rose the Aonian maid;
 Pleas'd had she listen'd; and with smiles, she cry'd
 "Cease, friendly swain, be this thy praise and pride,
 That thou, of all the numerous tuneful throng,
 First in our cause hast fram'd thy generous song.

"And ye, our sister choir! proceed to tread
 The flowery paths of fame, - by science led!
 Employ by turns the needle and the pen,
 And in their favourite studies rival men!
 May all our sex your glorious track pursue,
 And keep your bright example still in view!
 These lasting beauties will in youth engage,
 And smoothe the wrinkles of declining age,
 Secure to bloom, unconscious of decay,
 When all Corinna's roses fade away.
 For ev'n when love's short triumph shall be o'er,
 When youth shall please, and beauty charm no more,
 When man shall cease to flatter! when the eye
 Shall cease to sparkle, and the heart to sigh,
 Is that dread hour when parent dust shall claim
 The lifeless tribute of each kindred frame,
 Ev'n then, shall wisdom, for her chosen fair,
 The fragrant wreaths of virtuous fame prepare;
 Those wreaths which flourish in a happier clime,
 Beyond the reach of envy and of time:
 While here, th' immortalizing muse shall save
 Your darling names from dark oblivion's grave;

Those names the praise and wonder shall engage
 Of every polish'd, wise, and virtuous age;
 To latest times our annals shall adorn,
 And save from folly thousands yet unborn."

SURRY TRIUMPHANT: OR THE KENTISH MEN'S DEFEAT.

A new Ballad ; being a Parody on Chevy Chace.

1773.

TO THE READER.

"The greatest modern critics," says Mr. Addison, "have laid it down as a rule, that an heroic poem should be founded upon some important precept of morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes;" and then proceeds to shew, that the plans of the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, and *Chevy-Chace*, are "all formed in this view."* In humble imitation of those masters, the author of the following parody begs leave to observe, that he has a farther view than merely tracing the outline of a most beautiful original, and indulging an innocent pleasantry, which has strict truth for its foundation; it being his intention to convey, at the same time, a moral precept of no small importance to his country neighbours, which the reader may collect from several of the stanzas.

* See the Spectator, Vol. 1, No. 70.

The following is a List of the Noblemen and Gentlemen Cricketers who played on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday last, in Bourn Paddock ;* Surry against Kent, for two thousand pounds.

Those marked thus B were bowled out ; C caught out.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Out by whom.</i>	<i>1st.</i>	<i>Out by whom.</i>	<i>2d</i>
Lord Tankerville,	B. by May	0	c. by Mr. Davis,	8
Mr. Bartholemew,	c. by Simmons.	8	a. by Miller,	10
Mr. Lewis,	B. by the Duke	0	Last man in	21
Mr. Stone,	B. by the Duke	12	B. by Miller,	24
<hr/>				
Stevens <i>alias</i> Lumpey	B. by Miller	6	B. by Miller,	8
John Woods,	c. by Sir H. Mann	6	c. by R. May	0
Palmer,	c. by Mr. Davis	22	c. by the Duke	38
Thomas White,	B. by the Duke	5	c. by Mr. Hussey	60
Yaldin,	Last man in	17	B. by the Duke	1
Childs,	B. by May	0	B. by the Duke	3
Francis	B. by the Duke	5	c. by Wood	36
	Byes	1	Byes	7
<hr/>				
		77		217

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Out by whom</i>	<i>1st.</i>	<i>Out by whom</i>	<i>2d.</i>
Duke of Devon,	a. by Woods,	24	a. by Woods,	1
Sir H. Mann,	b. by Woods,	3	c. by L. Tankerville	22
Mr. Davis,	b. by Woods,	4	c. by Mr. Lewis	0
Mr. Hussey,	Last man in,	0	b. by Woods	0
<hr/>				
Miller,	c. by Yaldin,	13	Run out,	10
Simmons,	b. by Lumpey,	5	c. by Yaldin,	4
R. May,	b. by Woods,	0	Last Man in,	0
Thomas May,	a. by Lumpey,	4	c. by Childs,	5
Louch,	c. by Mr. Stone	5	b. by Lumpey,	26
Pattenden,	c. by Mr. Lewis	0	b. by Lumpey,	1
Wood of Seale,	c. by Woods,	1	c. by Bartholomew,	9
	Byes	2	Byes	0
		<hr/>		<hr/>
		63		78

* Near Canterbury; the seat of Sir Horace Mann, Knight and Baronet.

SURRY TRIUMPHANT,

Or the Kentish Men's Defeat.

God prosper long our harvest-work,

Our rakes and hay-carts all !

An ill-tim'd cricket match there did

*At Bishopsbourne befall.**

To bat and bowl with might and main

Two nobles took their way ;

The hay may rue, that is unhous'd,

The batting of that day.

The active Earl of Tankerville

An even bet did make,

That in Bourn paddock he would cause

Kent's chiefest hands to quake,

To see the Surry cricketers

Out-bat them and out-bowl :

To Dorset's Duke the tidings came,

All in the park of Knowle ;

Who sent his Lordship present word,

He would prevent his sport.

The Surry Earl, not fearing this,

Did to East Kent resort.

With ten more masters of the bat,

All chosen men of might,

Who knew full well, in time of need,

To aim or block aright.

* All the words in *Italer* are taken from the old Ballad of Chevy Chase.

From Marsh and Weald, their hay-forks left,
 To Bourn the rustics hied,
 From Romney, Cranbrook, Tenterden,
 And Darent's verdant side ;

Gentle and simple, 'squires and clerks,
 With many a lady fair ;
 Fam'd Thanet, * Fowell's † beauteous bride,
 And graceful Sondes * were there.

The Surry sportsmen chose the ground ;
 The ball did *swiftly* fly :
On Monday they began to play,
 Before the grass was dry ;

And long ere supper-time they did
 Near fourscore notches gain ;
Then having slept, they, in their turn,
 Stopp'd, caught, and bowl'd amain.

The fieldmen, station'd on the lawn,
Well able to endure,
 Their loins with snow-white sattin vests
That day had guarded sure.

Full fast the Kentish wickets fell,
 While Higham house and mill,
 And Barham's upland down, *with shouts*
Did make an echo shrill.

Sir Horace from the dinner went,
 To view the tender ground ;
 Quoth he, " this last untoward show'r
 Our stumps has almost drown'd :

* * Two Peereases of East Kent.

† Dr. John Fowell, Rector of Bishopsbourn and Barham.

*If that I thought, 'twould not be dry,
No longer would I play."*

*With that, a shrewd young gentleman
Thus to the Knight did say:*

*"Lo! yonder doth the sun appear,
And soon will shine forth bright,
The level lawn and slipp'ry ground
All drying in our sight ;*

*"Not bating ev'n the river banks
Fast by yon pleasant mead."*

*"Then cease disputing," Lumpey said,
"And take your bats with speed :*

*"And now with me, my countrymen,
Let all your skill be shown,
For never was there bowler yet,
In Kent or Surry known,*

*"That ever did a bale dislodge,
Since first I play'd a match,
But I durst wager, hand for hand,
With him to bowl or catch."*

*Young Dorset, like a Baron bold,
His jetty hair undrest,
Ran foremost of the company,
Clad in a milk-white vest ;*

*"Shew me," he said, "one spot that's dry,
Where we can safely run ;
Or else, with my consent, we'll wait
To-morrow's rising sun."*

*The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Tankerville ;
Who said, " to play, I do declare,
There only wants the will ;*

*" Move but the stumps, a spot I'll find
As dry as Parley's * board."*

*" Our records," quoth the Knight, " for this
No precedent afford.*

*" Ere thus I will out-braved be,
All hazards I'll defy :*

*I know thee well, an Earl thou art ;
And so not yet am I,*

*" But trust me, Charles, it pity were,
And great offence to all*

*With cold or sprains, these harmless men,
For they have done no ill.*

*" Let us at single wicket play,
And set our men aside."*

*" Run out be he," reply'd the Earl,
By whom this is deny'd !"*

*Then stepp'd a gallant squire forth,
Bartholomew was his name,*

*Who said, " I would not have it told
On Clandon down for shame,*

*" That Tankerville e'er play'd alone,
And I stood looking on :*

*You are a Knight, Sir, you an Earl,
And I a Vicar's son :*

* The master of the ordinary.

*" I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have pow'r to stand ;
While I have pow'r to wield my bat,
I'll play with heart and hand."*

*The Surry bowlers bent their backs,
Their aims were good and true,
And every ball that 'scap'd the bat,
A wicket overthrew.*

*To drive the ball beyond the booths,
Duke Dorset had the bent ;
Woods, now'd at length with mickle pride,
The stumps to shivers sent.*

*They ran full fast on ev'ry side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a ball that mounted high,
Ne'er lighted on the ground.*

*In truth, it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of odds that offer'd were,
And slighted every where.*

*At last, Sir Horace took the field,
A batter of great might ;
Mov'd like a lion, he awhile
Put Surry in a fright :*

*He swung, 'till both his arms did ach,
His bat of season'd wood,
'Till down his azure sleeves the sweat,
Ran trickling like a flood.*

"Hedge now thy bets," said Tankerville,
 "I'll then repeat of thee,
 That thou art the most prudent Knight
 That ever I did see."

Then to the Earl the Knight reply'd, —
 "Thy counsel I do scorn;
 I with no Surry-man will hedge,
 That ever yet was born."

With that there came a ball most keen,
 Out of a Surry hand;
 He struck it full, it mounted high,
 But, ah! ne'er reach'd the land.

Sir Horace spoke now words but ill;
 "Play on, my merry men all;
 For why, my inning's not at all;
 The Earl has caught my ball."

Then by the hand his Lordship took
 This hero of the match,
 And said, "Sir Horace, for thy bets
 Would I had miss'd my catch!"

"In sooth, my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake;
 For sure a more good-temper'd Knight
 A match did never make."

A Squire of Western Kent there was,
 Who saw his friend out-caught,
 And straight did vow revenge on him
 Who this mischance had wrought:

A Templar *he* who in his turn,
 Soon as the Earl did strike,
 Ran swiftly from his stopping-place,
 And gave him like for like.

Full sharp and rapid was the ball;
 Yet, *without dread or fear*,
 He caught it at arm's length, and straight
 Return'd it in the air :

With such a vehement force and might
 It struck his callous hand,
 The sound re-echo'd round the ring,
 Through every booth and stand ;

So thus were both these heroes caught,
Whose spirit none could doubt.
 A Surry 'Squire, who saw, with grief,
 The Earl so quickly out,

Soon as the Templar, with his bat,
Made of a trusty tree,
 Gave such a stroke, as, had it 'scap'd,
 Had surely gain'd him three ;

Against this well-intended ball
His hand so rightly held,
 That, ere the foe could ground his bat,
 His ardour Lewis quell'd.

This game did last from Monday morn
Till Wednesday afternoon,
*For when Bell Harry * rung to prayers,*
The batting scarce was done.

* At Canterbury Cathedral.

*With good Sir Horace, there was beat
Hussey of Ashford town,
Davis, for stops and catches fam'd,
A worthy Canon's son;*

*And with the Mays, both Tom and Dick,
Two hands of good account,
Simmons was beat, and Miller too,
Whose bowling did surmount.*

*For Wood of Sase, needs must I wait,
As one in doleful dumps,
For if he e'er should play again,
It must be on his stumps.**

*And with the Earl the conquering bat
Bartholomew did wield,
And slender Lewis, who though sick,
Would never leave the field.*

* One of this poor man's legs was bound up, and in danger of amputation. As the stanza here parodied has been injudiciously substituted in the later copies of Chevy Chase, printed in 1524, the sense at the same time being so burlesqued that the Spectator dared not quote it, the original stanza, in which that absurdity is avoided, is here added, from the "old Ballad of Otterburn," printed in the reign of Henry VI. together with a parody, that the reader may take his choice.

ORIGINAL.

*For Witherington my heart was woe,
That ever he slain should be;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneel'd, and fought on his knee.*

PARODY.

*For barefooted Wood my heart was woe,
That his leg bound up should be,
For if both his legs should be cut off,
He would kneel, and catch on his knee.*

White, Yaldie, Woods, and Stevenage,
 As Lumpey better known,
 Palmer, for batting well esteem'd,
 Childs, Francis, and 'Squire Stone.

Of byes and overthrows but three,
 The Kentish heroes gain'd,
 And Surry victor on the score,
 Twice seventy-five remain'd.

Of near three hundred notches made
 By Surry, eight were byes;
 The rest were balls, which boldly struck,
 Re-echo'd to the skies!

Their husbands' woeful case that night
 Did many wives bewail,
 Their labour, time, and money lost;
 But all would not prevail.

Their sun-burnt cheeks, tho' bath'd in sweat,
 They kiss'd, and wash'd them clean;
 And to that fatal paddock begg'd
 They ne'er would go again.

To Sen'nock town this news was brought,
 Where Dorset has his seat,
 That on the Nalebourn's banks, his grace
 Had met with a defeat.

"O heavy news!" the Rector * said,
 "The Vine can witness be,
 We have not any cricketer
 Of such account as he."

* Dr. Thomas Carteis.

*Like tidings in a shorter space,
To Barham's Rector came,
That in Bourn-paddock knightly Mann,
Had fairly lost the game.*

*"Now rest his bat," the Doctor said,
"Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust we have in Bishopsbourn,
Five hands as good as he.*

*"Yet Surry-men shall never say,
But Kent return will make,
And catch or bowl them out at length,
For her Lieutenant's sake."*

*This vow, 'tis hop'd, will be perform'd,
Next year, on Laleham down;
When, if the Kentish hearts of oak
Recover their renown,*

*From grey-goose wing some bard, I trust,
Will pluck a stouter quill.—
Thus ended the fam'd match of Bourn,
Won by Earl Tankerville.*

*God save the King, and bless the Land
With plenty and increase;
And grant henceforth that idle games
In harvest-time may cease!*

AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION

In a College.

The curfew tolls the hour of closing gates,
With jarring sound the porter turns the key,
Then in his dreary mansion slumbering waits,
And slowly, sternly quits it—though for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
And through the cloister peace and silence reign,
Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain :

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where lies a student in profound repose
Oppress'd with ale, wide-echoes through the gloom
The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where, thro' the glimm'ring shade,
Appear the pamphlets in a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow bed 'till morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The tinkling bell, proclaiming early prayers,
The noisy servants, rattling o'er their head ;
The calls of business and domestic cares,
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their drowsy bed.

No chattering females crowd their social fire,
No dread have they of discord and of strife ;
Unknown the names of husband and of sire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they bask'd along the sunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight :
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls !
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate !

O let not temperance, too disdainful, hear
How long their feasts, how long their dinners last !
Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
On these unmarried men reflections cast !

The splendid fortune and the beauteous face,
Themselves confess it, and their sires bemoan,
Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace ;
These sons of science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
If these no feats of gaiety display,
Where through proud Ranelagh's wide echoing vault,
Melodious Frasi trills her quavering lay.

Say, is the sword well suited to the band,
Does 'broider'd coat agree with sable gown,
Can Mecklin laces shade a churchman's hand,
Or learning's vot'ries ape the beaux of town ?

Perhaps in these time-tottering walls reside
Some who were once the darlings of the fair ;
Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
Controul the manager, and awe the player :

But science now has fill'd their vacant mind
With Rome's rich spoils and truth's exalted views ;
Fir'd them with transports of another kind,
And bade them slight all females—but the muse.

Full many a lark high-towering to the sky,
Unheard, unheeded, greets the approach of light;
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,
With twinkling lustre glimmers through the night.

Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
Rebellion's torrent shall, like him, oppose;
Some mute, unconscious Hardwicke here may rest,
Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause,
Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To shield Britannia's and religion's laws,
And steer with steady course the helm of state,

Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines;
Forbids in freedom's veil to insult the throne,
Beneath her mask to hide the worst designs :

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind
With "pensions, taxes, marriages, and Jews;"
Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views !

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;
Content and happy in a single life,
They keep the noiseless tenour of their way.

Even now their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inclos'd by doors of glass, in Doric style,
On polish'd pillars rais'd, with bronzes deck'd,
They claim the passing tribute of a smile.

Oft are the author's names, though richly bound,
Mis-spelt by blundering binders' want of care ;
And many a catalogue is strew'd around,
To tell the admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book ?
Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,
And on those cases casts a lingering look ?

Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require ;
For songs and plays the voice of Beauty cries,
And sense and nature Grandison desire.

For thee who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, with prying search, in future years,
Some antiquarian shall enquire thy fate.

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
And say—"each morn, unchill'd by frosts, he ran
With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,
To reach the chapel ere the psalms began ;

There in the arms of that lethargic chair,
Which rears its moth-devoured back so high,
At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,
And por'd upon the news with curious eye.

Now by the fire, engag'd in serious talk,
Or mirthful converse, would he loit'ring stand ;
Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,
Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady hand.

One morn we miss'd him at the hour of prayer,
Beside the fire, and on his favourite green;
Another came, nor yet within the chair,
Nor yet at bowls, nor chapel was he seen;

The next we heard that in a neighbouring shire,
That day to church he led a blushing bride;
A nymph, whose snowy vest and maiden fear
Improv'd her beauty, while the knot was tied.

Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
He roves enraptur'd through the fields of Kent;
Yet ever mindful of the place he lov'd,
Read here the letter which he lately sent."

THE LETTER.

"In rural innocence secure I live.
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown;
Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
And social quiet marks me for her own.

"Next to the blessings of religious truth
Two gifts my endless gratitude engage;
A wife, the joy and transport of my youth,
A son, the pride and comfort of my age.

"Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move;
Content with calm, domestic life, where meet
The smiles of friendship and the sweets of love."

SONNET.

*To THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ. **

Though through the paths that Ennius trod before
 Great Maro stray'd, he smooth'd the rugged way,
 No antique phrase obscur'd his courtly lay,
 No dross was blended with his sterling ore:
 From Dryden's polish'd strains old Chaucer's lore
 Derives new lustre: pleas'd we there survey
 Each mist dispers'd that skreen'd his peerless ray;
 And at our fleeting language grieve no more.
 Then why dost thou, great Spenser's genuine son,
 Too fondly emulous that vestment wear
 Which in Eliza's court adorn'd thy sire?
 From sonnet's durance free'd, no longer shun
 The public paths:—so shall each artless fair
 Seeing approve, and knowing thee admire.

The Drummer: or the Haunted House.

A BALLAD,

Occasioned by a famous Ball at Croydon, 1755.

Ye belles and ye beaux
 Who delight in lac'd clothes,
 And doat on the red-coated tribe;
 And ye chiefs who love rattl'ing
 Of sieges and battl'ing,
 Attend to the siege I describe.

* The friend of Richardson, and opponent in criticism of Warburton. Some of his sonnets, which are among the purest and best in the English language, may be found at the end of his work entitled "The Canons of Criticism;" and others in the volumes of Dodsley, Pearch, and Nichols. They are rigidly formed upon the genuine Italian model, and have been strangely overlooked by more modern collectors. He died 1757.

At a wake or a fair,
'Tis no matter where,
A youth who had ne'er been in Flanders,
At a council of war,
That was held at the bar,
Thus harangu'd to his brother commanders.

“ While the lads of the fleet
May seize all they meet,
And abroad so undauntedly roam,
I cannot see why
The army should lie
All inactive and idle at home.”

Awak'd by this hint
They take t'other pint,
And agree, without further delay,
To besiege the next room,
Where some nymphs did presume
To draw up in dancing array.

Five drums were at hand,
Which, at their command,
Strait march'd as a guard of advance,
And with loud cannonade
Began the blockade,
And drumm'd to the tune of the dance.

At length the besieg'd
Were by famine oblig'd
On the drummers full boldly to sally,
Who at sight of their charms
E'en laid down their arms,
'Till their officers forc'd them to rally.

Though a skirmish ensu'd
There was no loss of blood,
The retreat was conducted so well ;
For with caution and care
Away march'd the fair,
And to supper contentedly fell.

Not one shed a tear
Though there soon did appear
Some rents in a gown and a ruffle ;
Though *this* lost a shoe,
That was pinch'd black and blue,
And a *third* dropp'd her fan in the scuffle.

Learn hence all ye fair
Of drums to beware,
Whenever you dance at an Inn ;
And be sure ev'ry night
The whole *corps* to invite
Before you presume to begin.

A BALLAD ;

*Sung at the New Year's Meeting, at Sevenoaks,
in Kent, 1755.*

All ye that come here
To welcome the year
With singing drive sorrow away ;
Bid the old one adieu,
And usher the new,
And merrily join in my lay.

Though the nymph,* whose sweet strains
Once enliven'd our plains,
Is fled to the region of Glo'ster,
Yet let us all try
Her loss to supply ;—
But first in a bumper we'll toast her.

Ye Kentish youths all
Be you at the ball
What your ancestors were in the field ;
With courage inspir'd
They still were untir'd,
And never in battle would yield.

Ye married men, pray
Be resign'd and obey,
Nor be eager to order your coaches ;
One night in your lives
Be rul'd by your wives,
Nor part 'till the day-light approaches.

Ye hunters so bold
Who rise uncontroll'd,
For once with old customs comply :
Forget the brisk horn
Sleep the rest of the morn,
And to night let a song be the cry.

But you, ladies fair,
Whose charms may compare
With any that Britain can boast ;
Say, who can refrain
A bumper or twain
When beauties like you are the toast ?

* Mrs. Thomas, sister to General Amherst.

May ye often recall
The joys of our ball
And remember this frolicksome rout !
May each maiden gain
The heart of a swain,
And be married before the year's out !

These two ballads are taken from a manuscript volume of the author's, and have never appeared in print, as far as we are informed. They are very neatly written, and when the age of the writer is considered, 26, can certainly reflect no discredit upon his memory.

It would be an unpardonable neglect were we to conclude this article without reverting to one, of whom already honourable mention has been made, and whose compositions have, in the account of Dr. Hawkesworth, given additional value to our pages. Mrs. Duncombe survived her husband many years, and died at an advanced age at Canterbury, October 28th, 1812. This lady possessed considerable talent, and enjoyed during her life the best literary society. Before her marriage with Mr. Duncombe, she might boast in the number of her friends, the distinguished names of Young, Harris, Hawkesworth, Richardson, Isaac Hawkins Browne, Chapone and Carter. "After the decease of Mr. Duncombe," says Mr. Nichols, "she adopted a more retired life, accompanied by her only surviving daughter; and although her advanced years cast their autumnal tints on her once brilliant mind, yet they sufficiently marked the beauty of the days that had passed, and rendered perhaps more eminent the 'light

that now shines more and more in the perfect day.' She has not left any literary works to perpetuate her name, except some small contributions to the Poetical Calendar and Nichols's Poems, and a few transient effusions of genius principally in the Gentleman's Magazine."

We have been favoured with a sight of a small manuscript volume of poems by Mrs. Duncombe, but they were principally written in very early life; on private occasions, and are not well adapted to the public eye. The following sonnet addressed to her by Mr. Edwards, does her honour, and the answer to it is creditable to her poetic talents.

TO MISS HIGHMORE.

On Valentine's Day.

Fair Valentine, and of the muse's train
If not yourself a muse, accept these lays,
Mean though they be, not worthy of your praise,
Yet still ambitious such approof to gain.
When in Honoria's travels you explain
The safest path 'mid life's bewilder'd ways,
And guide your pilgrim through th' intangled maze,
Her virtuous toils instruct and entertain.
Why then, with shame-fac'd diffidence withdraws
Your bashful muse far from the public view,
And well-deserv'd applause, which fans the fire
Of emulous virtue in an honest cause?
A larger share of fame is but your due,
Who write so well, and, while you praise, inspire.

SONNET TO T. EDWARDS, ESQ.

By Miss Highmore.—1749.

Edwards, to thee my grateful thanks are due ;—
 In numbers like thy own I fain would praise
 Thy kind indulgence to my humble lays :—
 By thee encourag'd and instructed too,
 The lure of poesy I now pursue,
 But dare not even hope my song to raise
 Equal to thine, whose every verse conveys
 Sense, strength, and harmony, and judgment true.
 But that thy candour,—modest,—gentle bard,
 I know is equal to thy power in song,
 Or with a muse so weak, so young as mine,
 I should not on presumptuous wings have dar'd
 To imitate, with my unhallow'd tongue,
 Numbers like Spenser's, Milton's, or like thine.

*Translations from the Italian, by Mrs. Duncombe.**Sonnet from Petrarch.*

Alone and pensive, through deserted meads,
 Slowly, with measur'd steps, I wand'ring go,
 My eyes intent to shun each path that leads
 Where printed sands the human footstep show.
 No other refuge left, but in despair
 To shun the world's discernment I retire,
 Since now in pleasure's train no part I bear,
 My outward mien betrays my inward fire:

Methinks, henceforth the mountains, groves and plains,
And rivers, know my melancholy mind,
But only these, to all beside untold ;
And yet what savage track unsought remains,
However rude, but Love my haunt will find,
And he and I alternate converse hold ?

*Sonnet of Faustina Maratti Zappi, to a Lady, with
whom she supposes her husband to have been formerly
in love.*

O nymph ! whose pow'rful charms his heart could gain,
Whom I desire with duteous love to please ;
Thy praise he still resounds in every strain,
Thy air, thy form, thy wit, and graceful ease.
Tell me, if e'er by thy kind voice address'd
Silent was he, or could unmov'd appear ?
Were looks perturb'd and proud to thee address'd,
Such looks as force from me the frequent tear ?
Alas ! I've heard, in former times his eyes,
Kindled by thine, his ardent flame reveal'd ;
And then :—but thy averted face I see,
And conscious blushes on thy cheeks arise ;—
O speak !—Ah ! no ;—thy lips, by silence seal'd,
Must ne'er confess his heart attach'd to thee !

WILLIAM JACKSON.

BORN 1757.—DIED 1789.

“Endowed with a clear apprehension, an accurate discernment, and with a memory uncommonly tenacious; and having enriched the gifts of nature by continued application;—he was distinguished as a polite scholar and a judicious critic. By an exemplary uniformity of conduct, he deserved and possessed the character of a good Man, a good Citizen, and a good Christian; being both in principle and practice, eminently just and sincere. A most affectionate and dutiful Son; a warm, steady, and disinterested Friend; a promoter of every useful work, and of every pious and humane institution; a patron of indigent merit; an adviser and comforter of the distressed. Benevolent in heart, and charitable in practice, to the full extent of that affluence with which Providence had blessed him. A punctual, conscientious, and unaffected performer of his religious duties; and while,—by the discharge of the many beneficent offices which these various characters imposed upon him, he commanded universal respect—by the sweetness of his temper, the urbanity of his manners, and the unclouded serenity of his mind, the hearts and affections of all who knew him well, were so imperceptibly engaged, that he became the peculiar object of their love and veneration, and the constant theme of their praise;—the general favourite, and the general friend, of the society in which he lived.”

(Monument in St. Mildred's
Church, Canterbury.)

Such is the exalted character which the hand of friendship has engraved upon the tomb of this very amiable man; all that we have been able to find relating to him in other sources of information, and the oral testimony of his survivors, warrants us in saying that he deserved it. In his native city, where his short and exemplary life was spent, the name of William Jackson is yet associated with ideas of every grace and virtue that adorns and dignifies human nature.

The events of his life, as far as we are informed, were few, and may be related in the compass of one short paragraph.

He was the son of John Jackson, Esq. Collector of the Excise, and an Alderman of Canterbury, and was educated at the King's School, in that city, under the care of Dr. Beauvoir, an excellent man and an elegant scholar. He left this school at the age of nineteen years, but did not pass any time at either of the universities. Being an only son, and having the prospect of enjoying a respectable fortune, his parents did not consider it necessary for him to devote himself to any regular profession; no doubt he assisted his father in the duties of his office, but his time appears to have been in a great measure at his own disposal, and contrary to the general practice of unemployed young men, he dedicated it to worthy and beneficial purposes. The City of Canterbury has been at all times remarkable for the intelligence and high character of its inhabitants, and for the valuable society it has consequently afforded. For this it is indebted to the circumstance of its being the residence of a large community of dignified clergymen, and to the number of opulent and respectable families which have their mansions in its vicinity. It was the good fortune of William Jackson to be introduced at an early period of his life to this society, and from being the pupil—for he obtained this advantage when a school boy—he lived just long enough to become its most distinguished ornament. But he was in a still greater degree indebted to the intimate friendship he formed with the exemplary subjects of our last article, which undoubtedly tended to confirm him in the love of literature, and the steady practice of social

virtue; in Mr. Duncombe and his amiable and accomplished wife, he found congenial souls, and they were of an age to convey in the purest and most imperceptible manner, the influence of their example to the mind of a ductile and ingenuous youth. Several beautiful specimens of his composition, now before us, serve to prove the direction they gave to his literary pursuits. Following the steps of his friend, Mr. Jackson contributed occasionally to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and to the poetical and topographical publications of Mr. Nichols; and after the death of Mr. Duncombe, he for a short time conducted the reviewer's department of that miscellany. With him literature was certainly only an amusement, but there is every reason to presume that had his life been extended, it would eventually have engrossed the greater part of his time, and have placed him in a respectable rank among the writers of his country. William Jackson was, however, not the pedantic sloven so well described by Dr. Hawkesworth,* but on the contrary he delighted in the society of women, frequented places of public amusement, and was neat and punctilious in his exterior, perhaps to a fault; whilst his countenance was remarkably prepossessing, and expressive of a mild benignity, which rendered it quite an index to his heart. He died, after a few day's illness, in consequence of a hurt he received in riding, on the 17th of April, 1789, in the 32d year of his age.

The following characters of Mr. Jackson are extracted from the 8th volume of "*Literary Anecdotes*,"

* See page 227.

published by Mr. Nichols. They were evidently traced by the pen of admiring friendship, and must be received with the allowance due to such partiality. We do not however consider ourselves at liberty to omit them in the present collection, nor are we prepared in the smallest degree to dispute their correctness:—

“ He was of a disposition so amiable, that he was universally beloved without one detracting voice. A real friend to the afflicted, the kind adviser of all who sought counsel from his prudence and foresight, and he counselled with such gentleness and sweetness of manner, that no consciousness of superiority ever appeared to hurt the most delicate mind; such was his sensibility for every child of sorrow. He could heal where others failed to alleviate. His understanding was sound and his judgment solid; he read much, and well chosen authors, and his studies were rewarded by a most retentive memory. With the truest relish for literary pursuits, he loved society with equal ardour, and with an innocence, cheerfulness, and benevolence, which rendered him the animation of all company, and the leader and promoter of social meetings. His temper was so even, and so admirably regulated, as never to be ruffled or even gloomy; the sunshine of prosperity seemed to fertilize every virtue in his breast. There have been prodigies of science, of learning and of abilities, that have blazed in every age, perhaps to shew the utmost extent of human faculties, but never was exhibited in domestic life a more excellent pattern. As a son we cannot sufficiently praise his unremitting attention to the infirmities of his aged parents, the pleasure with which he watched their inclinations, and anticipated their wishes without ostentation, and with no other

more than his predominant filial regard; relinquishing every engagement, and foregoing every pursuit, that might preclude or interrupt their smallest gratification. The poor looked up to him without fear or awe, to a countenance always beaming angelic goodness, and diffusing the cordial of a gentle sympathy, accompanied with a judicious liberality. Such, and very inadequate to his merit, is a faint sketch of this most exalted character, whose loss in early bloom is deplored by a whole mourning city, one universal face of woe pervaded the neighbourhood; the rich, the poor, the old, the young, all having some tale of his philanthropy to tell, some favour of his munificence or friendship to relate. No eye without a tear, no heart without a pang; all weeping for their own, and more for the irreparable loss of his afflicted parents, whose indulgence and affection were equal to his merit. To him may justly be applied Pope's admirable couplet:—

“He knew no joy but friendship might divide,
“Or gave his parents grief—but when he died.”

To this faithful character of Mr. Jackson, as delineated by Mrs. Duncombe, who had almost daily opportunities of appreciating his merits, another friend adds:—“To his superlatively excellent character though it would be vain to attempt to do justice, yet may this short and imperfect sketch be offered as a due tribute of affection and regard for so much intrinsic worth. Possessed of a lively imagination, a retentive memory, and a strong understanding, he had highly improved those natural endowments by much and various reading; and by an accurate skill in languages, an extensive acquaintance with original history, and a

general knowledge of polite literature, he was qualified to shine in every conversation. Those mental excellences, valuable in themselves, were much enhanced by the qualities of his heart, while the union of both, rendered him at once, the comfort, the delight, and the ornament of the society in which he lived. Impressed with strong sentiments of religious duty, his conduct throughout life was regulated by them; and though a constant and cheerful partaker of social amusements, yet were his pleasures ever confined within the bounds of innocence. Without envy and without guile, he was made happy by the happiness of others, nor was he ever kept back from benefiting them, when in his power, by selfish or interested motives. To various institutions in support of the cause of religion and virtue, he was a liberal benefactor, while at the same time his private benevolence flowed in many and copious channels. A friend to the distressed of every description, his head and his heart were ever disposed to council and relieve them; not satisfied with the occasion of doing good as it offered, he was active to find out opportunities of assisting others, and frequently searched in the recesses of poverty for objects worthy of his care, for whom his tender concern visibly shone forth in the mild sensibility of his eye, and the benignity of his countenance. Nor in this enumeration of his virtues ought his singular discharge of the duties of filial piety to be omitted, to whose silent calls within his own heart he was ever attentive, and to whose dictates his most favourite pleasures and pursuits were subservient. To all these essential virtues he added the engaging qualities of universal urbanity, mildness, and good temper, which as they endeared him through

life to a numerous circle of friends, so have they caused him to be most sincerely and generally lamented in death; an event, which—to complete his truly christian character—he bore with entire resignation, though called away from life at so early a period, and from the prospect of every enjoyment which life seemed capable of bestowing. Indeed while goodness can command respect, benevolence can attach, and amiableness can charm, the remembrance of so much departed excellence cannot but remain indelibly fixed in the minds of all who knew him.”

“Strongly as the character of Mr. Jackson is here pourtrayed, a personal knowledge enables me to say it is by no means exaggerated.—

“Seen him I have, and in his social hours;”

I have witnessed his attention to filial duty, his beneficence to the distressed, his universal benevolence, and shall point out some specimens of his poetical talents that stamp considerable celebrity on him as a writer.”*

“In the “History of Fotheringay,” (Bib. Top. Brit. No. 40, page 79,) are some beautiful verses of Mr. Jackson “On the removal of what has been inconsiderately supposed the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, but is really the shrine of St. Tibba, from the cathedral of Peterborough to the Dean’s garden;” in the 8th vol. of the “Select collection of poems,” “On the sudden and unexpected arrival of the Messenger of Herne, inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Duncombe;” “Skaiting, a poem;” translated from the “Musæ Anglicanæ.” “Heroic epistle of De la Pole, Duke of Suffolk to Margaret, Queen of Henry VI;” “Stanzas written among the ruins of St Augustine’s Monastery,” &c.

* See verses on his death in the Gentleman’s Magazine, vol. 59, p.p. 448, 436.

For the loan of several manuscript poems by Mr. Jackson, which now lie before us, we are indebted to the kindness of more than one obliging friend; and the extracts with which we are permitted to adorn our pages, will amply bear us out in assigning to him a very considerable share of poetic talent; but they also prove that his intercourse with the muse was rather an affair of gallantry, than of absolute and entire devotion. He wrote upon the impulse of occasion, for the amusement of himself and friends, and does not appear to have occupied himself at any time in a task that might have called into exercise his utmost strength. If an exception may be made to this remark, it will perhaps apply to some fragments of a translation of Dante; these are much more elaborate than any of his other compositions, and give us sufficient cause to regret that he was prevented from completing the whole, if such were ever his intention: for he has certainly been more successful in transferring the stern and simple grandeur, and unaffected pathos of the original, into the English language, than any other translator with whom we are acquainted.

As it is from these fragments of a translation of Dante, that the poetical talent of Mr. Jackson can alone be justly appreciated, we shall extract entire the two well known episodes of Francesca of Rimini, and of Count Ugolino; and we venture to stake our reputation upon the issue, that they will be found to surpass in excellence any other translations of the same exquisite originals that may be brought against them in comparison. The recent version of Dante, by Mr. Cary, is highly esteemed for its correctness and fidelity: the passages we are about to produce do not certainly

possess the very close rendering of that version, but we are mistaken if they be not better specimens of English poetry. They are free from harshness, and studied inversion; obsolete words are not sought, nor are they avoided; the general flow of the verse is melodious, and the pathetic passages are given with sweetness and effect. The blank verse of Mr. Cary affords no idea of the peculiar rhyme of the Italian, which is here retained with much felicity and grace, and certainly with the greatest propriety; the object of translation being to convey as nearly as possible, into another language, every peculiarity of the original. A translator has not the same excuse to plead in the instance of rendering an Italian poet into English, as may be advanced when occupied with Greek or Roman authors. Homer and Virgil may be tolerated in any form of verse consistent with the poetic character of a modern language, simply because it is impossible to imitate the prosody of the originals; and by a parity of reasoning, Dante can never be said to be justly rendered into English in any other form than in the rhyme which he has himself adopted, because that rhyme sits gracefully upon our language. Early translators of modern poetry, among whom we may rank that ornament of our country, Sir Thomas Wyatt, invariably acted upon this principle, and to their practice, no doubt, we owe the many beautiful varieties of Italian metre which are now adopted and naturalised in our language.

The other poems of Mr. Jackson do not call for much remark. If not greatly elevated above mediocrity, they certainly indicate a beautiful, cultivated, and well regulated mind. To him and to them a stanza of

Cunningham's Pastoral, on the death of Shenstone,
may justly be applied :—

"They call'd him the pride of the plain,
In sooth he was gentle and kind ;
He mark'd in his elegant strain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind."

*The hell of guilty lovers, and story of Francesca ;
from the fifth canto of Dante's " Inferno."*

Now doleful cries of anguish strike my ear,
For now we pass where scenes of wee abound,
And shrieks of horror fill the troubled air.
Light was there none ; 'twas night : and all around
The wild air bellow'd, as when roars amain
The sweepy whirlwind o'er the vex'd profound.
Th' infernal storm still whirls the tortur'd train
Around in air, and knows no calm benign,
Still varying as it blows the forms of pain :
And, hurl'd o'er Hades' rifted gulf, they join
In shrieks of accent sharp and horrid sound ;
And with dire oaths blaspheme the ways divine.
The still vex'd shades, which tortur'd thus I found
With these fierce storms, with carnal crimes were
stain'd,
And reason's voice in sensual joys had drown'd.
And as the storks their level wings expand,
And fly in swarms when wintry tempests blow,
So these dread gales impel the tortur'd band
This way and that, around, above, below ;
• • • • •
"What shades are these," with wonder mov'd I cried,
"Who prove the furious tempests utmost might ?

"The first of these tormented forms," replied

The courteous bard, "was once to fame well known,
The potent queen of many a region wide :

But she, to every lust so blindly prone,
Encourag'd vice to spread o'er all her plains,
By other's crimes to justify her own :

Semiramis her name, in wedlock's chain

To Syrian Ninus bound, his wife and heir ;
She reign'd where now the warlike Soldan reigns. '

Next she, the slayer of herself, was there,
Through love unfaithful to Siehæus dead :

And Cleopatra next, lascivious fair !

Then Helen's form I saw, the fountain dread

Of woes unnumber'd; and condemn'd to prove
Through life love's sharpest ills Achille's shade ;

Paris and Tristan's forms ;—and, known above,
Of many a Knight and many a Nymph he told,
And nam'd them as he told, who died for love.

While thus high dames and val'rous chiefs of old

My master shew'd me, whom these storms assail,
I wept for grief ;—'twas piteous to behold !

"O you, that guide me through this darksome vale,
"Fain would I speak," I cried, "with yonder pair,
That with such swiftness flit before the gale."

And thus he answer'd :—"when they pass more near,
Speak, and adjure them by that tender tie,
Sad source of all their woe, and they shall hear ;

Borne by the whirlwind nearer when they fly,
Accost them :—"stay, ye shades depriv'd of rest,
And speak, unless some secret power deny."—

So when the wand'ring ring-dove's gentle breast

Feels soft paternal love, with wing display'd,
She darts through air and hastens to her nest :

Thus from the group where flew sad Dido's shade,
Came the fond lovers through the gloom profound ;—

So sweet, so grateful were the words I said.

“ O you whose gentle eyes diffuse around

Compassion's beams, who breathe this noxious air
To visit us, whose blood distain'd the ground ;

Glad would we pray, if heav'n would hear our pray'r,
To guard and guide thee safe from every ill,

Since you regard our woes with piteous care.
And see, we come, obedient to your will,

And we will hear or speak as you request,
Whilst favouring thus th' infernal storm is still.—

The land where first light's genial splendour blest
My infant eyes, lies where the lordly Po

Seeks, with his streams, repose in ocean's breast :
Love, which in gentle heart will quickly grow,

Taught this fond youth for these fair charms to burn,
Which murder ravag'd :—still the thought is woe !—

And love, which still requires a like return,
In my fond bosom such affection bred,

That still I feel it in this dire sojourn.
We to one common end by love were led,

The hell of Cain awaits the wretch that slew.”
These few sad words the troubled spirit said :

But when their sufferings and their names I knew,
With downcast eyes, in speechless grief I wait

Until my master cried ;—“ what thoughts of woe
Disturb thee ?” I replied : “ ah ruthless fate !

How many tender thoughts, and wishes fair,
Led these sad lovers to this dolesome state !”

I spoke, and, turning to the mournful pair ;

“ Francesca,” I begun, “ your matchless woes

Fill my sad eyes with tears, my soul with care :

But say, when first affection's sighs arose

What soft, what tender arts did love provide,
To each the secret passion to disclose?"—

"Sure 'tis the sharpest anguish," she replied,
"When fall'n on evil days, and woes assail,

To think of blessings past; that knows your guide:—
But yet, if still an eager wish prevail

To know how first the guilty flame had way;
I'll speak, like one who weeping tells his tale.

'Twas thus:—It chanc'd that on one fatal day,
The gallant tale of Lancelot's love we read;

Alone in soft security we lay,
Oft, as we turn'd the page, our colour fled,
Oft from the story stray'd th' unconscious eye:—

To dire excess one fatal passage led;
For when the story told of raptures high,
When Lancelot's kiss the fair Geneura blest;

This fond and gentle youth, who still was nigh,
My glowing lips with trembling ardour prest.—

Vile panders were the writer and his book;—
That day we read no more."—She sigh'd and ceas'd.—

But as she told her tale, with piteous look,
The other wept so sore, that, wrung with pain,

My swimming eyes the light of life forsook,
And, as one dead, I sunk upon the plain.

The Story of UGOLINO, from the same.

All as I wander'd on the frozen plain,

Where he, my Mantuan guide and guardian led,
Through ghastly scenes, and various forms of pain :

Froze, in a chink, I saw a grisly head,
Which, like a casque, in horrid contact lay

Cov'ring another ;—saw it gnaw, like bread
By rav'ning hunger eat, the flesh away :

Not with such vengeful rage did Tydeus tear
The Theban's head, his foul and impious prey.

“ O you, that with such bestial signs declare
Your horrid hate, awhile that hate refrain ;

O say the cause, and I to upper air
Will bear the tale, if rightly you complain :

Sing the dire scene, unless, return'd no more,
The silence of the grave suppress the strain !”

The sinner strait his foul repent forbore,
And with the torn hair of that mangled head,

He wip'd his horrid mouth, besmear'd with gore :—
“ Thou wilt that I renew my griefs,” he said,

“ And tell a tale of woes, so sad, so deep,
That e'er I speak my bosom aches with dread.

But if my words still fouler shame may heap
On this curst head of my relentless foe,

I'll tell thee all—though, while I tell, I weep.
I know not who thou art, I know not how

Thou cam'st down hither ; but of Tuscan race
Thou art, so stranger, by thy speech I know.

Hear then ;—Count Ugolino once I was,
The priest Ruggieri this, and hear yet more,

Why to the partner of my dire disgrace

Such hate I bear; for, that by fraudulent lore
Of this bad man, I lost both life and light,
I need not tell thee, thou hast heard before:—
But things unheard, my tortures I recite,
Deeds far more dreadful, deeds without a name!
Hear these, and judge if my revenge be right.
Full oft the pale moon through the crevic'd frame
Of that foul den had shone,—which call'd from me
The tower of famine, still remains the same,
The dreary den of others doom'd to be;—
When dire and ominous visions of the night
Gave me unveil'd my future fate to see.
I saw this traitor, to the mountain's height
A wolf and four small whelps with fury chase;—
There where our Pisa sinks from Lucca's sight,—
With eager hounds and swift he urg'd the race,
The fell Gualandi, Sismond too pursued,
And the fierce Lanfranc in the foremost place.
Short was the course, for wearied soon I view'd
Both sire and sons the wretched victims bled,
And the fierce hell-hounds wallow'd in their blood!
But when at day's approach my dream had fled,
I heard my sleeping sons with piteous moan,—
For they were prison'd with me,—cry for bread.
O stranger, thou must have a heart of stone,
If yet thou dost not weep, if woes so hard
Thou weep'st not, surely thou canst weep for none!
The hour of food was come;—no food appear'd!
So fear'd we from our dreams, but in the stead
I heard,—oh heav'n!—I heard more closely barr'd
The massy portal of that dungeon dread!—
I look'd all round, my sons in silence ey'd,

Yet petrified with grief, no tear I shed.

But they, poor wretches, wept!—and Anse'm cry'd,—
My little Anselm!—Sire what ails thee? say

Why look'st thou thus? I wept not, nor reply'd;
But silent all, from morn 'till eve I lay,

In dreadful silence lay the following night :
Till, faintly in my den, the dawning ray

On those four faces cast a glimm'ring light
Which nature's plastic hand had stamp'd like mine;—

I gnaw'd my hands, all frantic with the sight !
They, thinking hunger urg'd me, rising join

In loud lament;—" Ah less," they cry'd, " the pain
If thou wouldst feed on us ;—these limbs are thine ;

'Thou gav'st this flesh ;—Ah take this flesh again !"
'To spare their grief, I ceas'd, nor tear let fall ;

And we that day and all the next remain
In dreadful silence!—we were silent all!—

O earth! why didst not ope thy womb, and hide
Thy suff'ring sons, relentless to our call?—

And now the fourth day came, when at my side
Poor Gaddo fell, and falt'ring faintly said

" Why dost not help me, father ?"—spake and died !
The rest like him you see, of hunger dead,

Fell on the following days, fell famish'd all !
And one by one their gentle spirits fled ;

And I on each cold corse began to crawl,
Grop'd on my hands and felt, my sight was gone ;

Each by his name I call'd, nor ceas'd to call
For three long days, but answer made they none !

For me left hopeless, father now no more,
What sorrow did not was by hunger done !"—

He added not, but turn'd him as before,

Rolling his wild eyes, and as, hunger-led,
 Gaunt mastiffs gnaw a bone, he turn'd and tore
 With greedy teeth and sharp, that horrid head.—

Ah Pisa, impious town, thou foul disgrace
 Of Latium, since to righteous pity dead,

Thy neighbours punish not a deed so base,
 Oh that yon Isles might move, and rooted stand

Oppos'd, where Arno's issuing waters pass,
 And urge back ruin on thy delug'd land !

What! though for deeds of darkest mischief done,
 Such woes the father's treasons might demand,

Why for his crimes devote each guiltless son?
 Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair

I nam'd before, —whose youth, accursed town !
 Allow'd not in their father's crimes to share !

SONNETS.

On Solitude.

Let the lone hermit praise the darkling dell
 O'erhung with pine, with foliage thick embrown'd,
 The bosky bourn, cool grot, and cave profound,
 Where solitude and silence ever dwell :

Save where the Fairies weave their magic round,
 Unseen by vulgar eyes, as poets tell :

Or save, while echo's voice returns the sound,
 Night listens to the song of Philomel.—

But me, nor woody vale, nor shadowy pine

Delight, unless to chear the dull serene,
 Some jovial youths and merry maidens join,
 And more than echo talks along the green ;

Unless that ever and anon, between
 The foliage, peeps "the human face divine."

To the Lyre of Æolus.

Yet once more, airy spirits, and once more,
 Wake that high strain ! those solemn notes inspire,
 Which kindling in my breast extatic fire,
 Wake joy, wake rapture, never felt before !
 Art, and her twanging strings and tink'ling wire
 Are discord all ! harsh as the tempest's roar,
 Harsh as the wild waves dashing on the shore,
 Compar'd with those high notes, Æolian lyre !
 And not unhallow'd he, nor to the nine
 A stranger swain that woos thee, though he hear,
 Unmov'd, art's various sons in concert join,
 And quavering minstrels trill their notes so clear ;
 He drinks, with raptur'd and retentive ear,
 The muse's sacred harmony and thine.

To the river Scar.

Soft flowing Scar, what though along the vale,
 In scanty stream thy ling'ring waters glide ;—
 For thee though commerce never spread the sail,
 Nor mart nor city crown thy sedgy side :
 Yet thee, when trafic's unsubstantial pride
 Moulder in dust, and trade's proud empire fail
 To roll in cumb'rous pomp its golden tide,
 Thee, gentle stream, shall fame and genius hail !
 Since all beside thy waters fair, that lave
 His dwelling, oft our Potter * loves to stray,
 And strike that high-ton'd harp that Phœbus gave ;
 For thus for ever shalt thou win thy way
 In the smooth lapse of many a liquid lay,
 And future bards shall hail thy classic wave.

* The translator of Æschylus.

To the river Stour.

Dear native stream; ah! dearer far to me
 Than Thames, though grandeur crown his margin gay;
 And not the Loire, all lovely though he be
 And passing fair, could woo my thoughts away,
 Forgetful of thy banks of green;—nor she,
 The yellow Seine, whose peaceful waters play
 Through Gallia's plains, could lure my heart from thee,
 That faithful heart, which knows not how to stray!
 Dear native stream, lov'd Stour! to thee were paid
 My earliest vows, and thou my last shalt have:—
 And, as my earliest steps were wont to tread,
 So shall my last, thy banks, paternal wave!
 And you ye trembling willows, wont to shade
 My youthful pastimes;—ye shall shade my grave!

From the Italian; on a magnificent ruin, of whose history no traces are to be found, even by tradition.

Say, father Time! to crown whose emprise high
 Was this proud pile thou now destroy'st decreed?
 Say father Time?—but, heedless of reply,
 Onward he wings his flight with swifter speed.—
 Say then, O Fæne! for thou forbid'st to die
 Heroic worth;—to crown whose glorious deed?
 Silent and sad she turns, with tear-swoln eye,
 Like one forlorn, and quits the ravag'd mead.—
 I turn'd—and, wand'ring mid the mass divine,
 Beheld oblivion stalk, with giant stride,
 From arch to arch o'er all the proud design;
 "Tell then,—for thou perhaps canst tell!"—I cried;
 With harsh hoarse voice and stern the fiend replied—
 "Whose once it was what heed I!—now 'tis mine!"

*From the Italian of Faustina Maratti, daughter of the celebrated painter; addressed to a lady of whom she was jealous.**

Lady ! who once the husband of my choice
So well could'st please, that fondly still he tells
Of all thy charms, and still with rapture dwells
On those dear laughing lips, and sweeter voice.
Lady !—I pray thee tell, when thou art by,
When thou accosts him, does he turn from thee
Like one who hears not !—or with troubled eye
And stern, regard thee, as he looks on me ?—
That once he sigh'd, the subject of thy will,
I know,—and then I knew ;—but tell me, fair,
Why turn those eyes to earth, and fix them there ?
And why those cheeks do burning blushes fill ?
Speak, I conjure thee, speak !—but oh ! forbear
If thou must tell me that he loves thee still.

From the Spanish of Cervantes.

From this dire plain, which tow'rs and bastions strew,
In rude and shapeless ruin scatter'd wide ;
From hence in better mansions to reside,
The spirits of ten thousand soldiers flew.
But first what duty bade, what force might do,
With bold and puissant arm in vain they tried ;
They fought with dauntless courage 'till they died
O'erpowr'd with numbers, feeble grown and few.
The fated country this, which still has been,
In past and present times, of mighty woes
And dire events, the lamentable scene :

* See also page 386.

But never from its bare and parched breast,
To heaven's bright mansions purer spirits rose,
Nor braver forms its barren deserts prest.

*Written in a volume in which were collected most of the
little histories that are put into the hands of children.*

If e'er these warblings wild, these rude essays,
These lisplings of the muse, should reach thine ear,
O Pedant! spare the critic frown severe,
Nor scorn the labours of her infant days :
Twas then,—ah were it still!—her pride and praise,
That vice rejected, virtue ever dear,
With gentle charity, her fair compeer,
Adorn'd her plain told tales and artless lays.
But though the tale be plain, the lay be rude,
Yet not unskilful he, the bard that drew
Our patron saint with dragon's blood embu'd ;
Or him, the tyrant with the beard of blue ;
Or those dear children wand'ring in the wood,
Embalm'd for aye, with pity's holy dew.

On the death of Miss E. Airson.

What joy, her hospitable father's guest,
Oft have I felt whilst fair Eliza sung !
And ah ! what anguish seiz'd my aching breast
When Death, stern tyrant ! stopp'd that tuneful
tongue.
Oh, if forgetful proves this aching heart,
Ne'er may the nine my languid lays inspire !
And may these hands forget their dearest art,

To touch the trembling string, and wake the lyre!
If e'er I blot her memory from my mind,

May all my songs severest censures prove;
And fate relentless scatter to the wind

My hopes of fame, of fortune, and of love!
No, gentle songstress! still the morn shall see
And watchful eve, the tears I shed for thee.

THE SAXONS. AN ODE.

Fairly blows the western gale,
Rear the mast, and spread the sail;
Haste, ye valiant sons of Thor,
Hasten, hasten to the war!—
To Albion's isle, my compeers brave,
Steer we our course, and plough the wave:
Our passage o'er the smiling main,
Leads to glory and to gain.

Advent'rous to the shores of Kent,
With royal Hengist, Horsa went;
And safely o'er the swelling sea,
Dauntless led their squadrons three:
Brother chieftains now they reign,
Their's the glory, their's the gain!
And the gain and glory there
We will seek and we will share!

Fairly blows the western gale!
Now, O native soil, farewell!
War-worn parents, wives ador'd,
Babes that flourish round our board,
Ah fare ye well! for never more
Will we seek our native shore,

Unless with glory crown'd, and spoil,
Reft from Albion's ravag'd isle;
Unless accomplish'd all our aim,
Grac'd with wealth, and grac'd with fame.

Woe to those, and woe again,
Who loiter on the peaceful plain,
Heedless of the hest of Thor,
Heedless of the voice of war;
What a storm of dangers dread,
Hovers o'er each dastard's head!
These the fever's furious rage;
Those the ling'ring pains of age;
Or fell famine, scowling nigh,
With visage wan, and haggard eye,
Shall seize, shall seal the coward's doom,
And drag them trembl'ing to the tomb.
And, when depriv'd of life and light,
They sink to everlasting night,
Ruthless minister of fate,
See vindictive Hela wait,
Charg'd by Odin to confine
The dastards in her dungeons nine!

Of prowess tried, and matchless might,
Who seek the field and share the fight,
You, supremely blest, shall have
The glorious guerdon of the brave;
You nor fear the fever's rage,
Nor the ling'ring pains of age,
Nor fell famine, scowling nigh,
With visage wan, and haggard eye,
Nor Hela's dark and drear abodes;
Warriors are the guests of Gods!

Odin gives the due decree ;
On sable steeds the sisters three,
Shulda swift, and Rosta fair,
Gudur with the golden hair,
Chusers of the slaughter'd, they
Seek the fight, and share the prey :
And when the chosen heroes fall,
Guide them straight to Odin's hall.

Happy heroes, early blest,
Your's is rapture, your's is rest :
There proudly sheath'd in armour bright,
Each day renews the joys of fight ;
And when the well-fought field is won,
And when the deed of war is done ;
Unfolding wide the palace door
Displays the banquet's feastful store :
That banquet Odin's nymphs prepare ;
There the food of Gods you share ;
From skulls the mantling mead you drain,
Skulls of mortals battle slain.
Ne'er your joys shall pass away ;
Never shall they know decay ;
Still hov'ring o'er your bright abodes,
Sails the twilight of the Gods :
'Till ruthless ruin sharp and shrill
Shake the tree of Udrasil :
And from durance freed, and pain,
Fenris bursts th' enchanted chain.

Fairly blows the western gale,
Rear the mast, and spread the sail !

Haste ye valiant sons of Thor,
Hasten, hasten to the war !
To Albion's isle, my compeers brave,
Steer we our course, and plough the wave ;
Our passage o'er the smiling main,
Leads to glory and to gain !

EARL RICHARD.

In troops of two, and troops of ten
The ruthless reivers sped ;
And fro' the Norse in wild affray,
The lowland chieftains fled.

Till up and rose a bold baronne,
The brave Earl Richard he ;
And fir'd at night the beacon bright,
And rais'd the north countrie.

And cas'd in mail from helm to spur,
The bold baronne rode forth ;
And fro' the Scottish sward gar'd flee
The reivers of the north.

But whiles to work his country's weal
He stood in stalwart stowre,
And on the wild heath bare and bleak
Reck'd not the tempest's pow'r ;

A wily Knight whose faining false
Of mickle dule and care,
Had free'd his coward heart fro' 'mong
The toilsome ~~deeds~~ o' war :

Aye in her painted bow'r full fain
With sugar'd words to move,
And idly leistering day by day
Did win his Ladie's love:

And still he strove her bow'r maidens
To his foul lure to gain,
And aye the lither leman strave,
But a' the strife was vain.

Earl Richard when the fight was o'er
Did mount his trusty steed,
And onward rode o'er muir and moss
And prick'd with spurs of speed,

Apparel'd a' in horseman's geir,
As he was wont to ride,
A hunting horn hung by his waist,
A sharp sword by his side.

And he rode east and he rode west
With mickle speed and pow'r,
Until he came to the deep braid-stream
That girt his castle tow'r.

Sir ward, that on the castle wa'
Did keep his watch so late,
Unlock'd the massy bolt that shut
So fast the iron gate.

With sugar'd words and looks of love,
Ah foul deceivers they!
His winsome dame full fast ycame,
Bedight in brave array.

Her lilly hand did bear a cup,—
 'Twas a' gowd but the stem,
Full fair ywrought the burnish'd sides
 Shone bright with many a gem.

But strange to tell, a sudden dew
 O'erspread the gems so sheen ;
From rubies red the colour fled,
 And em'ralsd vivid green.

She held it forth to the bold baronne,—
 Her ain hand drugg'd the cup,—
He took the deadly gift and drank
 The lethal bev'rage up.

But, lest the deadly draunch should fail,
 Whiles lock'd in sleep he lay,
Her ain hand gave the deep wide wound
 Whence well'd his life away.

Swift was the stream and deep that flow'd
 The castle wa' beside ;—
And there they threw that Earl's body
 Deep in the whelming tide.

“ O swiftly run to the braid braid loch
 Sae fast as ye can drie,
And bear awa' with that grim baronne,
 A' pain and grief fra' me.”

But scarce seven days were gone and a'
 Were lock'd in sleep so fast,
A tempest rose, and the foul fiend
 Yrode the dreadfu' blast.

And loudly blew the western wind,
Sore shook the massy tow'r,
And the blue lightning's forky flash
Was shining in the bow'r.

The Lady wak'd in trembling dread,
And op'd her e'en so wide ;
And then she saw that Earl's body
Lie welt'ring by her side.

Then up and spak a bonny bird
That sat upon a tree ;
" What ha' ye done with Earl Richard ,
Ye was his gay Ladie ?"

" Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
And light upon my hand,
And ye shall have a cage of gowd,
Were ye ha' but the wand."

" Awa, awa ye ill woman,
Nae cage of gowd for me ;
As ye have done to Earl Richard,
Sae would ye do to me."

And she has call'd to her bow'r-maidens,
She has called them one by one :—
" There lies a dead man in my bower
I would that he were gone !

" They ha' booted him and spurred him,
As he was wont to ride,
A hunting horn tied round his waist,
A sharp sword by his side.

“ Now Christ thee save, thou bow’r woman,
Now Christ thee save and see !
And reid me, reid me my bow’r woman,
Or I am a lost Ladie.

“ Swift is the stream and deep that flows
The castle wa’ beside ;—
There sink me down the Earl’s body
Deep in the dashing tide.

“ And I’ll give thee fee, and I’ll give thee land,
And siller and gowden array ;
And thou shalt chuse thee a tall tall Knight,
And be his lady gay.”

“ I winna ha’ thy fee, I winna ha’ thy land,
Nor thy siller and gowden array ;
Nor will I chuse me your tall tall Knight
Nor be his lady gay ;

“ But I will ca’ Earl Richard’s friends a’
And I’ll ca’ the kyth and kin ;
And I will sound the grass green horn,
And let all the merry men in.”

Then up and came the kyth and kin,
By one and by two and by three ;
“ And out alas, and wae worth, they cried,
Thou hast slain him, thou bad ladie !”

They mounted their steeds, nor spared their speed
O’er muir, moss, dale, and down,
Until they came to our good Scots king,
As he sat in Edinbro’ town.

They hied them strait to his castle gate,
All as he sat at dine,
With many a knight and bold baronne,
Drinking the blood-red wine.

“Justice, O justice, good my leige,
Against an ill woman,
Earl Richard’s wife, a bad lady is she,
For her own true Lord she has slain.”

O then out spake our good Scots King,—
And an angry man was he,—
“Now hie ye back to Earl Richard’s castle,
And bren that bad Ladie.”

And he has written a braid letter
And signed it with his han’—
“Now hie ye back to Earl Richard’s castle
And bren that foul leman !”

And homeward they hied, the kyth and kin,
They did nae stop nor stan’ ;
And when they came to Earl Richard’s castle,
They brent that foul leman.

And then the mourning for Earl Richard
Full seven long days they kept ;
And a’ the kyth and kin were there,
And a’ the lowlands wept.

And out and came the gude Frier,
And a woefu’ man was he :—
To our Ladies’ kirk in Dumferlin town
They bare that Earl’s bodie ;

And the death-bell was rung, and the mass was sung,
'Twas waefu' wae to see !—
They dug his grave fast by the kirk wa',
All under the braid yew tree.

A FRAGMENT.

High in mid air upborne on pennons bright,
My swift conductress urg'd my hasty flight ;
Onward she flew, scarce gave me to behold
Where gothic Amiens rears her turrets old ;
Nor ancient Abbeville's walls her flight delay,
To Paris straight she wings her gladsome way.

O form'd to charm, to polish and to please,
Fair seat of taste refin'd, and social ease,
What joys, what various objects of delight,
In thy gay precincts rush upon my sight?
How proudly fair, on Seine's luxuriant side,
The stately Louvre tow'rs with classic pride?
All as I pass beneath the trophied gate,
And ramble wond'ring through thy rooms of state,
In vision bright before my raptur'd eyes
The gorgeous sports of ancient days arise ;
Fair dames, and knights to manly prowess dear,
And bearded chiefs in princely state appear.

Here once, alas ! in beauty's fairest bloom,—
Blithe and unconscious of her dreadful doom,—
In these proud halls, and through these gall'ries gay
The Scottish Mary won her easy way.
Ah royal shade of Stuart's ancient line,
Ah murther'd Mary ! what a fate was thine?

Nurs'd in the lap of joy, with empire crown'd,
Proud nobles wait their cradled queen around;
Thine regal pow'r, domestic pomp is thine,
But shame and sorrow wait thy life's decline;—
And yet how bright the morn, what pastimes gay,
And what proud pageants usher'd in the day,
When destin'd thou the princely bed to share
Of gallant Francis, Gallia's youthful heir!
Brief is the triumph;—for e'er fades the flow'r,
That strew'd thy couch, and deck'd thy bridal bow'r,
I see thee bend in tears thy beauteous head,
In speechless anguish o'er the nuptial bed:
In death's cold damps the youthful bridegroom lies!
Youthful in vain! for see, he droops and dies!—
Spare yet the tear, behold where ruthless fate
Frames deeper ills, and darker woes await!
Ah, hapless princess! other scenes demand,
Far other wait thee on thy native land;
To hail their youthful queen, a rugged host,
Unlike gay Gallia's sons, bespread the coast;
There in wild tumult and disorder wait,
With pageants rudely mean, and awkward state:
Hail with harsh accent, and discordant noise,
And clamorous shouts proclaim their boist'rous joys.
Bleak is the air, hoar winter chills the land,
And thick foul vapours darken all the strand:
These, these, apt omens of the woes to come,
Greet thy approach, and hail thee to thy home.
No gallant Louvre spreads its gay alcoves,
Unfolds its golden bow'rs, and myrtle groves;
But high in sombrous pomp, and grimly great,
The Scottish palace frowns in sullen state:

No masks, no festal scenes await thee there,
 No sprightly song, or softly-warbled air,
 But tuneless hymns, by hoarse harsh voices sung,
 Through the long aisles, and gloomy gall'ries rung;
 And e'er the morn, the first sad morn arose,
 Domestic outrage broke thy short repose.—
 Unhappy princess! call'd by ruthless fate
 To rule an iron race, a factious state,
 A ruffian tribe, that ask'd a martial lord,
 And knew no sceptre but the brandish'd sword.

* * * * *

This fragment is part of an unfinished poem, in which it appears to have been the writer's intention to have embodied the impressions made upon his mind during a tour in France.

Verses written among the ruins of Saint Augustine's Monastery; part of whose scite is converted into a Bowling Green, and a Cockpit.

As through old Austin's fane I stray,
 And through his ravag'd groves;
 Companion of my pensive way,
 The fairy Fancy roves.

She waves her magic wand, again
 His ancient pomp recalls;
 And rears again his lofty fane,
 And builds his lordly walls:

His cope-clad priests, with chaunt divine,
 The sacred host upraise;
 And girt with taper's holy shine
 His gorgeous altars blaze.

Entranc'd in more than mortal joys
My ravish'd senses dwell ;
Oh curse on yon unhallow'd noise
That breaks the fairy spell !

Sounds as of ruffians drunk with wine
Offend my sober ear ;
And other than of chaunt divine,
Or holy hymn I hear.

Sights other than of gothic grace
I see, or fretted roof ;
And others than of storied glass,
Or pillar massy proof.

Alas ! no more the well arch'd aisle
Extends its lengthen'd walks ;
But o'er the desolated pile
The giant ruin stalks.

And mid rich sculpture's proudest charms
The gadding ivy crawls,
And scarce with all its hundred arms
Upholds the tott'ring walls.

Thus robb'd of fancy's elfin joys,
I bade the fane farewell :—
And curs'd again th' unhallow'd noise
That broke the fairy spell.

THE SISTERS.

Written at Reculver.

By the white margin of the tide,
Lone wand'rer as I stray,
How free from care, how tranquil glide
My morning hours away !

Yet here my not inactive mind,
What various scenes employ ;
For in this solitude I find
Variety of joy.

Whether amidst these sons of toil
That plough the swelling sea,
On yonder bench I rest awhile,
And join their jocund glee :

And briskly whilst from guest to guest
Goes round the nut-brown ale,
I listen to the sailor's jest,
Or hear the woodman's tale :

Or whether on the pebbly beach,—
Eugenie by my side,—
At length my listless limbs I stretch,
And watch th' approaching tide :

And sometimes by the winding shore
I wander all alone ;
And listen to old ocean's roar,
And hear the seagull's moan.

And oft as by the rolling sea
In thoughtful mood I stray,
The favouring Muse will deign to be
Companion of my way :

And, oft regardless of the shore,
She turns my wand'ring eyes,
To where, yon brown cliff peering o'er
The Sister spires arise.

Ye Sisters then, alas the while !
A pitying tear I pay ;
To weep your venerable pile
Now hast'ning to decay :

For ruin,—ill betide the deed,—
Usurps each mould'ring stone ;
And hastes, with unobstructed speed,
To claim ye for his own .

But oh !—nor let me plead in vain,—
Th' unhallow'd deed forbear ;
Ye winds respect the holy fane,
And you, ye wild waves spare !

But yet if neither wind nor wave
Respect the tott'ring wall ;
O son of commerce haste and save
The sea-mark from its fall !

Lest, homeward bound, thy luckless crew
Attempt this dang'rous shore ;
And all in vain with anxious view
The Sister spires explore.

And thou with fruitless grief behold
Thy good ship dock'd in sand;
And all thy stores of future gold
Bestrew the length'ning strand.

But, oh! to winds untaught to hear
I pour the fruitless lay,
To waves unheedful of my pray'r,
And men more rude than they.

Ye Sister spires! though,—lasting shame!—
Your ruins strew the plain;
To blot the memory of your fame
Oblivion strives in vain.

For that to latest time consign'd,
Shall live, shall flourish long;
Your fame in Keate's * soft tale enshrin'd,
And Stella's* moral song.

And aye perhaps, if right I ween,
This little lay shall tell
To future times, ye once have been:—
So Sisters fare ye well!



** See Keate's "Sketches from Nature;" and Mr. Duncombe's "History of Reculver and Herne."

JAMES SIX.

BORN, 1757.—DIED, 1786.

*The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a space of time they share!*

(WALLER.)

Respecting this ingenious and accomplished young man, we are sorry that it is not in our power to make any addition to the following short notice, extracted from the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1787:—

“Died at Rome, James Six, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a young man of great natural abilities, and extensive learning. He understood the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and German languages; and in most, if not all of them, had a well-grounded and accurate knowledge: of his classical and mathematical learning, the several prizes which he obtained during the course of his academical studies, are an eminent and honourable proof. Two beautiful odes, translated from the German, give no mean idea of his poetical powers; and as a draughtsman his designs were executed with wonderful neatness and elegance. To these accomplishments, which adorn society, he added a sweetness of manner, and a benevolence of disposition that endeared him to his family and friends, and gained him, wheresoever he

went, attention and esteem. He was buried at Rome, in a place appropriated to protestants. He was the son of James Six, Esq. of Canterbury, to whose ingenious observations and experiments in natural philosophy, &c. the public have been much indebted."

We have been favoured with authentic copies of a few poems written by Mr. Six, which have appeared before, with the exception of one, but in an incorrect state ; they are now copied from his own manuscripts, and being very elegantly written, induce us to express our regret for that diffidence which has withheld from the public eye others which we are assured exist. Their publication can reflect nothing but honour upon the lamented writer.

SONNET I. 1778.

No mate is brooding now in covert nigh,
 Sweet Robin, why from yonder naked spray
 Is heard thy tender voice ? declining Day
 Haply thou woost not to leave the sky ;
 Or cheerless hoary Winter not to lie
 So cold on Earth disrobed ; or thy lay
 Is funeral, and mourns the year's decay
 Haply thy own, as swans before they die.
 May thy soft notes a milder fate portend,
 Nor plead for innocence, and plead in vain.
 Soft as his downy flakes of snow descend,
 Fall Winter on thee ; if thou e'er be fain
 Among mankind to single out a friend,
 His roof protect thee, and his crumbs maintain.

* Mr. S. was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the inventor of that ingenious and useful instrument, the Self-regulating Thermometer. For an ample, but modest account of which, see a posthumous work, published at Maidstone, in 8vo 1794.

SONNET II. 1778.

Offspring of Love first-born, whom young desire

Invited often by a wanton smile

Snatches inflam'd, and trembles all the while,

Trembling with awe, with passion all on fire,

No common muse thy praises will require.

What bliss from coral lips to bear the spoil !

The bees in spring with less delightful toil

Suck op'ning blossoms e'er their sweets expire.

While on the vermeil altar thou art lying,

Like some fair off'ring sprinkled o'er with dew,

Amidst the fire of pure affection dying,

Thee oft the votaries of love renew,

Rekindle oft the holy flame with sighing,

And swear by thee their mutual passion true.

SONNET III. 1778.

Sweet pledge of Love, and early fruit of joy,

The wounded heart with balmy nectar healing,

The secret mind by gentle touch revealing,

Sweet unembitter'd by the wayward boy,

His hourly sport, his never-tiring toy,

Cemented souls with mutual rapture sealing,

Soft summoner of ev'ry tender feeling,

Though sensual pure, and rich without alloy,

Such is thy power, as when her skill displaying,

Or to beguile disquietude of heart,

Through mazy notes with fairy finger straying,

Some virgin makes the wakeful iv'ry start,

This, to the strings the soft alarm conveying,

Fills with harmonious tremor ev'ry part.

*On seeing a Mourning Ring, in memory of the Rev.
William Gostling,* ornamented with a crystal urn,
enclosing a plaited lock of his hair. 1778.*

When I survey this emblematic urn,
This briefly comprehensive tale peruse,
Remembrance wakes my soul to soft concern,
To grateful elegy my plaintive muse.

O narrow shrine! and is thy crystal stor'd
With all that pious Thriftiness could save?
Yet shall Affection prize this little hoard,
Won from the crowded coffers of the grave.

Lo! here his rev'rend locks may vie with snow,
In silver tissue curiously dispread:
Yet how much more becoming did they shew
Beneath the velvet cov'ring of his head!

On that fair brow as open as his heart,
Which ev'ry social tie could comprehend,
To worth or science equal aid impart,
An hospitable, universal friend.

Where is the glist'ning eye, the pregnant smile,
The comely countenance, the vocal tongue,
Whose lively tales could fleeting Time beguile,
Instruct the old, and captivate the young?

Decrepit Age, and racking Gout conspir'd
To break his firm composure, but in vain:
Oft have I mark'd his features, and admir'd,
Serenely smiling in the face of Pain.

* Author of the "Walk in and about Canterbury," and one of the Minor Canons of the Cathedral.

Careless the fetters of Disease he bore,
While mem'ry led his active mind to stray
Thro' Gothic piles in search of ancient lore,
And rescue sacred ruins from decay.

Still Fancy views him, still I seem to spy
His *lamp*, his *book*, his *posture*, *form* and *dress*:
Beside him Filial Care, with anxious eye
Watching his undisclosed wants to guess.

Thus his Good Name, and Honour'd Image still
On living tablet shall Affection raise
Above the Sculptor's ostentatious skill,
Or the vain words of monumental praise.

THE APPARITION.

Translated from the German of Count Stolberg. 1782.

Reclin'd I lay on grassy bed,
Spring scatter'd odours o'er my head,
On her alone I mus'd, who of my soul
Alike by day and night fills and inspires the whole.

The falling bloom, dew-dropping skies,
And lulling Zephyrs clos'd my eyes,
Just as the spangled ev'ning 'gan appear,
And Philomela's notes died on my slumb'ring ear.

When lo! a form celestial bright
In vision broke upon my sight:
The gleam of Hesp'rus in her eyes I view'd;
Her heav'nly-smiling lips exhal'd beatitude.

Like waves by Vesper ting'd with gold
 Her robe in many a rosy fold
 Flow'd o'er her limbs, light gliding on the ground,
 While clouds of fragrance shed Ambrosia all around.

"Thou knew'st me once," with accent mild
 She said, while ev'ry feature smil'd :
 "Thou knew'st me once," the heavenly form pursu'd,
 And with a Nectar-drop my trembling lips bedew'd.

"Joy is my name ! with endless flow'r
 "In realms immortal blooms my bow'r :
 "Yet stoops my pinion e'en to earth below,
 "And with my Nectar draughts I sweeten mortal woe.

"I love thee : come, to me devote
 "Thy beating heart, thy trembling note :
 "Oh come, and banish her, who of thy soul
 "Alike by day and night fills and inspires the whole."

"Goddess," I cry'd, "the mortal race
 "Incessant sigh to see thy face ;
 "In thee immortals find their highest bliss :
 "I love thee too ; but oh ! spare if I judge amiss.

"Lo ! to attend thee I forbear :
 "Yet spare the mortal, Laura spare.
 "How can I banish her, who of my soul
 "Alike by day and night fills and inspires the whole?"

As light'ning quick she fled, and I
 Awoke as quick : my heart beat high ;
 Yet still it beats for her, who of my soul
 Alike by day and night fills and inspires the whole.

HOMER.

Translated from the German of Count Stolberg. 1782.

Hail to the Bard, to Homer hail !
From trembling lips, and glist'ning eyes
 Burning melting ecstacies
 Shall never never fail
With gratitude's soft dew to swell thy song,
As in stupendous course it rolls along.

All parent Nature pour'd the torrent down
 From Ida's sacred crown,
And saw its copious flood with look benign
 Bursting from sources all divine,
 With heav'nly music, heav'nly gleam,
 Like the Night's Sun-studded zone
 It sounded and it shone.
While laughing Vales received, and Echos hailed the
 stream.

Nature saw with look delighted,
And to the lucid brink invited
Her daughters grac'd with golden hair ;
Truth and Beauty light descending
O'er its liquid bosom bending,
In pleasing wonder saw their own blest image there.

Nature early fondness show'd,
When in that sequester'd vale,
Which with newly-mingled wave
Simois and Scamander lave,
Thy Mother faint let fall her precious load
Midst dew drops of the dale.

E'en then inspir'd
In a fine phrenzy didst thou gaze
On the Sun's departing blaze,
As o'er th' empurpled Hellespont retir'd
He kenn'd with greeting glance thy face
From the snowy heights of Thrace :
Straining to grasp the golden orb of day
Thy little hands were spread, and redden'd in its ray.

There nature sweetly smil'd,
Fondly caress'd,
Call'd thee her darling child,
And suckled at her parent breast
Thy genius form'd immense, as once she form'd the skies.
And as she taught the rose
Its blushing beauties to disclose,
And drink celestial dew,
Thus form'd, and thus imbu'd thy op'ning faculties
With graces ever new.

She gave thee with Invention's flaming eye
New earth, new heavens to descry.
She gave (the utmost that her love could do)
Tears to ev'ry feeling true :
Those that with gushing flood the countenance o'erflow,
Where ardent passions glow :
And those more mild and meek,
Which trembling eyelids pour
In trickling show'r
Down the changing cheek :

Gave to thy soul
The dove's simplicity, and eagle's might :
Like to thy song,
Now gliding soft along,
As rivulets by Cynthia's silver light :
Now thund'ring wild and loud, as headlong surges roll.



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